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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME

BOLAN
THE COMPLETE CONSUMERS GUIDE PART ONE

HENDRIX
HAPPENINGS TEN YEARS TIME AGO

BOWIE · SPECIALS ALBUMS

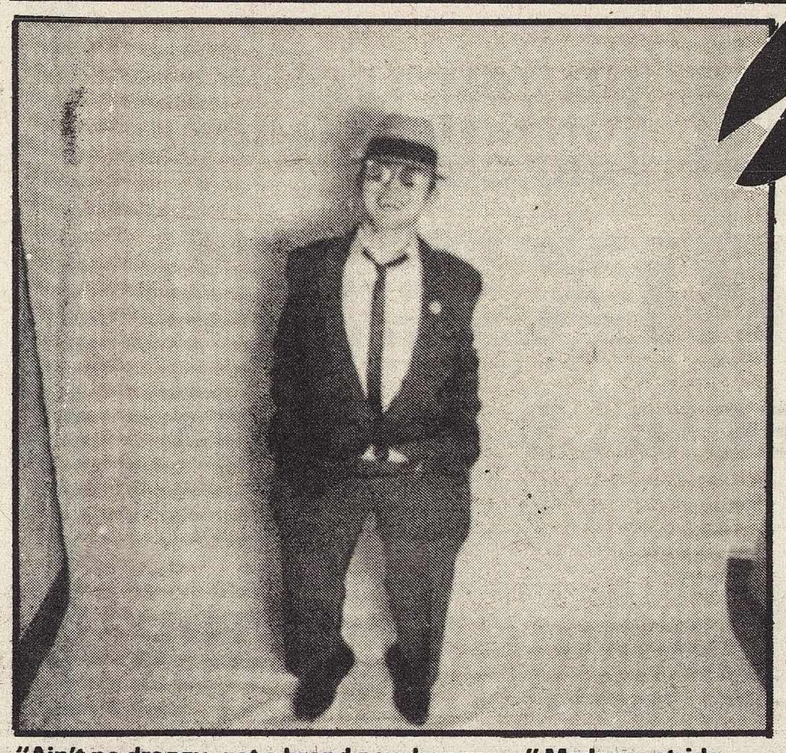
The Unimpeachable Pop Of XTC
Giving The Spaniards The Works

CENTRE PAGES

Andy Partridge sucks/Pic: Pennie Smith.

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
September 20th, 1980



"Ain't no draggy, got a brand new baggy . . . " Madness stride in at number 23.

"I like a man who likes me enough to buy me my album . . . " Kate Bush stretches out at Number 16.

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last			Weeks in	Highest
1	(14)	**One Day I'll Fly Away**	Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)	2	1
2	(3)	**Feels Like I'm In Love**	Kelly Marie (Calibre)	5	2
3	(1)	**Start**	Jam (Polydor)	4	1
4	(2)	**Ashes To Ashes**	David Bowie (RCA)	6	1
5	(15)	**It's Only Love/Beyond The Reef**	Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	5
6	(4)	**Eighth Day**	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	4	4
7	(5)	**9 to 5**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	9	3
8	(9)	**Dreamin'**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	5	8
9	(7)	**Sunshine Of Your Smile**	Mike Berry (Polydor)	5	7
10	(12)	**Bank Robber**	Clash (CBS)	6	10
11	(6)	**I Die You Die**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	4	5
12	(10)	**Modern Girl**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	5	10
13	(—)	**Masterblaster**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	1	13
14	(7)	**Tom Hark**	Piranhas (Sire/Hansa)	6	5
15	(—)	**Another One Bites The Dust**	Queen (EMI)	1	15
16	(16)	**It's Still Rock And Roll To Me**	Billy Joel (CBS)	5	16
17	(11)	**Can't Stop The Music**	Village People (Phonogram)	5	11
18	(18)	**I Want To Be Straight**	Ian Dury (Stiff)	3	18
19	(23)	**Paranoid**	Black Sabbath (Nems)	4	19
20	(25)	**I Owe You One**	Shalamar (Solar)	3	20
21	(13)	**Winner Takes It All**	Abba (Epic)	7	1
22	(—)	**Big Time**	Rick James (Motown)	1	22
23	(—)	**Baggy Trousers**	Madness (Stiff)	1	23
24	(—)	**Don't Make Me Wait Too Long**	Roberta Flack (Atlantic)	1	24
25	(19)	**Oops Upside Your Head**	Gap Band (Mercury)	9	5
26	(20)	**Marie Marie**	Shakin Stevens (Epic)	4	20
27	(24)	**A Walk In The Park**	Nick Straker Band (CBS)	3	24
28	(28)	**Searching**	Change (WEA)	2	28
29	(—)	**I Got You**	Split Enz (A&M)	1	29
30	(21)	**Upside Down**	Diana Ross (Motown)	9	1

BUBBLING UNDER

Three Little Birds — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)
Generals And Majors — XTC (Virgin)
Two Little Boys — Splodgenessabounds (Deram)
You Shook Me All Night Long — AC/DC (Atlantic)
Johnny and Mary — Robert Palmer (Island)
Years From Now — Dr Hook (Capitol)

US SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**Upside Down**	Diana Ross
2	(4)	**All Out Of Love**	Air Supply
3	(2)	**Sailing**	Christopher Cross
4	(12)	**Another One Bites The Dust**	Queen
5	(5)	**Fame**	Irene Cara
6	(7)	**Lookin' For Love**	Johnny Lee
7	(8)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson
8	(3)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones
9	(11)	**Late In The Evening**	Paul Simon
10	(10)	**Into The Night**	Benny Mardones
11	(13)	**Drivin' My Life Away**	Eddie Rabbitt
12	(6)	**Take Your Time (Do It Right) Part 1**	The S.O.S. Band
13	(20)	**I'm Alright (Theme From Caddyshack)**	Kenny Loggins
14	(19)	**Xanadu**	Olivia Newton-John/Electric Light Orchestra
15	(15)	**One In A Million You**	Larry Graham
16	(18)	**Hot Rod Hearts**	Robbie Dupree
17	(21)	**All Over The World**	Electric Light Orchestra
18	(17)	**You're The Only Woman**	Ambrosia
19	(24)	**Real Love**	The Doobie Brothers
20	(22)	**You'll Accompany Me**	Bob Seger
21	(23)	**Don't Ask Me Why**	Billy Joel
22	(25)	**He's So Shy**	Pointer Sisters
23	(28)	**Woman In Love**	Barbra Streisand
24	(—)	**Look What You've Done To Me**	Boz Scaggs
25	(27)	**Jesse**	Carly Simon
26	(9)	**Magic**	Olivia Newton-John
27	(16)	**Boulevard**	Jackson Browne
28	(—)	**Never Knew Love Like This Before**	Stephanie Mills
29	(30)	**Someone That I Used To Love**	Natalie Cole
30	(—)	**No Night So Long**	Dionne Warwick

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**Urban Cowboy**	Original Soundtrack
2	(3)	**The Game**	Queen
3	(2)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones
4	(8)	**Xanadu**	Original Soundtrack
5	(5)	**Diana**	Diana Ross
6	(4)	**Hold Out**	Jackson Browne
7	(7)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson
8	(6)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel
9	(9)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
10	(15)	**Panorama**	Cars
11	(11)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC
12	(14)	**Crimes Of Passion**	Pat Benatar
13	(13)	**Full Moon**	The Charlie Daniels Band
14	(12)	**Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere**	Rossington Collins Band
15	(16)	**T.P.**	Teddy Pendergrass
16	(18)	**One Trick Pony**	Paul Simon
17	(17)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
18	(21)	**Honeysuckle Rose**	Original Soundtrack
19	(10)	**Fame**	Original Soundtrack
20	(20)	**Heroes**	Commodores
21	(22)	**One For The Road**	The Kinks
22	(25)	**Lost In Love**	Air Supply
23	(—)	**Drama**	Yes
24	(23)	**S.O.S.**	The S.O.S. Band
25	(26)	**Joy And Pain**	Maze
26	(19)	**Empty Glass**	Pete Townshend
27	(27)	**One In A Million You**	Larry Graham
28	(—)	**The Year 2000**	The O'Jays
29	(29)	**Middle Man**	Boz Scaggs
30	(30)	**Playing for Keeps**	Eddie Money

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last			Weeks in	Highest
1	(6)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)	2	1
2	(21)	**Telekon**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2	2
3	(1)	**Flesh & Blood**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	16	1
4	(2)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson (Warner Bros)	9	1
5	(4)	**Breaking Glass**	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	4	4
6	(5)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC (Atlantic)	6	3
7	(19)	**I'm No Hero**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	7
8	(10)	**Drama**	Yes (Atlantic)	3	8
9	(18)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	8	9
10	(14)	**Diana**	Diana Ross (Motown)	13	3
11	(—)	**Fame**	Soundtrack (RSO)	1	11
12	(3)	**Xanadu**	Soundtrack (Jet)	10	1
13	(7)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	49	3
14	(11)	**I Just Can't Stop**	The Beat (Go Feet)	17	3
15	(13)	**Sky 2**	Sky (Ariola)	22	2
16	(—)	**Never Forever**	Kate Bush (EMI)	1	16
17	(24)	**One Trick Pony**	Paul Simon (Warner Brothers)	2	17
18	(9)	**Can't Stop The Music**	Soundtrack (Mercury)	5	9
19	(—)	**Wild Planet**	B52s (Island)	1	19
20	(8)	**Glory Road**	Gillan (Virgin)	5	8
21	(—)	**Now We May Begin**	Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)	1	21
22	(—)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel (CBS)	9	6
23	(—)	**Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)	1	23
24	(15)	**Me Myself I**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	16	4
25	(—)	**Change Of Address**	Shadows (Polydor)	1	25
26	(12)	**Uprising**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	12	4
27	(16)	**Kaleidoscope**	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	5	11
28	(20)	**Deepest Purple**	Deep Purple (Harvest)	9	2
29	(23)	**Living In A Fantasy**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	13
30	(29)	**On The Riviera**	Gibson Brothers (Island)	2	29

BUBBLING UNDER

True Colours — Split Enz (A&M)
Glow Of Love — Change (WEA)
Black Sea — XTC (Virgin)
I Am Woman —Various (Polydor)
Panorama — The Cars (Elektra)
Q Tips — Q Tips (Chrysalis)

INDIES 33s

1 **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
2 **Signing Off** — UB40 (Graduate)
3 **Guillotine/Live At The Electric Circus** — Various (Cherry Red)
4 **Fresh Fruit and Rotting Vegetables** — Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
5 **Unknown Pleasures** — Joy Division (Factory)
6 **Colossal Youth** — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
7 **Jane From Occupied Europe** — Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
8 **Bouquet Of Steel** — Various (Aardvark)
9 **Music For Parties** — Silicon Teens (Mute)
10 **Dome** — Dome (Dome)

INDIES 45s

1 **Love Will Tear Us Apart (12")** — Joy Division (Factory)
2 **Shack Up** — A Certain Ratio (Benelux)
3 **Blue Boy** — Orange Juice (Post Card)
4 **Drug Train (E.P.)** — Cramps (Illegal)
5 **Are You Glad To Be In America** — James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
6 **Split** — Lilliput (Rough Trade)
7 **Radio Drill Time** — Josef K. (Post Card)
8 **Transmission** — Joy Division (Factory)
9 **Final Days (E.P.)** — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
10 **Tonight** — Patrik Fitzgerald (Final Solution)

Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1.

REGGAE

1 **I Love You Always** — Maria Taylor (KK)
2 **You Send Me** — King and Queen (Studio 16)
3 **One Thousand Gal** — Nigger Kojak and Liza (Crazy Joe)
4 **Gimme Your Love** — Dennis Brown (Cash & Carry)
5 **Domino Tournament** — Nicademus (Gorgon)
6 **White Belly Rat** — Len Allen Jr (Studio 1)
7 **Running Star** — Barry Brown (Juba Tate)
8 **My Woman** — Barrington Levy (Joe Gibbs)
9 **Jumpin' Master** — Mickey Dread (Jo out Control)
10 **Feelin' Hearty** — Tapper Tarzan (Nigger Kojak)

Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London SE14.

DISCO

1 **Casanova** — Coffee (U.S. Import)
2 **Master Blaster** — Stevie Wonder (Motown)
3 **Amiga** — Black Slate (Ensign)
4 **Searching** — Change (WEA)
5 **Really Really Love You** — Cecil Parker (EMI)
6 **Down In The Park (12")** — Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)
7 **Be Thankful For What You Got** — William De Vaughn (EMI)
8 **Backstrokin'** — Fatback (Polydor)
9 **I Like** — Young and Co (U.S. Import)
10 **You're Lying** — Linx (Chrysalis)

HMV, Oxford Street, London W.1.

5 YEARS AGO

1 **Moonlighting** — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
2 **Sailing** — Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
3 **Hold Me Close** — David Essex (CBS)
4 **I'm On Fire** — 5000 Volts (Philips)
5 **The Last Farewell** — Roger Whittaker (EMI)
6 **Funky Moped/Magic Roundabout** — Jasper Carrott (DJM)
7 **There Goes My First Love** — Drifters (Bell)
8 **Summertime City** — Mike Batt (Epic)
9 **Heartbeat** — Showaddywaddy (Bell)
10 **A Child's Prayer** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)

Week ending September 23, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1 **Band Of Gold** — Freda Payne (Invictus)
2 **Give Me Just A Little More Time** — Chairmen Of The Board (Invictus)
3 **Tears Of A Clown** — Smokey Robinson (Tamla Motown)
4 **You Can Get It If You Really Want** — Desmond Dekker (Trojan)
5 **Mama Told Me (Not To Come)** — Three Dog Night (Stateside)
6 **Montego Bay** — Bobby Bloom (Polydor)
7 **Make It With You** — Bread (Elektra)
8 **Love Is Life** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
9 **Wild World** — Jimmy Cliff (Island)
10 **Which Way You Goin' Billy** — Poppy Family (Decca)

Week ending September 23, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1 **Tears** — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
2 **Satisfaction** — Rolling Stones (Decca)
3 **Make It Easy On Yourself** — Walker Brothers (Philips)
4 **Look Through Any Window** — Hollies (Parlophone)
5 **I Got You, Babe** — Sonny and Cher (Atlantic)
6 **Like A Rolling Stone** — Bob Dylan (CBS)
7 **If You Gotta Go, Go Now** — Manfred Mann (HMV)
8 **Eve Of Destuction** — Barry McGuire (RCA)
9 **A Walk In The Black Forest** — Horst Jankowski (Mercury)
10 **Il Silenzio** — Nino Rosso (Durium)

Week ending September 24, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1 **Apache** — The Shadows (Columbia)
2 **Only The Lonely** — Roy Orbison (London)
3 **Tell Laura I Love Her** — Ricky Valence (Columbia)
4 **Because They're Young** — Duane Eddy (London)
5 **How About That** — Adam Faith (Parlophone)
6 **Mess Of Blues** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
7 **Nine Times Out Of Ten** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8 **Girl Of My Best Friend** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
8 **As Long As He Needs Me** — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
10 **Everybody's Somebody's Fool** — Connie Francis (MGM)

Week ending September 23, 1960

Ruts pick new name

RUTS D.C. — that's the name by which The Ruts will now be known, following the death of singer Malcolm Owen. The literal interpretation of the new name is rather devious — the D.C. is an abbreviation of "da capo", Latin for "a new beginning".

The band intend to continue as a three-piece, although saxist and keyboards man Gary Barnacle — who's played with them in the past and can be heard on their current single 'West One' — will remain with them on a casual basis. At present, they're rehearsing for a major UK tour, planned to open later next month.

October 10 sees the release by Virgin of a Ruts memorial album, containing their best material to the time of Owen's death. It includes their debut single 'In A Rut' (first issued on the People Unite label); a dub version of 'West One'; live recordings of 'SUS', 'Babylon's Burning' and 'Society'; and John Peel sessions of 'Demolition Dancing' and 'Secret Soldiers', the latter being the only occasion that title was recorded.

● Uxbridge Coroner's office is still awaiting laboratory analysis results before the cause of Owen's death can be established, and a date for the re-opening of the inquest has not yet been fixed.

Skids pick on kids

THE SKIDS are planning an assault on the nation's playgrounds and quadrangles to tie in with their upcoming UK tour (opening September 25).

The idea is that, while they're touring the country, they'll play a series of lunchtime gigs at various schools from the back of a lorry. Negotiations are already under way with education authorities in such cities as London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dublin — and the response to the 'Skids For Kids' project has so far been very encouraging.

First gig takes place at noon tomorrow (Friday), when the band will play a half-hour set at London's Fielding Middle School in Ealing. Among other specific venues lined up are London's Holland Park Comprehensive and bassist Russell Webb's old school, the Bell Houseton Academy in Glasgow.

Police picnic?

THE POLICE, currently being lined up for a series of pre-Christmas shows, are planning an ambitious and somewhat outlandish concert for London — in a huge marquee at the Oval cricket ground in Kennington.

If the idea materialises, they would probably hire the circus tent — described as Europe's largest — which was used successfully for the National Soul & Disco Weekender at Knebworth in the spring, and which can accommodate 10,000 people.

Although the project seems bizarre for December, the cold weather would present no problems, as the band would install hot-air blowers — already used effectively by Christmas circuses.

Their spokesman confirmed that the idea is being discussed, but stressed that it's only in an embryo stage, largely depending upon the practicalities of the situation.

● Sting has been forced to decline the offer to play the principal villain in the new James Bond movie *For Your Eyes Only,* due to the pressure of his commitments with The Police. He felt that the role would have tied him down for too long a period.

NEWS

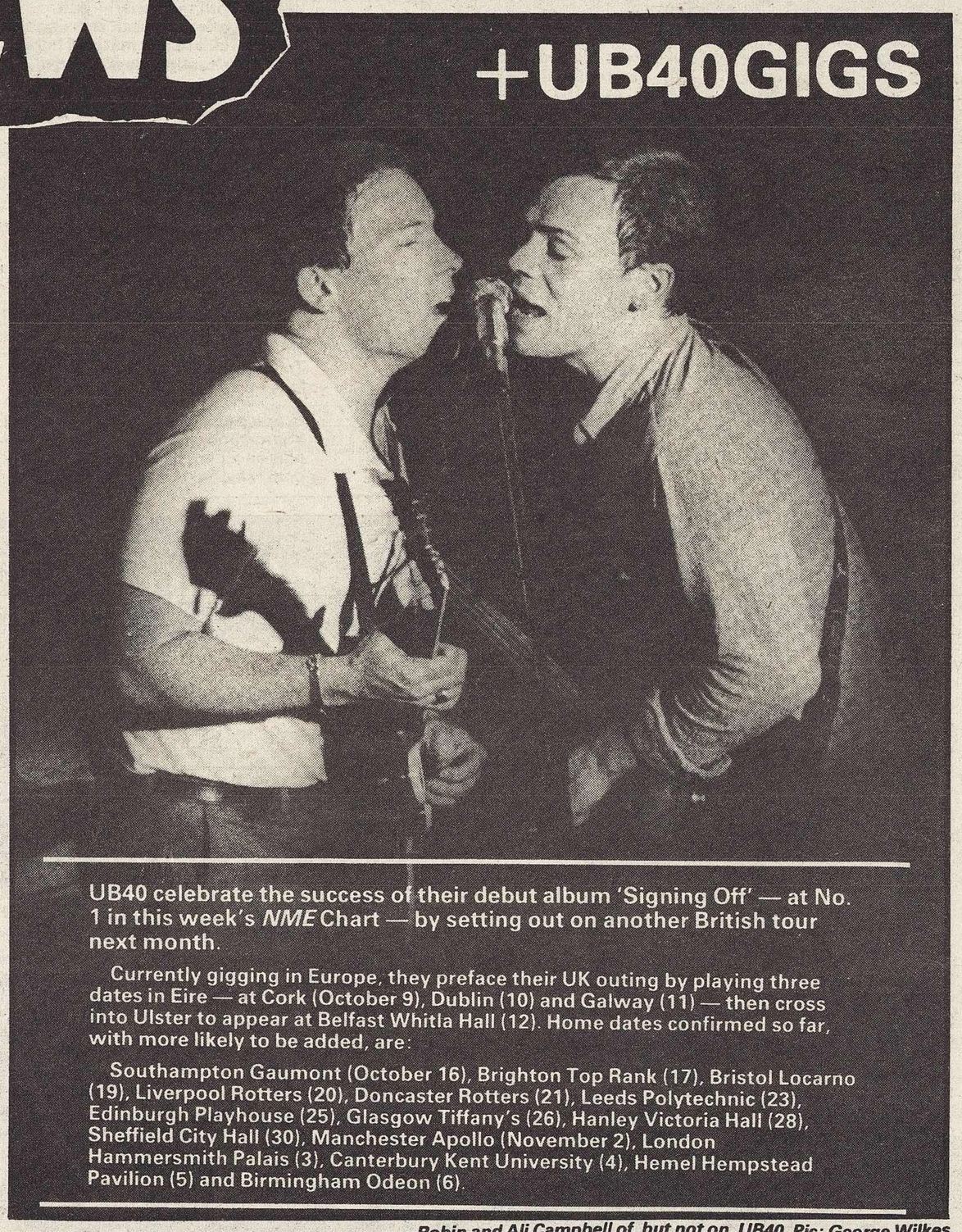
ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES In The Dark headline a major 17-date concert tour in November, including a prestige appearance at London's new Apollo Theatre.

The outing ties in with the October 24 release of their second album 'Organisation' on DinDisc.

Tour dates are Aylesbury Friars (November 1), Hanley Victoria Hall (2), Bristol Colston Hall (3), Southampton Gaumont (4), Reading Top Rank (5), Guildford Civic Hall (6), Norwich East Anglia University (7), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Edinburgh Odeon (11), Manchester Apollo (12), London Victoria Apollo (13), Ipswich Gaumont (15), Sheffield City Hall (17), Birmingham Odeon (18), Blackburn King George's Hall (19) and Liverpool Empire (20).

The nucleus of the outfit remains Andy McCluskey and Paul Humphreys, but they'll be joined on the road by drummer Malcolm Holmes — who also played on the new album — and they also plan to add an extra keyboards man.

Andy McCluskey (ex-Bachelor) and Paul Humphreys (divorced) of OMITD



UB40 celebrate the success of their debut album 'Signing Off' — at No. 1 in this week's *NME* Chart — by setting out on another British tour next month.

Currently gigging in Europe, they preface their UK outing by playing three dates in Eire — at Cork (October 9), Dublin (10) and Galway (11) — then cross into Ulster to appear at Belfast Whitla Hall (12). Home dates confirmed so far, with more likely to be added, are:

Southampton Gaumont (October 16), Brighton Top Rank (17), Bristol Locarno (19), Liverpool Rotters (20), Doncaster Rotters (21), Leeds Polytechnic (23), Edinburgh Playhouse (25), Glasgow Tiffany's (26), Hanley Victoria Hall (28), Sheffield City Hall (30), Manchester Apollo (November 2), London Hammersmith Palais (3), Canterbury Kent University (4), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (5) and Birmingham Odeon (6).

Robin and Ali Campbell of, but not on, UB40. Pic: George Wilkes

Costello cassette, Kennedys ban, Ramones gigs

ELVIS COSTELLO has a 20-track set released by F-Beat on November 7 — in cassette form only. It's called 'Ten Bloody Marys And Ten How's Your Fathers' and it's being issued, says the company, "to clean up all the B-sides and EP tracks which are not available to cassette-only buyers" — though it will also include two previously unreleased tracks, which will later be made available to disc buyers. There are several tracks on which Costello plays all the instruments, plus alternative versions of titles which have already been issued. It will sell at £5, with the first batch coming in a deluxe pack.

● Costello's one-off at London Rainbow on September 29 sold out within 24 hours of the box-office opening — so he's now decided to play another London date this year, and details will be announced shortly.

☐ **MADNESS** release their second album on Stiff on September 26, just 11 months after their debut set. Titled 'Absolutely', it consists of 14 tracks and was produced by Clanger Winstanley.

☐ **THE JAM** have invited Brighton band **The Piranhas** — of 'Tom Hark' fame — to support them on their UK tour, which runs from October 26 to November 19. And not surprisingly, The Piranhas have accepted the offer — as well as an invitation to guest with Dr. Feelgood at London Hammersmith Palais next Tuesday (23). Meanwhile, The Jam have added another date to their schedule — a second night at Brighton Centre on November 5.

☐ **THE STRANGLERS'** Jean Jacques Burnel is now the only member of the band who will have to face "incitement to riot" charges, arising out of the Nice University incident in the spring. Hugh Cornwell and Jet Black have now been told that all charges against them have been dropped, and Dave Greenfield wasn't involved at the outset. The case was expected to come to court in October, but Burnel hasn't yet been advised when he will have to stand trial.

☐ **THE DEAD KENNEDYS,** who open their debut UK tour next week, have been banned from playing at Dundee Caird Hall on September 26. Following complaints about the group's name, the local council met and decided on the ban. Commented Tory leader Jack Watson: "It's in extremely bad taste, and their appearance here wouldn't do the city any good at all."

☐ **THE RAMONES** have added two more gigs to their re-arranged UK tour — the first is a re-scheduled date at Derby Assembly Rooms on October 3 (original tickets still valid), and the next night they visit Manchester Apollo.

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT

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OFF THE RECORD

TOOTS & THE MAYTALS create a slice of record history this month, when they record a live album at London Hammersmith Palais on September 29 — and Island release it the following afternoon! Their show will be recorded in a mobile studio, producer Alex Sadkin plans to mix the tapes in three hours, and the album will be cut at the Sound Clinic from 2 to 4am. Lacquers will then be rushed to the Midlands for processing and pressing, and finished copies will be in the shops in Coventry (where the band are playing that evening) by mid-afternoon.

● **Captain Beefheart** and his Magic Band have their album 'Doc At The Radar Station' issued by Virgin on September 26. The projected British tour by the outfit is still in the planning stage, though October is now looking a possibility.

● **Donna Summer** has signed a worldwide deal with Griffen/Warner, the new label started by David Griffin in association with Warners. A new version of 'The Wanderer' is her new single, out this week, with her LP of the same title following on October 10.

● Three-piece London band **Blood Donor,** recently signed by Safari, have their debut single out this week — 'Doctor?' coupled with 'Soap Box Blues.' For these sessions they were joined by Simone Thomas on lead vocals; she also plays violin, and is likely to continue working with the group on upcoming live dates.

● **Gary Glitter's** 'Golden Greats' album is to be reissued by GTO in early November. It will be re-packaged, re-titled 'The Leader' and will sell at a budget price.

● **The Purple Hearts** have switched from Fiction Records to Safari, and release a new single 'My Life's A Jigsaw' via their new outlet on September 26. They'll be playing a number of gigs in the near future, details to follow.

● Top Midlands label Big Bear Records release the single 'UFO'/'Astronaut's Journey by **The Quads,** who recently guested on three Gary Numan concerts in Birmingham. From the same label comes the debut single by **The Wide Boys,** titled 'Stop That Boy'.

● **Allan Clarke** of The Hollies has a new solo album 'The Only One' released this weekend by Aura Records. The title track is issued simultaneously as a single.

BUNCH OF RIGHT CHARLEYS

CHARLEY RECORDS this week release a limited edition (10,000 only) boxed set tracing the history of the near-legendary Memphis label Sun Records — titled 'The Sun Box' and selling at £9.98, it comprises three albums, 54 tracks and a 20-page book. Charly are also issuing a series of 16-track compilations, of which the first ten appear this month — they include sets of vintage material by **Lee Dorsey, John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Reed, Gene Chandler** and **The Meters,** among others. From the same label comes 'The Georgia Peach' by **Little Richard,** containing 16 of his 1960s recordings in the days when **Jimi Hendrix** was his lead guitarist; and 'One More Road' by **The Flatlanders,** consisting of the only 17 tracks they ever cut (in 1972) and featuring such names as **Joe Ely** and **Butch Hancock.**

Tourists settle

THE TOURISTS have now signed with RCA, who release the band's single '(Don't Say) I Told You So' this week followed by their album 'Luminous Basement' in October. These releases coincide with the outfit's Luminous Tour of Great Britain, which opens tonight (Thursday) — see this week's Gig Guide. The Tourists were previously signed to Logo and — due to a legal dispute with that label — quit Britain earlier this year, refusing to work or release any material here until the situation was resolved.

● Out this week is a new **Three Degrees** album, released by Ariola in conjunction with K-Tel. The first side features some of their biggest hits, and Side Two contains six tracks recorded live at the Royal Albert Hall with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

● **The Planets'** new single 'Don't Look Down', issued by Rialto this weekend, is the first to feature their new line-up of Steve Lindsey (vocals and bass), Barry Lines (lead guitar), Chris Sornia (keyboards) and Larry Tolfree (drums). Their album 'Spot' follows next month.

● **Roy Ayers** has a new single called '(Sometimes) Believe In Yourself', plus an album titled 'Love Fantasy', both released by Polydor next week.

● 'New Electric Warriors' is a heavy metal compilation, issued by Logo this weekend, on which all the tracks were recorded specifically for the LP. Bands featured are **Silverwing, Vardis, Turbo, Tarot, Jedediah Strut, Warrior, Oxym, Dawnwatcher, Colossus, Rhabstallion, Bastille, Buffalo, Streetfighter, Stormtrooper, Kosh** and **Race Against Time.**

● **The Little Roosters'** single 'I Need A Witness' / 'The Age Of Reason', out this week on ami Records (through Pye), is the first outcome of the band's recent studio collaboration with Joe Strummer of The Clash. These sessions proved so profitable that they now have enough material for an album, which will follow shortly.

Anderson's solo

JON ANDERSON, who quit Yes in the spring, has his solo album 'Song Of Seven' issued by Atlantic on October 17 — preceded on September 26 by his single 'Some Are Born'. Together with the musicians on the album, he'll be undertaking a world tour from November to April, starting with British dates in the late autumn (details to follow in a week or two.) But before he goes on the road, he'll be cutting a new LP with Vangelis, as the follow-up to their 'Short Stories' hit.

ON THE ROUNDS

□ **JOE JACKSON** has added a third London date to his upcoming UK tour — at Camden Music Machine on October 30 — and has lined up a number of guest acts for several of his shows. The Inmates join him at Edinburgh (October 10) and Wolverhampton (12); The Rasses at Sheffield (11), Manchester (15) and Hammersmith (27 and 28); The Members at Glasgow (16) and Carlisle (17); and Sore Throat at Bradford (November 2), Birmingham (3) and Blackburn (4). Jackson's new single 'Mad At You' is issued by A&M on October 3, with his third album due out the following week.

● **THE RASSES** will play eight dates in their own right, in addition to their four gigs with Joe Jackson. They are London The Venue (October 3), Edinburgh Tiffany's (6), Birmingham Top Rank (10), Coventry Warwick University (16), York University (20), Aberdeen University (24), Huddersfield International Club (25) and Manchester University (November 1). Their new single 'Spaceship' will be issued by U-A to coincide.

□ **CREATION REBEL,** the "heaviest reggae band in Europe", follow up the success of their album 'Starship Africa' by spending the whole of the autumn on the road. Interspersed by visits abroad, and with many more UK gigs being finalised, they're so far confirmed for Bradford College (this Friday), Oxford Scamps (September 29), Edinburgh Playhouse (October 5), Aberdeen Ruffles (7), Swansea University College (9), Liverpool Brady's (11), Kirklevington Country Club (12), Kendal Arts Centre (13), London Dingwalls (15), Norwich Cromwells (16), Ipswich The Manor (17), Melton Mowbray Painted Lady (18), Keele University (22), Sheffield Polytechnic (November 12), Newport Stowaway (December 16) and Plymouth Fiesta (20).

□ **SECRET AFFAIR** have added another three dates to their current UK tour — at Birmingham Odeon (September 29), Newcastle City Hall (30) and Leeds Polytechnic (October 1).

□ **THE REVILLOS** add Fareham Princes College (October 6), Newport Stowaway (8) and Reading University (15) to their UK tour, reported two weeks ago. Port Talbot Troubadour moves forward from October 16 to 9, and planned gigs at West Cauldes (this Friday) and Liverpool (October 1) are now cancelled.

□ **THE FLATBACKERS** play Reading Target Club this Saturday, then London gigs Clapham Two Brewers (September 22), Deptford Albany Empire (23) and Clapham 101 Club (25).

□ **THE DEAD KENNEDYS** add Brighton Jenkinsons (October 12) to their UK schedule, announced three weeks ago. On September 25, they now play Scarborough Taboo instead of Middlesbrough Rock Garden.

□ **TOYAH WILLCOX** forsakes her band for an indefinite period to take the lead role in Nigel Williams' play *Sugar And Spice,* which opens at London Royal Court Theatre on October 9. It's seen as her most important stage role to date.

□ **BARBARA DICKSON** will be touring Britain again in the autumn. Her schedule will be announced shortly, but one date already set is at Croydon Fairfield Hall on November 17 — tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4.25, £3.75 and £2.50.

□ **THE ASSOCIATES** add Cheltenham College (September 26), London Fulham Greyhound (30) and London St George's Medical School (October 4) to their current tour. They're still looking for a keyboards player — contact is Fiction Records (01-459 8681).

□ **THE BODYSNATCHERS** support Toots & The Maytals on their UK tour, opening on September 28.

□ **TYGERS OF PAN TANG,** whose first album 'Wild Cat' made its NME Chart debut last week have added two dates to the first leg of their UK autumn tour — at Ilford Palais (September 25) and Ashford Stour Centre (27). The second leg of the tour will be announced shortly.

□ **THE CURE,** just back from a five-week Far East tour, are lining up a UK university tour for November. They'd like to hear from bands who want to be considered for local spots in the following areas: Manchester Bradford, Leeds, Newcastle, York, Exeter, Leicester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Lancaster and Reading — send demo cassettes to Fiction Records, 165-7 High Road, London NW10.

□ **THE BOOKS** have been named as support act on the previously reported UK tour by The Skids, which opens on September 25 in Poole. They'll be playing on all the dates except the three Irish gigs in late October.

□ **METRO GLIDER,** one of the West Country's top outfits, pay one of their occasional visits to London next week for gigs at Harrow Rd Windsor Castle (September 22), Fulham Golden Lion (24) and Fulham Greyhound (27).

□ **A BENEFIT CONCERT** at Croydon Fairfield Hall on October 19, in aid of the Joanne Stone Trust Fund features (alphabetically) Madeline Bell, Joe & Vicki Brown, Chas & Dave, Pearly Gates, members of the James Last Orchestra, Nelson's Column Big Band, Frank Riccotti Group and Cliff Richard. Tickets are £7.50, £6.50, £5 and £3.50, on sale from tomorrow (Friday).

□ **ROCKPILE** ticket prices for their tour announced last week are: £3 at Edinburgh, Lancaster, Hanley, Guildford and Brighton; £2.75 at Oxford; £2.50 and £2.25 at Sheffield; and £2.50 at all other provincial gigs. For the two London lunchtime dates, prices are £1.25 at Hammersmith Palais (October 26) and £2 at the School of Economics (29).

□ **WEAPON OF PEACE,** the seven-piece Midlands reggae band who recently toured with Stiff Little Fingers and have just signed with Phonogram, are now headlining their own tour — playing Northampton Nene College (September 23), Wolverhampton Poly (24), Birmingham University (26), Aberystwyth University (29), Norwich East Anglia University (October 1), Stoke North Staffs Poly (3), Coventry Warwick University (4), Bradford University (6), Nottingham Trent Poly (7), Plymouth Poly (9), Reading University (11), Treforest Wales Poly (13), Sheffield Limit (14), Crewe Alsager College (16), Retford Porterhouse (17), York College of Ripon & York St John (18), Newcastle Poly (19), Aldridge Elmers (21), Port Talbot Troubadour (23), Bath University (24), Torquay 400 Ballroom (25) and Wolverhampton Lafayette (26).

□ **THE SOFT BOYS** go on the road to promote their new single 'I Wanna Destroy You' on Armageddon Records. Gigs so far set are London West Hampstead Moonlight (September 24), London Fulham Greyhound with Doll By Doll (26), London Islington Hope & Anchor (27), Rotherham Thurnscoe Hotel (29), Paisley Bungalow Bar (October 1), Grangemouth International Hotel (2), Glenrothes Rothes Arms (3), Edinburgh Nite Club (4), Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill (5), Portsmouth Poly (8), Nottingham Ad Lib Club (9), Wollaston Nags Head (10), Cambridge Great Northern (12), Hull College of Higher Education (17), Coventry Warwick University (18), Newbridge Memorial Hall (19), Leeds Warehouse (21), Middlesbrough Teesside Poly (22) and Liverpool Brady's (24).

□ **FAMOUS NAMES,** formerly known as Writz, are undertaking a so-called Circus Tour — in which they'll be supported by a fire-eater, a dance troupe and lady wrestlers! First confirmed gigs in the five-week schedule are Nottingham Trent Poly (September 22), Aberdeen University (25), Dundee Technical College (26), Cardiff Wales University (27), Salford University (October 3), Middlesbrough Teesside Poly (4), Plymouth Poly (6), London Victoria The Venue (7), Southampton University (10), Guildford Surrey University (11), London Hendon Middlesex Poly (16) and London City University (17). Their latest single 'Holiday Romance' is issued this weekend on the new Trident label.

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LLOYDS BANK

Skynyrd's phoenix flies in

ROSSINGTON COLLINS BAND, the outfit which rose from the ashes of Lynyrd Skynyrd, make their UK debut next month — with five concerts already set, and the likelihood of more being added. They play Birmingham Odeon (October 19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Manchester Apollo (21), Lancaster University (22) and London Rainbow (26). Ticket prices are £4, £3.50 and £3 (London); £2.50 only (Lancaster); and £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (elsewhere). Promoter is Paul Loasby.

The band were originally due to play one of the Rainbow 50th anniversary concerts in the spring, but their visit failed to materialise at that time. They were formed by Skynyrd guitarists Gary Rossington and Allen Collins, and they also feature survivors Leon Wilkeson (bass) and Billy Powell (keyboards) — Plus Barry Harwood (lead and rhythm guitar), Derek Hess (drums) and girl singer Dale Krantz. Their recently released MCA debut album 'Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere' has already gone Gold in the States. They'll also be filming a session for BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* during their visit.

SLADE MAKE HAY

SLADE, unexpectedly one of the hits of the recent Reading Festival, are releasing an EP of three tracks recorded live at that event. Titled 'Slade Alive At Reading 80', it's on Cheapskate Records and it comprises 'Something Else', 'Born To Be Wild' and 'When I'm Dancin' I Ain't Fightin'. The band also set out on the road next week for a 17-date tour, taking in:

Weston-super-Mare Webbington Club (September 25), London Central Polytechnic (26), Doncaster Rotters (29), Liverpool Rotters (30), Aberdeen Fusion (October 2), Newcastle Poly (3), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (4), Cardiff University (6), Manchester University (8), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (9), Withernsea Grand Pavilion (10), Bradford University (11), Hardstoft Shoulder Of Mutton (13), Reading University (15), Nottingham Palais (16), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (17) and London Woolwich Thames Poly (18).

Dem ol' tour Blues

THE BLUES BAND play two dozen dates around the UK next month, as the first leg of a massive 74-day tour taking in seven other European countries. The outing coincides with the October 3 release of their new LP 'Ready', the follow-up to their hit 'Official Bootleg Album' — the first 20,000 copies include a free single 'Nadine'/'That's All Right', recorded live at London's Bridge House in Canning Town. Their British dates, including a major London concert, are:

Colchester Essex university (October 3), Loughborugh University (4), Lancaster University (5), London Imperial College (6), Reading Hexagon (7), Leicester Poly (9), Newcastle Poly (10), Durham University (11), Hull City Hall (12), York University (13), Nottingham Albert Hall (14), Birmingham Top Rank (15), Plymouth Top Rank (17), Southampton University (18), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (20), Cardiff Top Rank (21), Swansea Top Rank (22), London Strand Lyceum (23), Guildford Surrey University (24), Bristol Locarno (27), Sheffield Top Rank (29), Glasgow University (30) and Edinburgh University (31).

Concerts for Urgh!

THREE CONCERTS taking place this week have been lined up at short notice, specially for filming for inclusion in the all-star *Urgh!* movie. Last night (Wednesday), 999, The Photos, Athletico Spizz 80 and Wasted Youth were appearing at London Lyceum; tonight (Thursday) it's Steel Pulse, Gang Of Four, The Au Pairs and The Mekons at London Rainbow (tickets on the doors £3); and this Friday, Orchestral Manouvres, Tom Robinson's Sector 27 and John Otway play Portsmouth Guildhall (3, £2.50 and £2).

NEWS IN BRIEF

CHEAP TRICK have finally announced, after much speculation, that bassist Tom Peterson has left the band and been replaced by Pete Comita — who worked with them on their recent Japanese tour, during Peterson's illness, and who'll be with them when they open their UK tour on October 16. Peterson will now concentrate on his solo album, though he can be heard performing with Cheap Trick for the last time on their new LP 'All Shook Up', for Epic release on October 10.

THE HELLIONS have lost their vocalist Nelson Rockerfeller, who's left the band to pursue a solo recording career under his real name of John Milner. With the help of ex-PiL drummer Martin Atkins, he's already recorded a single titled 'Strontium Sauna' for release on the Happy Birthday label.

AFTER THE FIRE, who've just brought in a new drummer in the shape of ex-Flys sideman Pete King, will be touring extensively in October and November. This will tie in with the October 10 release by Epic of their second album, titled '80-F'.

COZY POWELL, who quit Rainbow after their Castle Donington showcase, is guesting on drums with the Michael Schenker Band for their UK tour starting this weekend . . . and another drummer on the move is GINGER BAKER, whose short-lived stay with Atomic Rooster ended even before their reunion tour began; he's now joined Hawkwind for their upcoming UK outing.

SAMSON have been axed from their advertised support spot in Journey's one-off concert at London Rainbow next Monday (22). The band apologise to all those who've bought tickets specially to see them, and are now trying to arrange an alternative London gig.

Modern girl's dates

SHEENA EASTON, with two simultaneous Top Ten hits under her belt, co-heads a package tour which also features Dennis Waterman and Gerard Kenny. Dates are Croydon Fairfield Hall (October 12), Manchester Free Trade Hall (13), Hull New (14), Glasgow Theatre Royal (16), Edinburgh Usher Hall (18), Southport Theatre (19), Nottingham Theatre Royal (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Poole Wessex Hall (29), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (30), Birmingham Odeon (November 1) and London Dominion Theatre (2). Top ticket prices are £4 in London and £3.50 elsewhere, and the promoter is Andrew Miller.

Wainwright due

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III begins an extensive UK tour next month, opening and closing in London — he kicks off with a five-night stint at London Victoria The Venue (October 10-14 inclusive) and winds up at Drury Lane Theatre Royal (November 16). Between times he plays:

Bristol Colston Hall (October 17), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (19), Exeter University (20), Manchester Free Trade Hall (24), Birmingham Odeon (26), Leeds University (27), Lancaster University (30), Edinburgh Queens Hall (31) and Glasgow Theatre Royal (November 2). Then after four gigs in Eire — at Galway, Cork, Dublin and Limerick — he's back in the UK for Coleraine Ulster University (11), Belfast Ulster Hall (12) and Brighton Dome (14).

Tickets for The Venue are all at £5; at Drury Lane, £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50; and elsewhere the maximum is £3.50. Wainwright, who has just written the music for a Broadway play *A Couple Of White Chicks Sitting Around Talking*, will be staying on in London to record a new album with British musicians.

Triumph hit UK circuit

TRIUMPH are the latest Canadian heavy rock trio to descend upon Britain, following in the footsteps of their illustrious compatriots Rush. They're already established as a top box-office attraction in the States, and they're hoping to emulate that success over here when they take their 'Rock'n'Roll Machine' show to Southampton Gaumont (November 6), Bristol Colston Hall (7), Liverpool Empire (8), Manchester Apollo (9), Leicester De Montfort Hall (10), Glasgow Apollo (11), Newcastle City Hall (12), Birmingham Odeon (13) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15).

Their stage act includes pyrotechnics, computerised special effects, a fog machine and spectacular lighting. The tour is promoted by Straight Music, who have set Praying Mantis and Dedringer as support acts. Tickets go on sale this Saturday, priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — except at Leicester, where there are none at £2.50.

The band's line-up comprises Mike Levine (bass), Rik Emmett (guitar) and Gil Moore (drums). They've already had three albums released here by RCA — 'Rock'n'Roll Machine', 'Just A Game' and 'Progressions Of Power'. And they have an EP coming out on October 31 (in both 7" and 12")comprising 'I Live For The Weekend', 'What's Another Day Of Rock And Roll' and 'Little Texas Shakes'.

And now, over to Michael Fish . . .

WEATHER REPORT return to the UK in November to headline a string of seven major concerts, and CBS will be releasing their new album 'Night Passage' to coincide with the visit. Dates are Edinburgh Playhouse (November 10), Manchester Apollo (11), Birmingham Odeon (12), London Hammersmith Odeon (13 and 14), Southampton Gaumont (15) and Brighton Dome (17).

Tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4.50 and £4 (London and Brighton) and £4.50, £4 and £3.50 (elsewhere), and the promoters are Alec Leslie Entertainments. The band have recently acquired a new percussionist in Bobby Thomas, but the rest of their line-up remains unchanged.

Dance Band stands

THE DANCE BAND set out this week on their first headlining tour, coinciding with the release of their debut album 'Fancy Footwork' on Double D Records, the new label launched by Dave Dee — the first 5,000 copies sell at £3.99, thereafter it's £4.99. Dates confirmed so far for the seven-piece good-time outfit are:

Sheffield Limit (tonight, Thursday), Kirklevington Country Club (Friday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday), London Victoria The Venue (September 24), Huddersfield Poly (26), Wolverhampton Poly Dudley site (27), Birmingham University (28), Treforest Wales Poly (2), Stafford North Staffs Poly (3), Bath College of Higher Education (4), Leeds Fforde Green (5), Doncaster Romeo & Juliet (6), London Strand Kings College (9), Brighton Sussex University (10), London University College (11), London St. Thomas' Hospital (14), Brighton Dome (17), Norwich Cromwells (23), Port Talbot Troubadour (30), Carmarthen Trinity College (31) and Wolverhampton Lafayette (November 2).

Simon and Lee

PAUL SIMON is now officially confirmed for his first UK concerts in five years — at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 6, 7 and 8. Tickets priced £8.50, £7 and £6 go on sale next Monday (22), and the promoter is Barry Dickens. Simon will be bringing over several of the musicians who play on his current WEA album 'One Trick Pony'.

PEGGY LEE pays a rare visit to the UK this autumn, to play two major London concerts and three in the provinces. She appears at the London Palladium (November 18 and 19), followed by Southport Theatre (20), Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall (22) and Stockport Davenport Theatre (23). Promoters are Henry Sellers and Peter Brightman in association with John Martin.

Stray Cats pose problems for Specials

THE STRAY CATS, the highly-rated U.S. band who've reaped nothing but praise since their arrival here, caused a minor panic at Two-Tone this week by announcing that they haven't yet decided whether to join The Specials' tour. According to the record company, the Cats' agent agreed two weeks ago that they would link with The Specials for the last 14 dates of the tour, from October 1 onwards — and their name was duly slotted into advertising. But the Cats' spokesman said this week that it was a "premature assumption", adding that no decision has yet been taken. So The Specials await further developments with fingers crossed.

The Cats have had to cancel three London gigs — at Dingwalls (tonight, Thursday), The Music Machine (Saturday) and Fulham Greyhound (next Tuesday) — owing to recording commitments, even though they haven't yet signed a label deal. But they've slotted in a gig at the Crystal Palace Hotel on September 27, and they're now confirmed as the guest act on Elvis Costello's one-off at London Rainbow (29).

● THE SPECIALS are definitely bringing in Bad Manners as special guests on two Scottish dates this weekend — at Edinburgh Playhouse (Saturday) and Glasgow Apollo (Sunday) — and they've added Uxbridge Brunel University (October 8) to their schedule. The band's new album 'More Specials', for September 26 release by Chrysalis, will include a free single in the first 100,000 copies — featuring 'Braggin' & Tryin' Not To Lie' and a fast dub version of 'Rude Boys Outta Jail'.

● BAD MANNERS begin their own headlining tour next weekend, visiting Aberystwyth University (September 26), Bristol Poly (27), Plymouth Fiesta (28), Leamington Spa Pavilion (29), Exeter St George's Hall (October 1), Penzance Demelza's (2), Bath University (3), Bradford University (4), Telford Town Hall (5), Gt Yarmouth Tiffany's (7), Hull University (8), Cleethorpes Peppers (9), Retford Porterhouse (10), Sheffield University (11), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (13), Nottingham Trent Poly (14) and Leicester University (16). The follow-up to their hit single 'Lip Up Fatty' is out this week on Magnet, titled 'Special Brew', with their second album scheduled for late October.

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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
POTS & THE MAYTALS
WITH GUESTS
THE BODYSNATCHERS
DEPARTMENT
TOP RANK SUITE CARDIFF
QUEEN ST., CARDIFF
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HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
MONDAY 29th SEPTEMBER at 8·00
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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245; ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT
TIFFANY'S
SMITHFORD WAY, COVENTRY
TUESDAY 30th SEPTEMBER at 8·00 (BAR)
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TIFFANY'S BOX OFFICE, TEL: COVENTRY 24570, OR COVENTRY: VIRGIN RECORDS, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT
TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON
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WEDNESDAY 1st OCTOBER at 8·00 LATE BAR
TICKETS £3·00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE, TEL: BRIGHTON 25895 OR BRIGHTON: VIRGIN RECORDS, POLYSOUNDS, ATTRIX RECORDS. CRAWLEY: CLOAKS, OR £3·00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

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Doug Harris: tenor sax/flute
Allen Hoist: baritone sax/flute
Tomas Villariny: trumpet
Lee Smith: bass
Milton Hamilton: piano
DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W1
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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245; ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

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OUTLAW PRESENTS
SPLIT ENZ
BODYSNATCHERS
SATURDAY 27th SEPTEMBER 7·30pm
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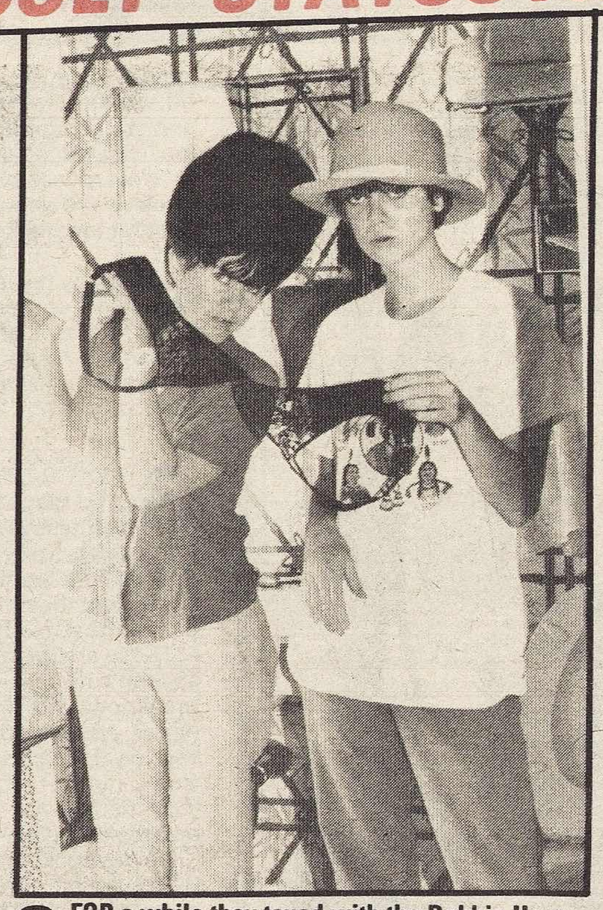
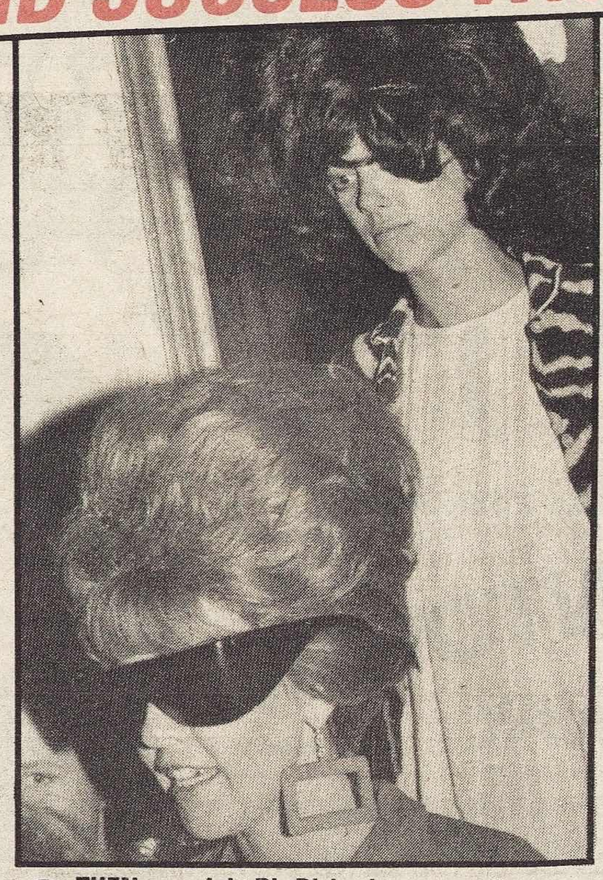
THOSE! WILD! WACKY! B-52's!

1 ONCE upon a time there were two women, Cindy, left, and Kate. Now Cindy and Kate wanted to make it big in rock and roll. But how?



2 FOR a while they toyed with the Debbie Harry passport to *Sounds'* front cover appeal. Cindy considered Red Indians. Sigh . . . neither hit a strong note.



3 THEN one night Biz Bizby threw a punk party and *everybody* was going. Cindy and Kate arrived at the costumiers late. All the best outfits were gone! What to do? "Never mind," said Kate, who never panicked. "Let's take what the guy has left and have a ball anyhow!"

■ The B-52's are a 'clever' jokey dance combo. Before they achieved their current commercial success, they were a gang of pals hanging around in Athens, Georgia, a sleepy student town. The gang decided to form a band — Fred, Keith, Ricky, Cindy and Kate. They rehearsed for a year's worth of parties in the back room of the Eldorado vegetarian restaurant, where Fred (the politico of the group) was a waiter. The Eldorado used to be a funeral parlour; the band rehearsed in the old blood-letting room, complete with blood sloughing troughs and cockroaches.

These were the days . . .

GETTING ON for 1.00 a.m., and things are just too quiet, man, I mean it's D—U—L—L. Hey, Cindy, pass me some more punch. Waddya mean, there's none left? Jeez, this town sucks. One lousy bowl of lousy punch, call this a party? Where else is there to go? Shit, I know there were more parties than this tonight, there has to be, it's Saturday isn't it? Well, isn't it?

Finals? You can't tell me that everyone in Athens is staying home to study tonight, I don't believe it. Heyheyhey — hold it just a minute. See that guy over there?

"Which one, Kate?"

That creep in the corner. The one in the embroidered denims. Boy take another look, sister, see what he's got in that big leather bag . . .

JAMES BROWN is on the stereo. HOT pants, HOT pants. A couple of couples smooch in dark corners, a couple of others dance in jerky mating rituals, awkwardly swivelling their hips to the horns, thrusting their pelvises in clumsy mimicry of their visions of Harlem's Apollo.

The two women stand by the trestle table at the end of the room, its white tablecloth mottled with spilt wine and beer. Mashed up potato chips congealed into lumps with cigarette ash lie next to a sodden heap of paper napkins. The women look at each other, and giggle.

Kate's the ringleader tonight. She's the one in the bright pink fake fur hat, teased out till it looks like an enormous bouffant beehive hairdo, but totally surreal, as if some strange pink mongoose had taken a fancy to curling up on her scalp for a snooze. She's wearing an emerald green mini-shift, with a tight-fitting sequined bolero top, and flat pink pumps. Like a walking cassata ice-cream.

She looks at Cindy. Cindy looks back at her.

Cindy looks equally glamorous tonight, in her neo-Courreges mini-shift, black and white geometrics, and some nifty black and white check pedal pushers, skin-tight.

It's Saturday, which means that the day before was Friday; and in Athens, Georgia, that means one thing — the Potters House puts out its new selection of secondhand clothes on a Friday, and everyone in Kate and Cindy's gang rushes to get there first for the goodies. So what else is there to do on a Friday?

4 LEFT: So the pair arrived in some outsize wigs, daffy sunglasses and loopy ear-rings. And they were the smash of the evening!! All the guys were trying to date them and the girls walked out with Keith, Fred and Ricky and 24 hours later The B-52's were born! Fred still doesn't know their hair isn't their own but Kate says "You gotta make hay while the sun shines huh!", and . . .

5 ABOVE: offers would-be stars a little dietetic advice. "I'm on this fabulous diet, where you can only have one large meal a month. This one's for February 1986."

Kate works over the road from the Potters House in a fast food joint. Her favourite occupation is sculpting the gunk you put on top of the junk, moulding the whipped cream into beehive haircuts atop the breakfast waffles, smearing the melted cheese into sandcastle whorls on the hamburgers. Such a creative girl. So what else is there to do in a fast food joint?

You live for Saturday night, for the magic moment when the parties begin. There's a whole list of them, usually, take your pick of whose room you're going to wreck in a riot. Last week Kate and Cindy started a jello fight, you never knew jello, pink and green, could look so cute as interior decor. They should feature it in *House and Garden,* no, really, I'm not kidding. They had these ugly, ugly mock chandeliers in the apartment, and by the time we left it looked like some crazy kaleidoscope. You shoulda come, it was a great party.

But now it's *this* week, and there's lots of gas in these girls' tanks.

And over in the other corner, that real straight-looking character is furtively groping in his bag. For what? Why, there's only a couple of things he could be so protective about — it's either dope or liquor, right? And we're gonna find out, right?

Threading their way through the smooching, lurching dancers, they walk right up to him. Cindy sits down on the chair next to him, glancing up mock-seductively from under her false lashes, legs crossed like the icy blondes in Hitchcock movies. Kate takes the more direct approach.

"Hi! What's in your bag?"

Startled, the guy looks up. He's fiddling in the bag on his knees, at this point; definitely at a disadvantage. Looking up, all he can focus on is this amazing pink *thing* stuck on this chick's head. Outer space, really.

"N . . n . . it's nothin' . . I mean . . ."

"Oh yeah? Gee, I'd like to take a look for myself. You don't mind, do you?" purrs Kate. Swiftly, she drops to her haunches beside the hippy, and grabs the bag. In one swift movement, she tips the contents out onto the floor. Runs her hand through the heap of stuff, like a gold-hunter panning the river for nuggets.

"What *is* this shit?" she cries, disgusted. "Look at *this.*" She holds is a grey sock, scrunched up into a ball. Shakes it, dust flies out. "I mean, this is simply nauseating. Have you ever seen anything like it, Cindy?"

"Uh-uh," Cindy says, languorously shaking her head.

"Or *this* now." Kate's triumphant, waving a skin mag high in the air. "Has this guy got problems. Look, see, we're therapists, and we specialise in your kind of problems. Maybe we can help you. We'd certainly like to try . . ."

She reaches forward, tenderly, as if to stroke the length of the guy's denim'd leg, then suddenly reaches for a leather sandal and wrenches it off in one swift twist.

"Hey, what's going on here? Cut this crap out, willya? LEAVE ME ALONE!"

One by one, the dancers break off their gyrations, and gape. Over on the floor, there's some guy with these two demented women all over him, grabbing his kaftan and ripping it off (you can hear the Indian cotton screech as it gives over the JBs, even) flinging the other sandal in the air, and they've got his jeans

■ Continues over

Words: Viv Goldman. Pix: Joe Stevens

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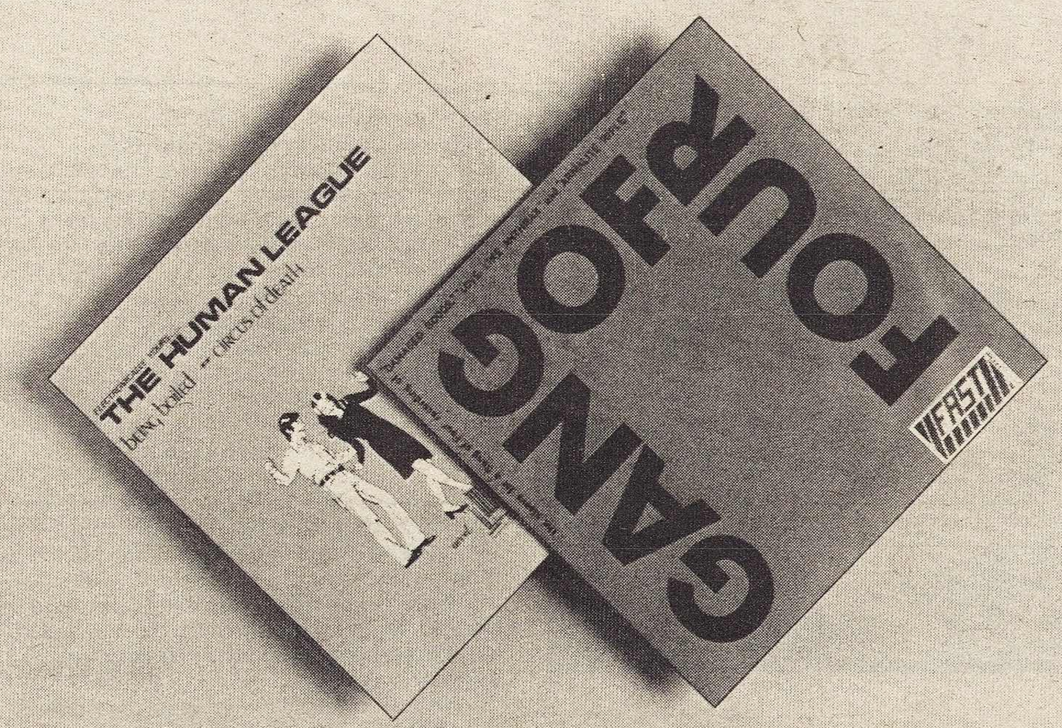

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WEIRD! WONDERFUL! B-52's!

■ From previous page

sandal in the air, and they've got his jeans about halfway off, working fast and furious when the host rushes over and starts tugging at Cindy's hair. Then just stands there looking puzzled at the big blonde switch in his hand.

"Hey, give that back!" Cindy's furious. "What do you think you're doing to my hair? It took me half an hour to get that together, and you think you can just come in here and —"

The hippy takes advantage of the interruption to crawl back to the corner and try to put himself back together again. It'll be a long job. Before he's finished reassembling his baggage, the girls are off out the door.

Just before she slams it behind her, Kate pops her head round and jeers: "Call *this* a *party?*"

SO THE B-52's have just released their second album, 'Wild Planet', and the remnants of shattered music business promotional largesse means that the journalist is flown out to New York to see their show in Central Park (teenage girls weeping with emotion crushed up against the rail, two encores) and have a promotional parlay the a.m. after.

Those are the breaks, as Kurtis Blow puts it in this season's hottest rapperama. Break it up, break it up, breakdown: to The B-52's, somewhat frayed round the edges, chowing down a goodly size lunch on room service at the classy Essex House hotel (they're basically fruit'n'nuts types) and luxuriating in the air conditioning; they themselves travel packed into roomy old jalopies and reside in flea-pits.

However, despite appearances to the contrary, The B-52's are far richer than the Journalist, who's just being given a taste of The Good Life to keep her in line. The meal is actually being paid for by the Island Records promotional budget, and therefore by The B-52's themselves, in a roundabout way. Eat in good health, kids. Bill the music.

As Cindy puts it, "It's just dance music, it's just rock and roll. It's not gonna change the world."

So far, it's bought The B-52's a nice place in upper NY state, next door to a hotel with a Weight Watchers club. One day, the fat farmers tried to invade The B-52's' hideaway. Fred scared them off by playing both sides of a Yoko Ono record.

The B-52's are not stupid people. They purvey modern dance music with good cutting harmonies and bizarre, surreal lyrics. More style than substance, mostly, although they do provide a ration of oblique comment, and several layers of word-gags. Kate says you don't have to mix music with politics, although she's a great admirer of 'God Save The Queen' by The Sex Pistols.

"We just do what we can do," she says reasonably. "We don't happen to write political songs. If we set out to do it consciously, we probably wouldn't be able to, because a lot of the things we do are unconscious, no, subconscious . . ."

On the TV in the corner, a soap opera is silently mouthing its mini-drama. Kate and Cindy break off the conversation, absorbed.

On screen, the blonde temptress looks sullen. Her dark-haired lover must be giving her a hard time. Brusquely, she turns away, clutching the table for support. He walks up to her from behind, tentatively puts his hands on her shoulders. She swivels round, tears streaking her face.

"She's a bitch, though, isn't she?" says Kate. "She's a model . . . yeah, she was a prostitute for a while, then she married a rich doctor, and he died mysteriouskly and now she's got a job as a registrar in a hospital . . . yeah, if someone's a bitch in these shows, they really play it to the *hilt* . . ."

It's not easy to drag our attention away from the screen. The B-52's' debut independent-release 45, 'Rock Lobster', put out by their nice pal Danny in Athens, was featured on *General Hospital* at a nurses' disco one time; very fitting, all round, when you think of how The B-52's smoothly sailed up the river of the Great American Dream.

After a couple of gigs at parties, they were Spotted, and drove to New York to play a one-off gig, and the rest is . . . far less traumatic than one episode of a soap opera, plus a triumphant vindication of the s.o.'s implicit wish-fulfilment weltanschauung. The one gig stretched to a series, with record companies vying for The B-52's' favours, being ably parried and thrust by Talking Heads manager Gary Kirfirst, till Island waltzed off with their collective hand.

This same protector, Gary Kirfirst, threw several screaming blue fits when he discovered that The B-52's dames had agreed, nay, actively participated in, an *NME* photo session without their full '60s kitsch regalia. The Journalist was on the receiving end of desperate phone calls ("Don't you understand? This is my *job!")* from certain members of The B-52's' entourage, presumably threatened with mutilation, exile perhaps, for having let their charges be caught short minus masks.

Gary needn't have worried — Kate still had her paper cup tucked inside her beehive to keep it good'n'phallic. Does he doubt that it's what's in the grooves that counts?

But tell us, Kate, do you think there's enough of a party spirit in the world today?

"No, I think if Ronald Reagan gets elected, it's gonna kill all the good parties. It'll put a damper on the party scene. But I don't think parties are an escape to make you ignore everything else . . . the more intense things get, the more intense the parties get. It's an outlet, specially if you're powerless, which a lot of people feel they are, politically . . ."

Do you feel that way?

"Not entirely, but there's lots of things people would like to change, and there doesn't seem much chance. Like if a power plant is releasing poisonous gas next to your house — what can people do? Cover their faces when they go out, shut their eyes . . ."

Well, you could always blow it up . . .

ON THE TV screen, the lovers are clenched in a passionate embrace. Kate muses: "These are interesting personalities. They're exaggerated people."

"Yeah," breathes Cindy. "If you don't watch it for a year, it's just the same situation, edging towards a conclusion."

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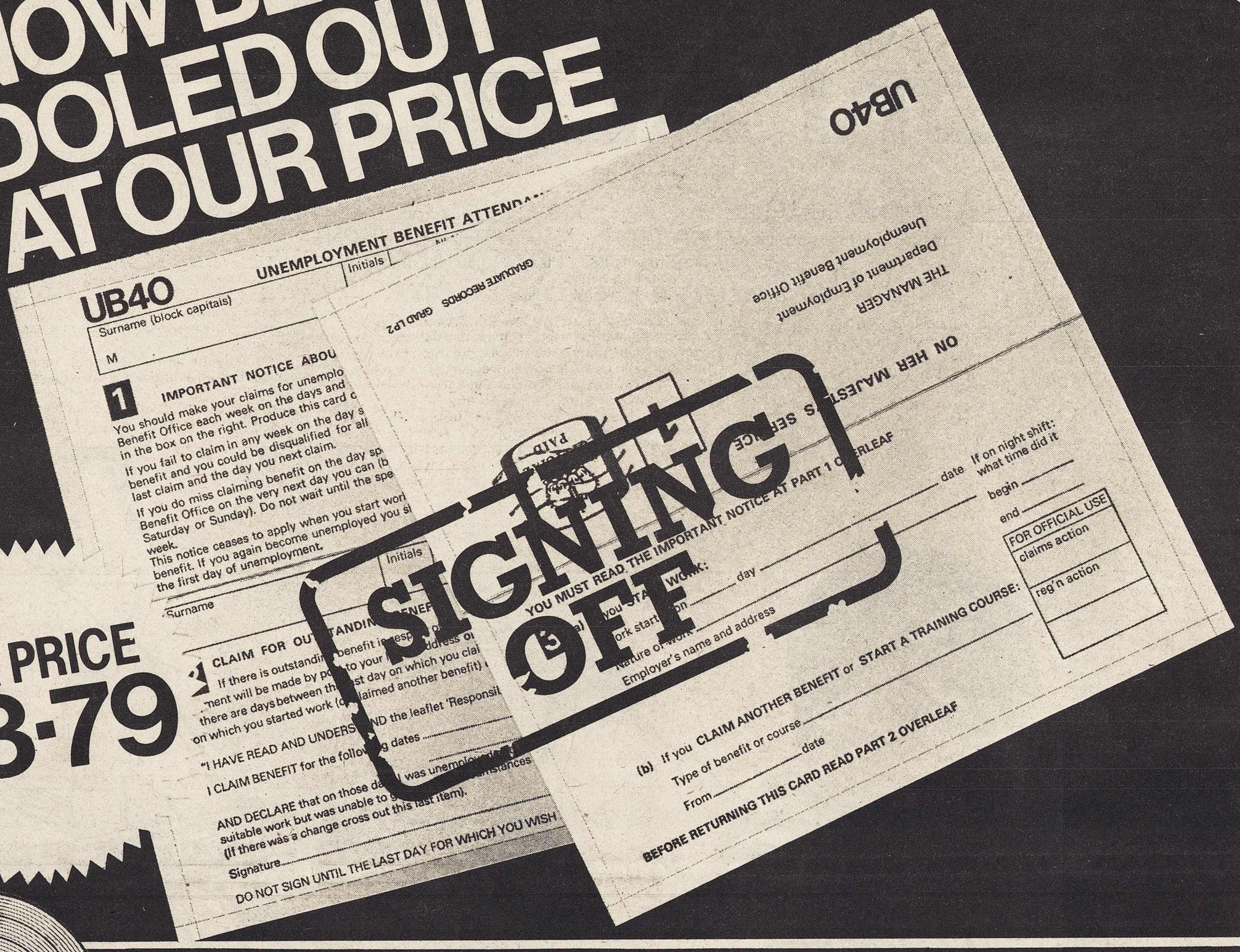
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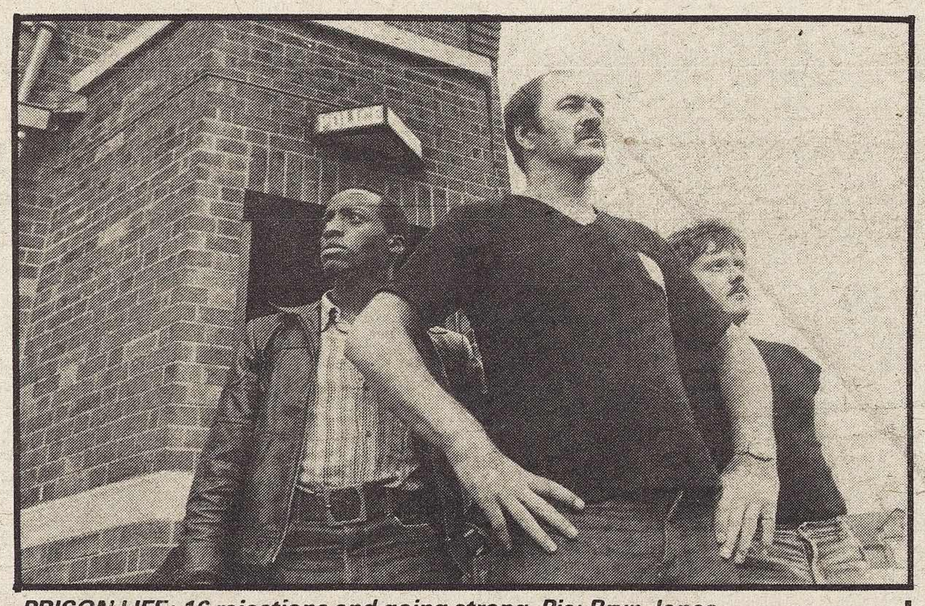


PRISON LIFE: 16 rejections and going strong. Pic: Bryn Jones

WOULD YOU BUY A RECORD FROM THESE MEN?

WHEN Prison Life play at small clubs around their native Leicester, singer Sammy Day takes his shotgun on stage. At the end of the evening he empties both barrels at a model of a policeman placed in front of protective tin sheeting. It is, he claims, the culmination of the most controversial act in the country.

Brawny, balding, his six-foot four frame dotted with tattoos, ex-prisoner Sammy is what you might call an inspired self-publicist. His last (two-year) stretch inside was for assaulting a police officer. And he has a history of violent crime caused, he alleges, by brutality suffered as a child, interspersed by spells in approved school, detention centre, borstal and eventually prison.

Music, says Sammy, gave him the chance to go straight. The first Prison Life was all ex-cons. And although of the latest line-up only Sammy has been inside, their subject-matter is the same: a punk-funk interpretation of aspects of prison life, based on Sammy's experiences.

These days Sammy's aggression is confined to his stage act: "I discuss prison and we have a laugh. Then I get nasty before I get nice again.

"The punks love it. Especially the shot-gun. If I get the right place I shall fire it over the audiences's heads.

"Is it dangerous? Nah. I know shot-guns. I've always had them."

Prison Life's big break (sorry) came when a friend put up three-and-a-half thousand which enabled them to fly to America and play San Quentin Prison.

"It was fantastic," sighs Sammy. "The best audience I ever had."

But he is bitter about the sixteen rejections he's suffered from British record companies.

"It's sickening," he says. "If I don't get a deal in this country I shall go to America and take the lads with me and say 'England, you broke me, you destroyed me — up yours'."

He harbours ambitions for the band to play Parkhurst, Wormwood Scrubs and Wandsworth — strictly as visitors of course. But are Prison Life only a series of striking publicity stunts?

"The publicity is only good for the ego," says Sammy. "We are musicians. And the music has so much content it's unbelievable."

Now that The Stranglers stand revealed as nice, well-mannered members of society, Sammy hopes that the stage is set for Prison Life to take their place.

LYNN HANNA

FEAR OF MUSIC

Capital Radio suffers staff injection

LARGE sections of Capitol Radio staff are currently picketing their London offices in an ACTT (Association of Cinematograph, Television, and Allied Technicians) dispute involving producers, presenters, engineers and technicians. So far, although the entire Talks department has come out, the station is continuing to broadcast as many of its personnel are Equity union members, and the station is not a closed shop.

The present dispute arose over pay claims which strikers say are part of a long-term fight to gain parity with employees at LBC, a station with a mere fraction of Capital's audience, and which does not enjoy the financial returns of Capital.

Capital's turnover for the year ending '79 was £12 million; £1½-million of that was profit. Strikers claim that the management expect a substantial increase in that profit during the coming year, although the management spokeswoman *Thrills* contacted through the Capital press office says that such claims are basically distortions of quotes from the Chairman's 1979 report.

Nevertheless, small radio stations like Radio Victory have agreed to a 21% pay rise for their employees. One former Capital employee commented to *Thrills:* "After the station's earliest and short period of financial difficulties, the atmosphere has progressively degenerated. For a long time it has been unpleasant because the management seem so completely concerned with making money to the exclusion of everything else — including music."

Among the strikers and employees canvassed one other factor revealed a fear that the station had a very real desire to eventually 'dump the union'.

That factor is the presence of John Gorst, former MP for Hendon and friend of Capital's Managing Director, John Whitney. The Capital press office has stressed that "in no way" is Gorst officially involved in the negotiations, "but of course," said their spokeswoman, "he is a friend of John Whitney". Gorst's involvement in the Grunwick dispute, and his rumoured 'advisory services' to the management in the Garner Steak House dispute, have gained him a reputation as a nouveau strike-breaker supreme.

Certainly the Capital strike is characterised by what some observers see as Gorst trademarks: rejection of union spokespersons in favour of ballotting individual employees is one. The Capital press office also confirmed to *Thrills* that the station had sent out letters saying that if management terms were not accepted by a certain time *any* pay increase — normally backdated to August 1 — would not be backdated at all.

The situation at Capital is strained on other fronts too: there is internal resentment among some strikers that producers earn £6,792 or upwards (with the management currently offering increases from £1,081-£1,473) while they claim DJs can earn from £25,000-£75,000 (including personal appearances and so on). The Capital press office declined to give *Thrills* any figure for their DJs' actual salaries, on the grounds that "that is not what is involved in this disagreement".

ART DONOVAN

Thrills

Rock's retirement scheme

Inland Revenue Fortifies The Over 40s

RETIREMENT AT 40, complete with a cosy nest-egg of several thousand pounds and a generous pension thereafter ... such is the idyllic future which now awaits many leading British rock musicians following an agreement reached between EMI and the Inland Revenue.

Under the terms of the new EMI scheme, and it's expected that other major companies will soon launch equivalent systems of their own, the rock star's future financial well-being is guaranteed in the following way. At the outset of his recording career the musician who opts to join the plan will pay anything up to 17½ per cent of his earnings — this amount deductible against tax — into a retirement fund. All he has to do then is stay in business until he reaches the age of 40, when he'll qualify for a massive cash payout, plus a hefty annual pension for the rest of his pampered natural.

Other features of the Deferred Income Plan, as the whole wheeze is officially known, include a generous widow's pension thrown in, and lump sum payment to the lady if her breadwinner should happen to snuff it while still under 40 and on active service.

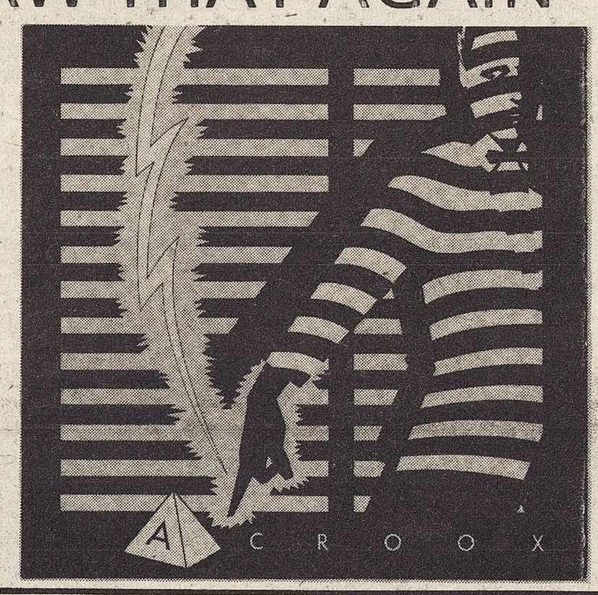
In essence, the scheme is a way of drastically easing the tax penalties faced by UK top earners during the often brief duration of their money making heyday — meaning that instead of simply shelling out to the taxman, the star can temporarily forego a slice of his earnings to ensure a comfy, not to say lucrative middle age.

Already the new scheme has been hailed as one to make Britain a land fit for tax exiles to live in — not just our own but those from overseas as well. Bhaskar Menon, the chairman and chief executive of EMI Music Worldwide has applauded the Inland Revenue for its "enlightened approach".

Wiping the tears of joy and gratitude from its eye, *Thrills* salutes this noble gesture as conclusive proof (let the cynics moan about slashed spending on health, education etc) that not everyone need suffer under the new economic climate initiated by Thatcherism.

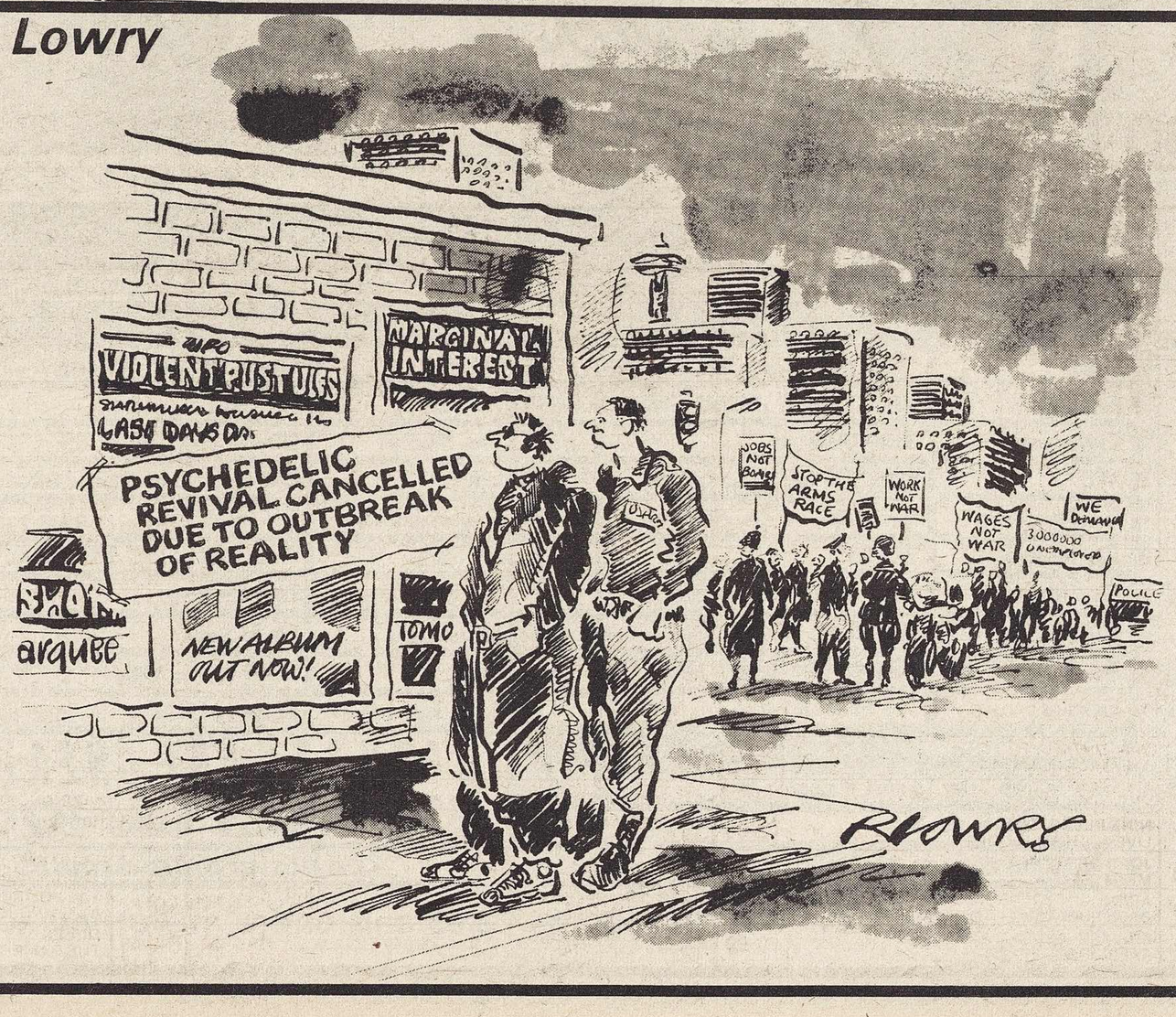
LOU POLE

I'M SORRY I'LL DRAW THAT AGAIN



Notice any similarity between these two illustrations? So did *Thrills*. Above you see the brand 'new' cover of an LP by German band Croox penned by Ink Studios (whoever they are). On the left, a drawing by ace illustrator Bob Lowrie for *Men Only* magazine some two years back. *Thrills* asks when does artistic influence become outright rip-off and suggests that Ink Studios forward a sizable part of their fee to Mr. Lowrie.

Lowry



Dylan United, One; Manchester Too. . .

Q: WHY should 300 people pay £51 each to spend a weekend basking in the reflected glow of a pop-star and former possibly-great artist who resembles for many a transatlantic Cliff Richard without the humour? A: Bob Dylan is unique and the 300 who attended *Dylan Revisited '80* (the second annual Bob Dylan convention) are strange.

Collectors, of course, are one thing. For them, busily swapping bootleg news and actual tapes, this might almost have been a convention of cigarette card aficionados. Almost — because even the collectors seemed hopelessly infatuated with Dylan and his significance. The issue of the moment — Dylan's conversion to fundamentalist Christianity — gripped the whole convention like a virus infection. Even hardened collectors trembled at the very thought of 'Saved'.

Dylanophiles are ever ready to quote such enduring testimonies to the man's talent as *"Don't follow leaders/Watch your parking meters"*. Therefore it's not surprising to discover that Bob's affection for Jesus puzzles them. All manner of solutions were on offer — one lost soul even assuaged the pain of disappointment by turning to the Bible.

Most of the troubled conventioneers have now returned to jobs as schoolteachers, local government officers or social workers — clutching tapes, bootleg catalogues and posters or their copy of *Conclusions On The Wall*, a book of essays on Dylan published by the organisers Thin Man Ltd., at PO Box 15, Prestwich, Manchester M25 8PY. For a while, they had emerged out of isolated pockets of Europe and the US — into a world of lectures, quizzes and continuous videos where their vice seemed less solitary. Together, they must have felt a little better about Dylan's evident ability to make choices that no longer reflect their own states-of-mind. But less people came this year than last, and less still may come next year. For Dylan's conversion proves that he is still alive (if no longer 'relevant'), and the true Dylanophile clearly prefers a dead Dylan to one who makes awkwardly independent and straightforward choices.

Real obsessives need only recordings, fuzzy videos, writings and memorabilia to feed their obsession — and these people will continue to attend conventions until, perhaps, they have finally succeeded in ossifying Dylan's rage, pain and joy. Next year the organisers are talking about going to Florida. There they'll be nearer the man but still, I regret to say, 'one too many mornings and a thousand miles behind'.

GARY HERMAN

JUST ME & MY INNER TUBE

'Freedom is important to everyone' says gent whose Channel wires got crossed

THIS WEEK'S media buffoon tells *Thrills* he's unperturbed by the catcalls that greeted his cross-Channel attempt (using only a car tyre inner tube, a torch to warn ships and a suitcase towed behind containing sandwiches and clothing).

Martin Lewis calls much of the reporting on him "circumstantial". *The Mirror* called him Idiot of The Sea and a burden to the rescue services. Lewis (a frozen-food-truck driver from Eastbourne says he was unnecessarily hauled in by the harbour master's office just three miles off the Dover Coast.

"I could and would have made it," he tells *Thrills*.

The problem, he says, lies with the vainglorious harbour master who imagines Lewis' eccentric escapades amount to an "invasion of his territory".

"I am still recuperating," he told us on Wednesday, "from the verbal wounds inflicted by the police. And I was told by the harbour sergeant that if I were to try it again I would get locked up. They couldn't hold me for more than 32 hours though."

Lewis' past adventures — dating back to 1970 — have often succeeded, but the national press have been more fascinated with his cockups. A 1971 Channel fling used a home-made raft powered by an old car. Accompanying him were two mates and the wife of one of them.

"She insisted on being with her husband", says Lewis. "I was against it. When we ran into trouble she panicked and became hysterical. Although we were in no actual danger I was forced to fire the distress rockets."

A subsequent Channel attempt was made in a £50 plywood boat. But the thing was overloaded with provisions and when his mate — not a sea-going sophisticate — lifted a suitcase while standing on the duckboards his feet plunged through and the vessel sank like a rock.

Not too clever, agrees Lewis, but the pair had lifebelts and were only half-a-mile out. (They asked for no rescue).

The local paper, says Lewis, knows him better. They call him "The Cockleshell Hero" and regard his enterprises, (which also include bell-diving off the Welsh coast) as the expression of free soul.

"I shall be going out again this week to prove my freedom", he tells us. "Just me and my inner tube along the Dover coast. Freedom is a very important thing to everybody in this country."

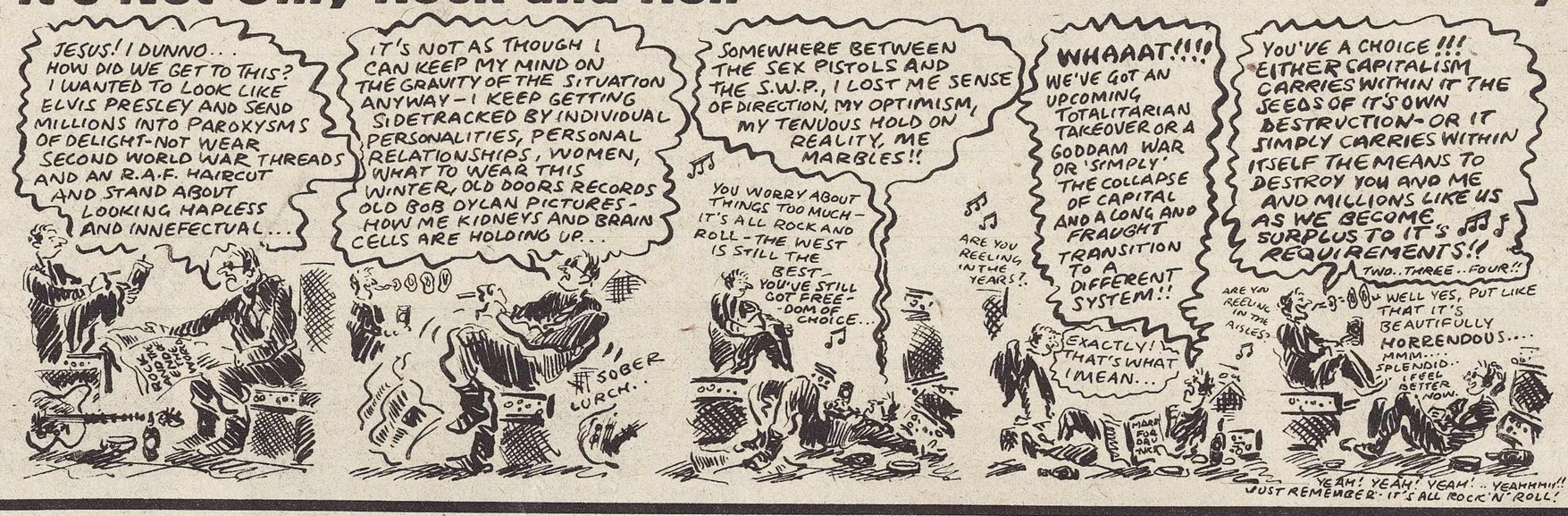
His wife, Glen, concurs. "Why don't they just let him do it and get it over with then he won't want to do it again."

ANDREW TYLER

Pic: IMF News

It's Not Only Rock and Roll

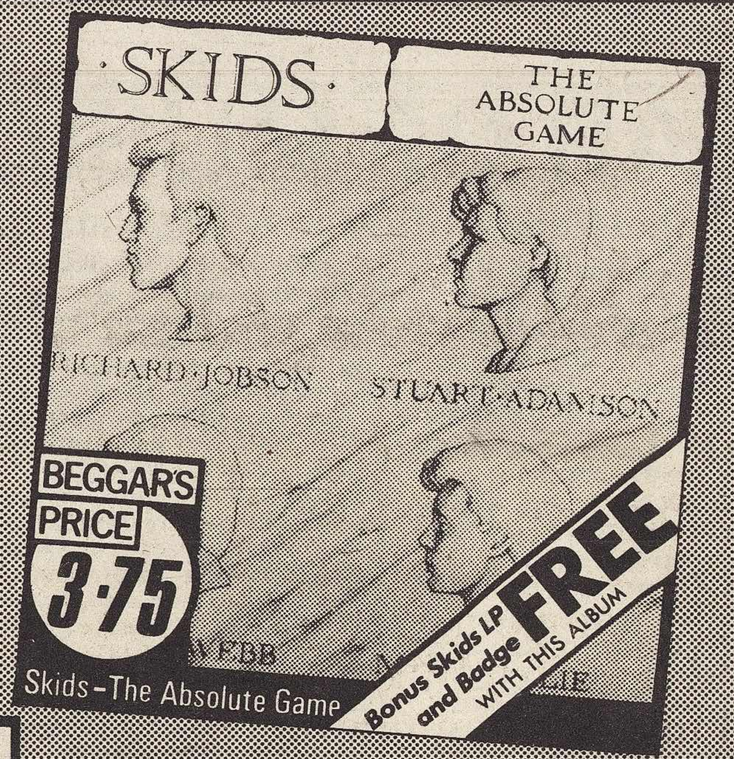
Lowry


JESUS! I DUNNO... HOW DID WE GET TO THIS? I WANTED TO LOOK LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY AND SEND MILLIONS INTO PAROXYSMS OF DELIGHT-NOT WEAR SECOND WORLD WAR THREADS AND AN R.A.F. HAIRCUT AND STAND ABOUT LOOKING HAPLESS AND INNEFECTUAL...
IT'S NOT AS THOUGH I CAN KEEP MY MIND ON THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION ANYWAY-I KEEP GETTING SIDETRACKED BY INDIVIDUAL PERSONALITIES, PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS, WOMEN, WHAT TO WEAR THIS WINTER, OLD DOORS RECORDS OLD BOB DYLAN PICTURES- HOW ME KIDNEYS AND BRAIN CELLS ARE HOLDING UP...
SOBER LURCH..
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE SEX PISTOLS AND THE S.W.P., I LOST ME SENSE OF DIRECTION, MY OPTIMISM, MY TENUOUS HOLD ON REALITY, ME MARBLES!!
YOU WORRY ABOUT THINGS TOO MUCH- IT'S ALL ROCK AND ROLL-THE WEST IS STILL THE BEST- YOU'VE STILL GOT FREE-DOM OF CHOICE...
ARE YOU REELING IN THE YEARS?
WHAAAT!!!! WE'VE GOT AN UPCOMING TOTALITARIAN TAKEOVER OR A GODDAM WAR OR 'SIMPLY' THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITAL AND A LONG AND FRAUGHT TRANSITION TO A DIFFERENT SYSTEM!!
EXACTLY! THAT'S WHAT I MEAN...
YOU'VE A CHOICE!!! EITHER CAPITALISM CARRIES WITHIN IT THE SEEDS OF IT'S OWN DESTRUCTION-OR IT SIMPLY CARRIES WITHIN ITSELF THE MEANS TO DESTROY YOU AND ME AND MILLIONS LIKE US AS WE BECOME SURPLUS TO IT'S REQUIREMENTS!!
TWO..THREE..FOUR!!
ARE YA REELIN IN THE AISLES?
WELL YES, PUT LIKE THAT IT'S BEAUTIFULLY HORRENDOUS.... MMM... SPLENDID.. I FEEL BETTER NOW.
YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! .. YEAHHH!!
JUST REMEMBER: IT'S ALL ROCK 'N' ROLL!

BEGGARS ARE CHEAPER! New Releases This Month BEGGARS ARE CHEAPER!

Gary Numan-Telekon

David Bowie-Scary Monsters



Skids-The Absolute Game

The Column To Watch For Better Bargains

Artist	Title	BB Price
Skids	The Absolute Game (inc. bonus LP)	3.75
Kate Bush	Never For Ever (limited offer)	3.75
David Bowie	Scary Monsters	3.95
XTC	Black Sea (with free badges)	3.75
The Plasmatics	New Hope for the Wretched	3.50
The Revillos	Rev Up	3.75
Gary Numan	Telekon (with free single)	2.99
B52's	Wild Planet (limited offer)	3.50
Van Morrison	Common One (limited offer)	3.50
Piranhas	The Piranhas	3.75

Artist	Title	BB Price
UB 40	Signing Off (inc. 12" single)	3.95
The Cars	Panorama	3.75
Joni Mitchell	Shadow and Light (2 LP)	5.75
Inmates	Shot in the Dark (limited offer)	2.99
Gregory Issacs	The Lonely Lover	3.50
UK Subs	Crash Course (inc. 12" single)	4.25
Joe King Carrasco	Tuts the King	2.99
White Spirit	White Spirit	3.75
Quartz	Stand Up and Fight	3.75
Ozzy Osbourne	Blizzard of Ozz	3.95

Artist	Title	BB Price
FORTHCOMING RELEASES		
Madness	Absolutely	–
Specials	More Specials	–
Martha and Muffins	Trance & Dance (inc. live EP)	–
Police	Zenyatta Mondatta	–
Colin Newman	A-Z	–
Carpettes	Fight Amongst Yourselves	–
SPECIAL OFFERS THIS WEEK		
AC/DC	Back in Black	3.50
Ultravox	Vienna	3.50

Video Mail Order	
Gary Numan "The Touring Principle '79"	19.99
Blondie "Eat to the Beat"	29.95

Video Mail Order, Send Large SAE To: BB Video Mail Order 8 Hogarth Road, London SW5 (No Callers Please)

Video Library	Hire Rate
Tina Turner at the Apollo	2.00
Boomtown Rats "Tonic for the Troops"(in concert)	2.50

10 am–9 pm Video Library Earl's Court Branch Only

BEGGARS ARE CHEAPER!
BEGGAR'S BANQUET
The Better Store Around

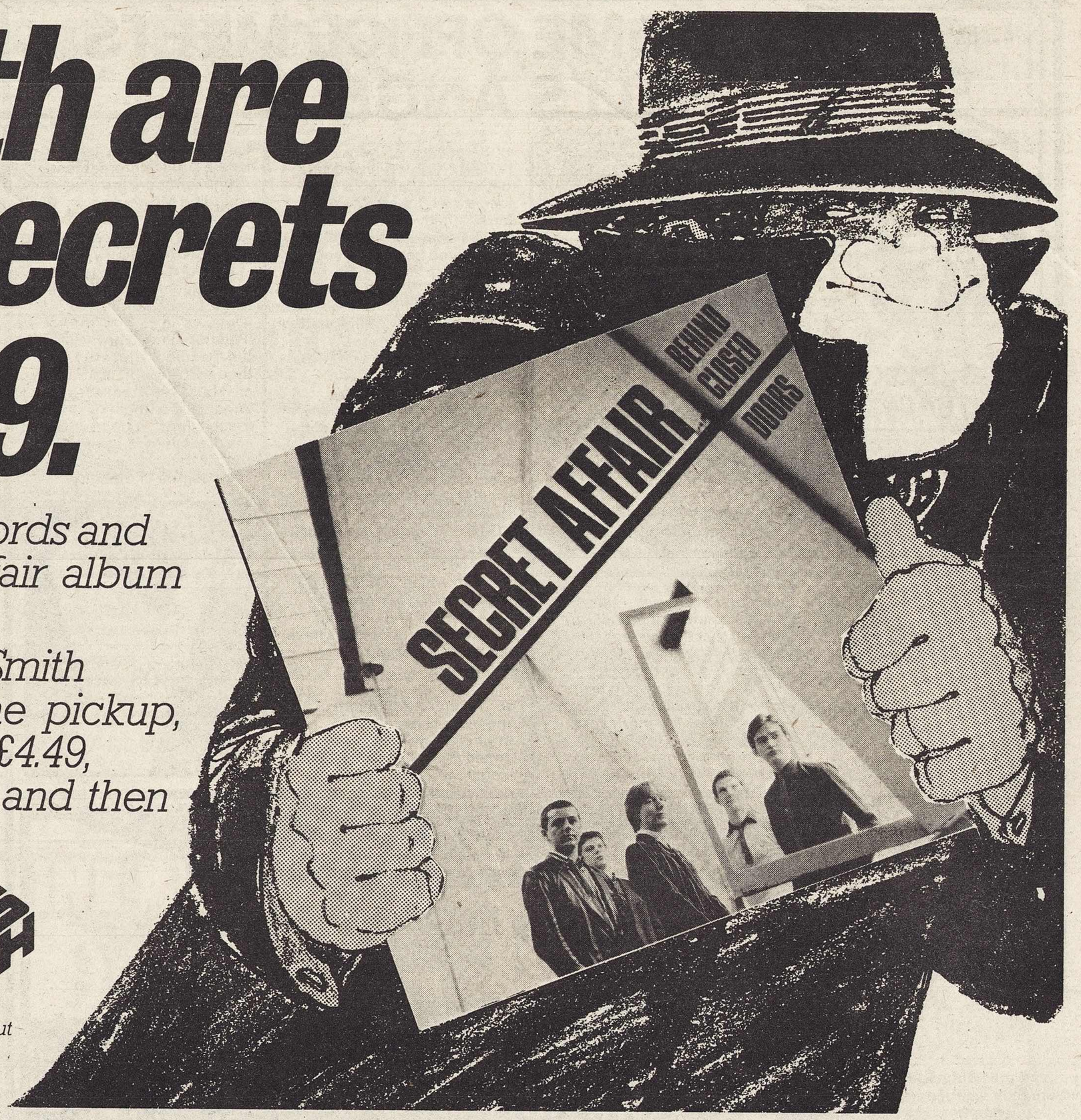
Huge selection of albums £2.99 and under at Putney and Richmond branches this week

Stores at EARL'S COURT 8 Hogarth Road 01-373 2987 (opposite Earl's Court tube) KINGSTON 52 Eden Street 01-549 5871 (opposite New Arcade Entrance) RICHMOND 2 The Square 01-940 0514 PUTNEY 2a Disraeli Road 01-788 0986 (opposite Library & Boots) EALING 19 High Street 01-579 7599

W.H.Smith are selling secrets for £4.49.

We've got hold of the records and tapes of the latest Secret Affair album "Behind Closed Doors."

Sidle into your local W.H.Smith record department, make the pickup, drop the pay-off (Albums for £4.49, the cassette version is £4.99) and then slip silently out into the night.



WHSMITH

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INSIDE DOPE

By DICK TRACY

HOME OFFICE MEETS HELLS ANGELS?

ACCORDING to the latest Home Office statistics for 1979, recently released, only LSD and amphetemine arrests declined in a year when there were 16,000 drug seizures (2600 up on 1978).

Cannabis predictably accounted for 90% of these actual seizures, amounting to a total haul of 12,000 kilos — double the previous year's figure. Cannabis convictions were up 5% to just over 14,000. Of these, 85% were for simple possession. Most significant were the convictions for cultivation, which have quadrupled in recent years to their present statistical high of 1,225. For the record, 22,306 plants were seized, double the 1978 figure.

As for The Home Office's drug statistics, heroin seizures almost doubled reaching 600, though the amounts seized were smaller and the individual consignments larger. Opium seizures were up 200% to 63 kilos and cocaine up 50% to 24 kilos. The number of registered addicts was up 20% to 4,700. But Home Office figures reveal that registered addicts were getting older. Some 70% are over 25. 30% are female.

Commenting on these figures a *Times* editorial claimed: 'One-sixth of those convicted only for possession of cannabis still receive custodial sentences, an inappropriately severe sanction in the circumstances. In this connection it is worth noting that the average age of offenders has been steadily increasing over the years, indicating a stable and firmly established pattern of use: the young today are more apt to get drunk.'

This was contradicted in an earlier survey commissioned by *19* magazine. There 20% of 10,000 girls interviewed said they smoked cannabis. And sociologist Robert Chester commented: "The figures suggest that soft drugs are an established part of the young scene."

MOVES in Parliament to make glue sniffing an offence, and to make it illegal to sell solvents to anyone under 18, have been defeated. The move was suggested by Labour MP James Dempsey and floundered because of the difficulty in defining which substances it would be an offence to sell. There were also the problems it would cause retailers.

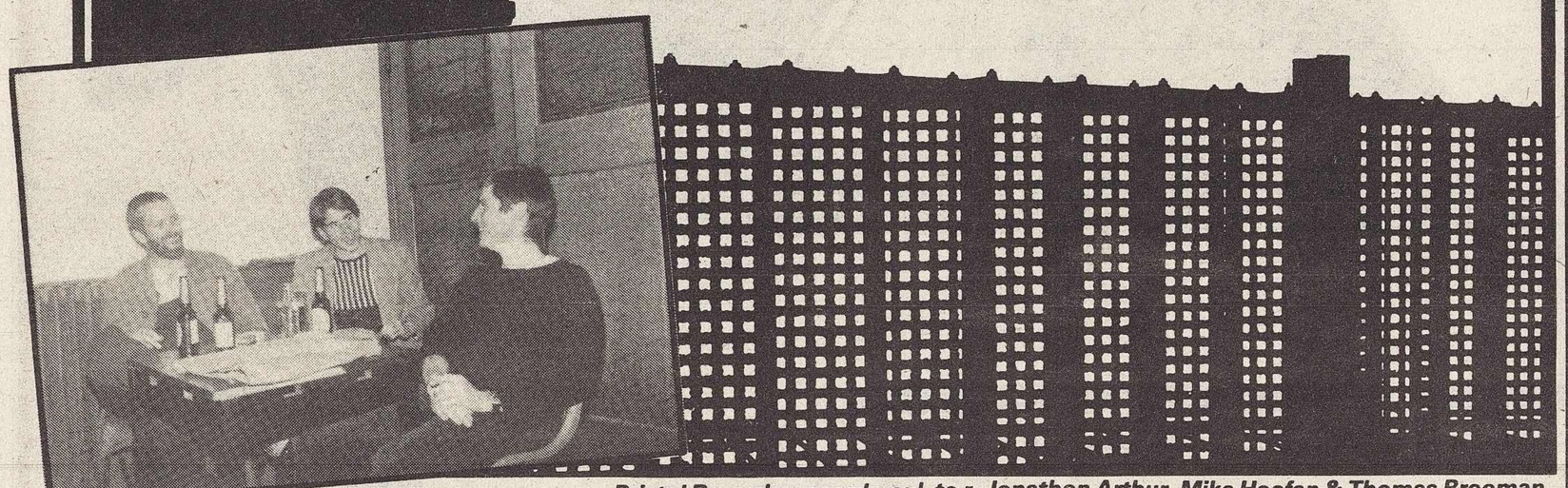
George Younger, Secretary of State for Scotland, admitted that this was a problem which would not go away, which was becoming more serious and not less, and "to which none of us have got an easy quick-fire solution."

BETWEEN one-fifth and one-half of illegal amphetemine sold in the United States is controlled by 'illegal motorcycle gangs' — according to a recent report by the Drugs Enforcement Administration. In some cities, including Milwaukee, Cleveland and Omaha, the gangs are cited as controlling the entire market.

Four of the leading groups would seem to be the Hells Angels in California, the 'Outlaws' in Florida, the 'Pagans' in the Northeast and the 'Bandidos' in Texas — though the report claims there are some 400 other of these 'organised crime associations'. It points out that it is difficult for authorities to control them because of their 'high degree of mobility.'

THE BRISTOL RECORDER

New Rag In Town Contains LP. . .



Bristol Recorder recorders: l. to r. Jonathon Arthur, Mike Hoofan & Thomas Brooman.

AS THE major labels stand in bewilderment and watch the independents eat away at their previously sacrosanct foundations, so the independents grow, with the dubious aid of media coverage. They are presumably following the dinosaurs up the 'business spiral' as they expand and spawn into the world of lawyers, accountants and contracts.

It's not something that Thos. Brooman, Jonathon Arthur and Martin have to contend with at the moment as they shove their precocious little project, *The Bristol Recorder,* into the shops. But it seems a reluctant inevitability.

The idea behind *BR* is neat and simple. It consists of an album-sized gatefold sleeve containing adverts from businesses in the locale followed by twelve pages of copy (and, of course, the album, featuring four local bands — Electric Guitars, Various Artists, Circus Circus and Joe Public). It will retail for around £3.

On the afternoon of the interview they were in the process of organising a promo gig for the magazine and attending to accompanying hassles. Elbourne is the entrepreneur behind the idea and has wisely taken himself off to Italy for a break. He is, it seems, something of an inspired man having apparently stood in the bye election for Eastville on a slate for 'Bring the Olympics to the Rovers ground' in order to save a dying area. The National Front were pushed into fourth place.

Brooman explains: "As a drummer I'd made records for Bristol's Wavelength Records which lost money and Martin suggested that perhaps people could be persuaded to buy advert space on future sleeves. I thought of an accompanying magazine and Jonathon suggested the album."

Jonathon Arthur is a graduate in politics, a one time horse dealer and an eloquent conversationalist — a handy prerequisite when getting the next stage of the idea off the ground.

"We set ourselves a target of £1,000 in advertising and scoured the area getting people to buy space. With the invoices we took out a loan. The advertising just pays for the manufacture of the album and contents."

Cave Studios, a new and local eight track, was approached about advertising and wound up recording the bands for a modest fee in order to help what they saw as a worthwile project. London-based Making Records have farmed out the manufacture of the album. In the next issue they'll be taking out advertising space themselves.

Recording bands live also fits in with the topicality of the mag.

Brooman: "They can make their statements there and then whilst fresh and the bands receive one-third of any profit, to be split between them."

They have a plan too, for avoiding the discriminatory selection process of choosing bands for successive albums — Reject Records will enable the worst bands to live out their fantasies!

Although the recording quality of the album is at times erratic there are some exhilarating contributions from the excellent Electric Guitars and the more commercial Various Artists, both of whom proved themselves highlights of the evening's gig; the former giving a more disciplined lesson in the Pop Group school of rhythm and the latter that commercial music need not neccessarily be banal.

In terms of advertising *The Bristol Recorder* is obviously geared for local consumption but Brooman and Co. hope that there will be something there to interest everyone. "We wouldn't want to call it a local venture merely because advertising deems it so. It would be nice, for instance to see a Swindon Recorder or a Bath Recorder, in fact Recorders appearing all over the country."

There is no editorial policy as such — the first issue contains an interview with Peter Hammill as well as an article on the Bristol Riots — 1831 and there's even a sports page, at the back of course. For future editions they hope to interview the *TisWas* team, Rees-Mogg of *The Times,* John Peel and put out an album of live music from a 'notoriously famous' band, the tapes of whom are in the States.

JEFF STARRS

Film Newz and Egg On Face

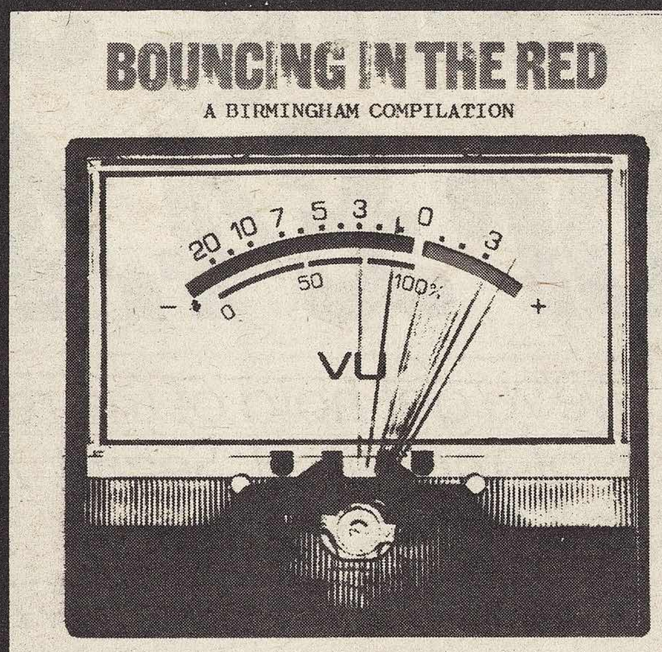
REMEMBER David Bowie's obsession with Viennese Secessionist painter Egon Schiele, (the tall, angular, red-haired bloke whose self-portrait was echoed on the cover of 'Heroes')? Remember his plans to star as Schiele in an epic of the silver screen which was going to be scripted and directed by Clive Donner? It was to have been called 'Wally' after Schiele's fave model — an attenuated lady who at one time rumour had it Bowie would play in preference to the painter himself.

Well, at the recent Venice Film Fest, a film called *Egon Schiele: Excess and Punishment,* directed by one Herbert Vesely, surfaced. And *it* starred the breathy and attenuated Jane Birkin as the flat-chested muse. All while David contorts himself in Chicago. . .

This week also sees the inception of filming on *Countryman* intended to be the sequel to *The Harder They Come.* Shot in JA, it is being produced by Chris Blackwell, from a script devised by Dickie Jobson. Jobson and Stefan Spering will co-direct, and the star will be local hero Countryman, the archetypal organic/'ital'-in-the-hills Dread who hails from Hellshire Swamp. The whole of *Countryman* will be shot in JA and, although no Island artists are participating in it they will of course lend a voice or two to the soundtrack.

BEVERLY HILLS

BOUNCING IN THE RED


BOUNCING IN THE RED
A BIRMINGHAM COMPILATION
UB40 / STEEL PULSE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND / WIDE BOYS / FASHION / DANGEROUS GIRLS
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A BIRMINGHAM COMPILATION FEATURING A DOZEN OF BRUM'S BEST.

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19th Birmingham Odeon (Apply by post to venue)

20th Birmingham Odeon (Apply by post to venue)

22nd Deeside Leisure Centre (0244 817000 and by post at £4.25 from P.O. Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL plus SAE)

24th Leicester De Montfort Hall (0533 544444)

25th Leicester De Montfort Hall (0533 544444)

27th Glasgow Apollo (041 332 9221/2)

28th Glasgow Apollo (041 332 9221/2)

29th Edinburgh Playhouse (031 557 2590)

30th Edinburgh Playhouse (031 557 2590)

DECEMBER

2nd Newcastle City Hall (Apply by post to venue)

3rd Newcastle City Hall (Apply by post to venue)

4th Newcastle City Hall (0632 20007)

6th Manchester Apollo (061 273 1112/3)

7th Manchester Apollo (061 273 1112/3)

9th Southampton Gaumont (Apply by post to venue)

10th Southampton Gaumont (Apply by post to venue)

11th Brighton Centre (0273 202881)

12th Lewisham Odeon (01 852 1331/2)

14th Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 4081)

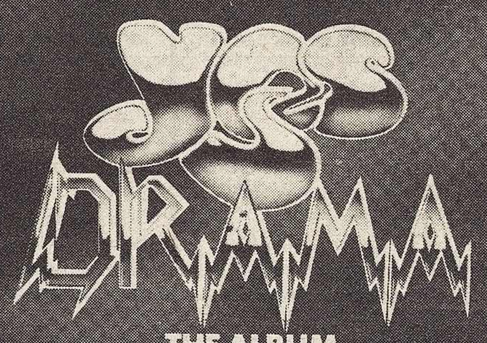
15th Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 4081)

16th Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 4081)

17th Rainbow Theatre (01 263 3148/9)

18th Rainbow Theatre (01 263 3148/9)

TICKETS ON SALE NOW FROM BOX OFFICES



British airways cargo

wea ATLANTIC YES "DRAMA" K50736 Also available on cassette.

DIANA stop DIANA stop DIANA stop DIANA

Pic: Tom Sheehan.

Unveiling of the Kiss Army mascot.

THE DPRESS CONFERENCE versus YOUR POCKET

TIP-TOEING on a carpet of delicately scented rose petals Diana Ross materialized in London last week to 'face' the press. The Goddess Diana became the subject of a press conference secretively arranged in London's chaotic West End and held in order to discuss . . . uh . . . well nobody was actually sure of that, but that tell tale tinkle of ice into cocktail glasses was picked up by the ultra-sensitive 'Free Boozo Antennae And Ligerama Scan' in Fleet Street and within seconds the foyer of the Inn On The Park Hotel was a-swarming with intensely interested hacks.

Ms Ross, famed girl friend of Gene Simmons — now star and scenery of Irwin Allen's flick *The Zebra Crossing Disaster* — sat patiently while 6,495 flash bulbs exploded around her. For a full half hour the photographers blasted, many forced to retire reeling from the effects of sun burn and radiation, while Diana was presented with a few platinum records for sales of her thoughtfully titled 'Diana' LP.

That album, as we're all aware, was written, played, and produced by The Chic Organization — though current reports say that Edwards and Rodgers have gone so far as to 'disown' it. It appears that when Chic were done with the tapes in New York they handed them, finished, to Ross who then set about them with a knife and fork (maybe that curtailed, but exquisite, guitar fade at the end of 'Upside Down' is a case in point). So hey, DR, what's it like being disowned over the first real success you've had in years?

"Well, I certainly don't think I've been disowned."

Whatever, Chic *have* made some ugly noises.

"Well, let me explain my position." She thinks a moment and then continues in this awful soft honey-dew tone. "I gave them two opportunities to shorten the, uh — how would you say — musical interludes on the tracks. And then I proceeded to make the record more Diana Ross and far less Chic-ish."

If by 'musical interludes' she means breaks like those on 'I Want Your Love', 'Good Times', and 'Spacer' then it means she's carved up some of the only worthwhile musicianship made in the world. But — onward!

"You see, the album was too disco as it stood and you know disco isn't what's happening right now. Besides — they've only been in the business, what, two years?" (Wrong). "I believed my twenty years' experience in showbusiness would be of great value to the project. In fact, I've listened to the new Chic album and I think they've gone for a more Diana Ross sound!"

I see. *Thrills* wondered whether she'd ever consent to working with these wet-behind-the ears whelps again. After all, what remains of their work on the LP still has given the 36-year-old Supreme a new lease of life.

"Why yes, of course. I loved working with Nile. I'd love to work with him again."

Readers may have noticed that 50% of Chic evaporated during the last sentence. Diana didn't clarity that position.

There were gaps between questions and these were filled in by company men prompting her to talk about her 'exciting new movie projects'. Naturally questions about Kiss arose — "What did she think of their music?" — and she proved extremely diplomatic: "I like all forms of music so I'm not stuck for having to give an opinion about Gene — I was mainly backstage at Wembley anyway."

During this banter it was revealed that Kissmen wear ear-plugs during performance. Wise guys, huh?

As soon as things petered out, *Thrills* waltzed doorwards, shovelling aside the flower droppings. Glancing at the notes I noticed a little book-making I'd made on the side as to what words would feature most during the talk. Here are the results with starting price:

1st: "positive" 5/4 2nd: "aware" 4/7 fav 3rd "growth" 13/8. Also rans: "negative", "foundation", "amazing", "properties", "The Business" and "Golden Greats".

DANNY BAKER

Life lives up to Art

But is the art good or bad?

NICK NOLTE (beefcake star of *Rich Man Poor Man* and *Dog Soldiers*) recently attended the Edinburgh Film Fest to do a spot of PR for his latest celluloid caper — playing the part of Neal Cassady, real-life sidekick of Jack Kerouac, in Orion's 'Heartbeat', a screen drama of the Beat generation and their bible, Kerouac's *On the Road*.

Nolte — in company with the film's young and zappy director John Byrum — was keener on Scotland's fly-fishing possibilities than on festivities. Just as well, since the day Nolte got married, he deeded over his complimentary international Playboy Club card to Byrum.

"He said he didn't need it any more," quoth JB. "And I'm married too, so I traded it to Abbie Hoffman for two fishing lures." (Skipping up to Montana for fly-fishing is now the hottest pretension among Hollywood's record and movie moguls).

"Can you believe it?" exclaimed Byrum, who has been scripting radical hero Hoffman's escapades with the help of the restructured one himself: "Even after his plastic surgery there is *no way* Abbie's gonna walk into any Playboy Club and pretend to be Nick Nolte!"

What would the Beat buddies make of such antics? Well, it's certain at least that they'd approve the fact that Nolte's new wife is named Legs.

BEVERLY HILLS

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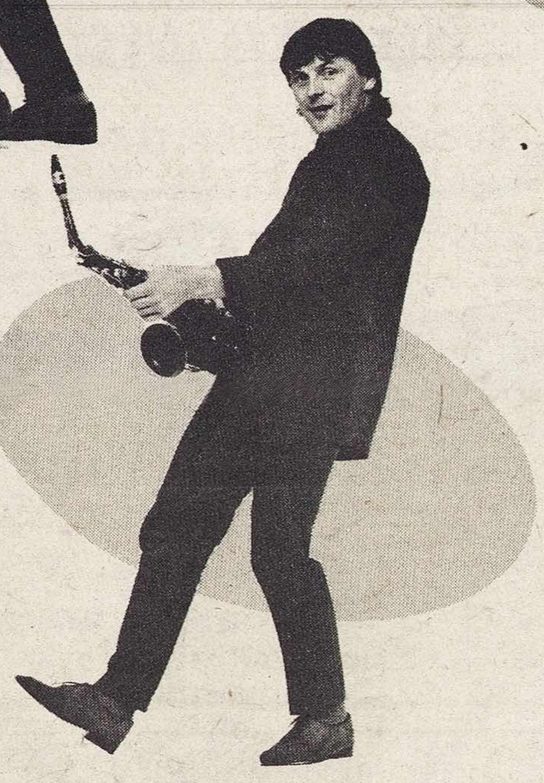
20 London Marquee
25 Bristol Poly (Broadcast live on Radio 1 with Mike Reid)
26 North London Poly (Holloway Rd. Site)
27 Herts College O.F. Ed (Nr Watford)
28 Kirklevington Country Club
29 Preston Poly

October
1 Norwich University of East Anglia
3 Loughborough University
4 Derby College of Further Education
6 Uxbridge Brunel University
7 Reading University
8 Southampton University
9 Coventry Warwick University
10 Leeds Univ. Assembly Hall
11 Leicester University
13 Southend Zero 6 Club
15 Bradford University
16 Sheffield Limit Club
17 Newcastle Poly
18 Durham University
19 Wolverhampton Lafayette
21 Plymouth Poly
22 Swansea University
23 Manchester UMIST
24 Birmingham Aston University
28 Cardiff Top Rank
29 Brighton Sussex University
30 Leeds The Warehouse
31 Dundee University

November
1 Glasgow Strathclyde University
2 St. Andrews University
3 Edinburgh Tiffanies
4 Hull University
6 Norwich Cromwells
7 To be confirmed
8 To be confirmed

Agency Asgard 01-734 3426 these dates are correct at the time of going to press but it is advisable to check with the gigs in advance with regard to non-student entry at the college gigs etc.

Q·TIPS



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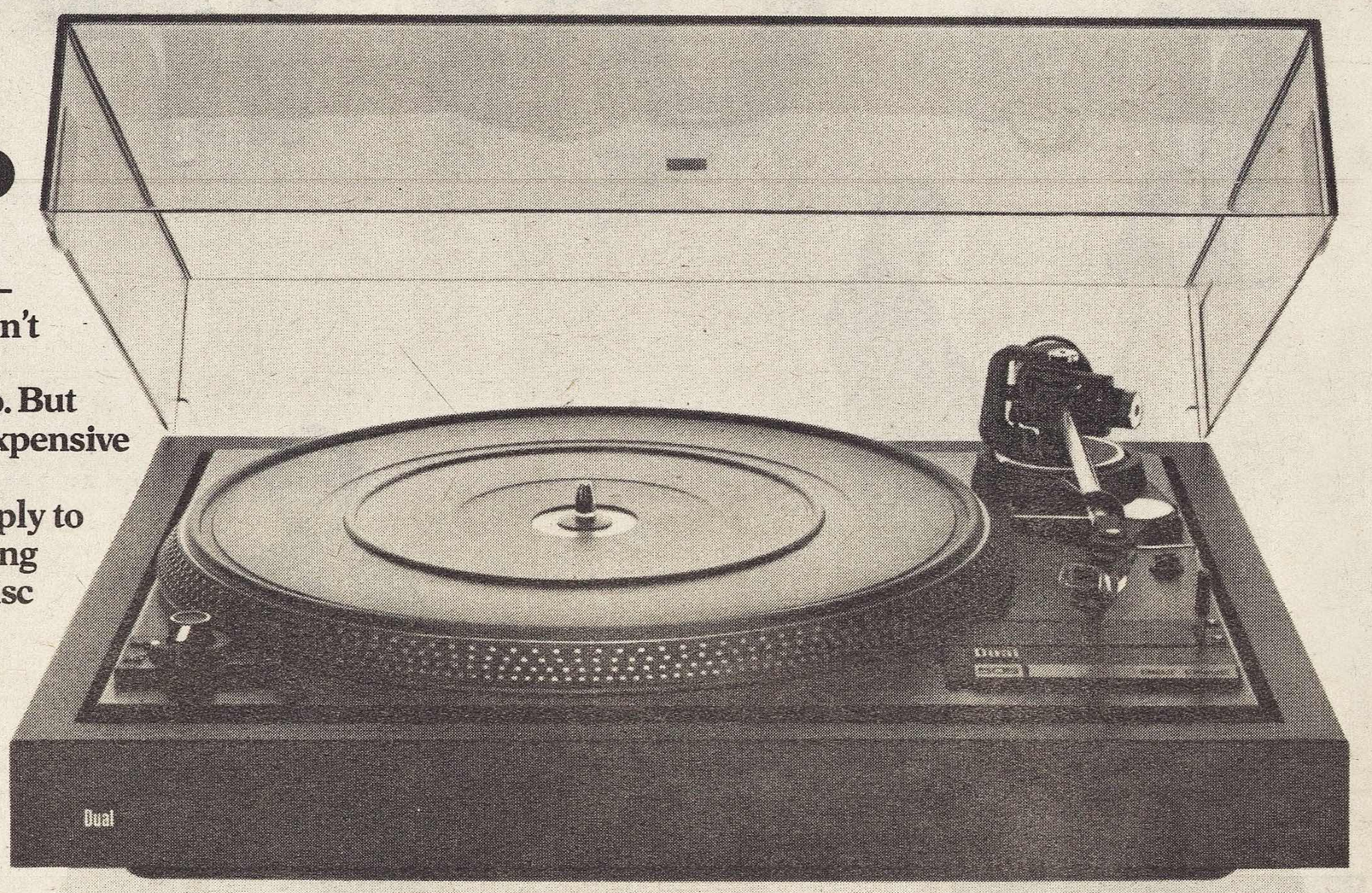

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THE NME CONSUMERS' GUIDE TO MARC BOLAN

BY PAUL MORLEY

INDEPENDENT TELEVISION are currently repeating five shows from the three year old 'Marc' series. Marc Bolan was star in and presenter of a pop show that was very much in the low budget, Muriel Young produced, early afternoon Granada tradition — the *Marc* season followed similar series featuring The Bay City Rollers and The Arrows. ITV are repeating the five shows following considerable pressure from members of the still substantial Marc Bolan fan club. Marc magic has lingered three years after his tragic death.

It is magic. There was magic around much of what Bolan achieved or attempted, a magic in the relationships he established with his followers. Bolan's whole art was formed around a singular integration of his belief in 'magic' (myth, mystery, exotica) and an obsession with the magic of the most fundamental rock'n'roll essentials. He considered the pop single to be 'a spell', and although it took him some time to articulate that potently, and it was only achieved for three or four years, when he did he determined the commitment and direction of what turned out to be the third generation of rock fans. Bolan was a considerable catalyst: most of his effect was outside magic.

Some fans have never been able to shake off the Marc magic — and that has nothing to do with his death — and have become Bolan obsessed. Bolan was the kind of entertainer who inspires a deep faith. Years after the heights of his success he had a large cult following, and since his death that following hasn't diminished. These are the worshipping fans whose barrage of requests have persuaded ITV to repeat the Marc shows.

Seeing the shows again induces some sadness. Sadness because the shows were Bolan's last public appearances, because what seemed special then isn't special now: time has not been kind.

Despite what at the time seemed to be both a resurgence of Bolan's creativity and interest in it, the *Marc* shows depict a lively but limited trouper tenaciously remembering fabulous times, self-consciously parodying the original parodies and almost willingly exposing the transience of his music.

Bolan's pop music was impermanent (although some songs transcended that): he made it so because he recognised that the pop song was a moment, a mark in time, at most a period. He knew that The Pop Star, through the very nature of the phenomenon, faded away. He always said he would have three or four years at the very top — as far back as 1965 he was claiming that he would be an idol for four years and that the idea appealed to him, and in 1972 he was aware the Rex impact would burn away quickly — and through *Marc* it's as if he was masochistically rubbing in that as pop person he was essentially passe, half-heartedly indulging in being pop personality.

But even a shaky, echoey remembrance of one of pop's heroes is better than nothing. Bolan looks happy but haggard — he'd just emerged from a shocking pop star period — not thin but gaunt. He wears stark make up, a horror hangover from his glam days. There's no T. Rex backing him but ugly session musicians. The shows are neither the surrealistic extravaganzas he wanted, nor a recapturing of the unrehearsed, spontaneous tackiness of the '60s pop shows he grew up loving. The show was not his: it was hung around him and his past. The choice of guests is mostly awful.

But, for moments, Bolan's elemental and elusive uniqueness can be spotted. His sense of camp could never desert him. His imperfectly perfect miming is classic. There's the way he holds and caresses his meticulously positioned guitar — never a great guitarist, he was a great *user* of the guitar, often using it to emphasise the absurdity of it all. Most of all there's the wide grin that lets everyone into the secret: look what I'm getting away with! It was simple but outrageous gestures such as these, supported by a fierce belief in his own destiny, that profound love for the rock'n'roll spirit, an androgynous sensuality, enormous self-confidence, that helped win him his fame.

He was no artist, but artisan. He was actor, sometimes forgetting his lines, having to bluff his way through. He was cartoonist. He caricatured the rock'n'roll dream. He lived the dream and he suffered through it. And there through *Marc* we see him vainly reliving his own caricature.

But that Bolan caricature, the years when Bolan was on top, in control and loving every minute, should never be underestimated. Whether by design or accident — a mixture of both ultimately — Bolan rediscovered pop's potency and value. He was an exaggeratedly bright light in the early '70s darkness. He invented what was termed glam-rock — it was cosmic pop, teenage music, at a time when rock was drifting into a late twenties slumber.

Marc Bolan introduced more people to the wonders of pop than almost anyone. He didn't let anyone down. He was offering nothing more than excitement. Bolan personified vitality in life. He was a believer in the magic of life as well as the magic in life. Live it to the full, laught at and with it, live it to the end.

If the (Donovan) cap fits: Bolan 1965.

1. Early Wizardry

FROM THE early '60s Mark Feld was pledged to emulating the life-giving song and dance men who showed off for the sake of showing off, who were inventing new ways of life. Cliff Richard, Eddie Cochran, Bill Haley, Elvis Presley — their brand new rock was what Bolan grew up surrounded by. It hooked him. He wanted in. To belong.

It was either fate making it tough for the young Mark Feld, or the kid realising that the time wasn't right, that meant it was six years after his first records before fulfilment — almost two eras on from Presley and Holly. But he was always assertive and determined, and whatever he did he could relate to the essential spirit of his rock heroes.

Teenage exuberance ushered him into an early '60s skiffle group, Susie and The Hoolahoops, along with Helen Shapiro. A love for clothes — initially stimulated by reading at an early age *The Life Of Beau Brummel*, and a love that eventually exploded into momentous proportions — led to him mixing with a group of sharp kids from London's Stamford Hill for whom clothes had become a way of life. Bolan became part of the mod explosion, and his precocious views and wardrobe got featured in *Town* magazine. He was 15 and already receiving attention. He couldn't do without it.

In the early '60s he was a wanderer. He did bit-part acting, modelling, worked in cafes and on market stalls, learnt guitar via Bert Weedon, read a lot, wrote poetry. In this early period fact and fiction spill into each other. Certainly part of his wandering included a trip to Paris and a meeting with a man he called 'The Wizard', who introduced him to the magic and folklore that would permeate Bolan's music. The Wizard, who ever he was — Bolan was always very vague about his experiences during the month he spent staying with the magician — was as important in moulding Bolan's music as Eddie Cochran or Elvis Presley.

In 1964, still Mark Feld, he began to take a musical career seriously. He failed a recording test at EMI, singing Betty Everett's 'You're No Good'. As Toby Tyler, newly swayed by Dylan, he recorded some demos, including versions of 'Gloria' and 'Blowing In The Wind', (sounding like a funky Donovan), and through this was signed by Decca. He was 17. His first single was 'The Wizard', with the name Mark Bowland on the acetate, but Marc Bolan on the label. It was a very odd record. Chris Welch thought: "He sang rather like a wary, woodland elf, trying out the escalator at Piccadilly tube station, having lost his way in the big city.' *Disc* reckoned that with this 'strange young man's look and background, we will hear more of him.'

To promote the record he appeared on *Ready Steady Go*. "I had no idea how to sing." The band behind him started late and played in the wrong key, it was a shambles. As he left the stage he made a silent vow to "really work at being a musician from now on".

He withdrew "to learn the art of songwriting." His second Decca single was 'The Third Degree' — even then the Bolan warble was acute, his melodic sense strong, and not even the acoustic guitars could diffuse his energy. In 1967 he met The Yardbirds manager Simon Napier-Bell, who produced his third single 'Hippy Gumbo'. Again promoted on *Ready Steady Go*, this one marked by the debut appearance of Jimi Hendrix — who legend has it selected Bolan for a few inspiring words of the 'you'll make it' type. The record sold 200 copies.

More importantly John Peel, then doing Radio Caroline's *Perfumed Garden* show, liked the record and played it continually, continuing to do so when he moved to Radio

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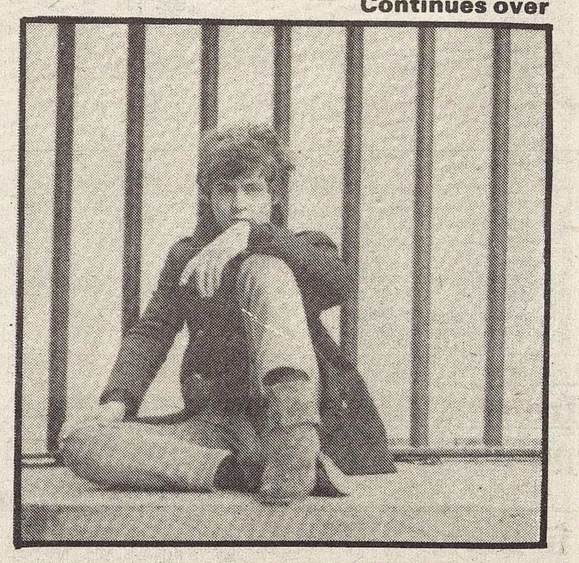

MARC BOLAN

From previous page

One. His enthusiasm for the Bolan charm and strangeness was the start of a partnership that would stretch years ahead.

Through Napier-Bell, Bolan was recruited by John's Children (formerly Silence — a mod group Clockwork Onions) who were looking for a Townshend figure. John's Children were a primitive forerunner of T. Rex; they were the flower pop men. By now Bolan was already being sucked into the 'underground', his passion for poetry and fantasy fitting in well.

He wrote the BBC-banned 'Desdemona' (despised because of the cutesy-sensual line 'lift up your skirt and fly'), left disillusioned with the group's attitude, and was afterwards dismayed with the way the group handled his songs.

Somewhere along the line he became infatuated with Tolkien (Bolan fell for fakes like Tolkien and Gibran as well as for heroes like Rimbaud and Blake). Tolkienism was to be another forceful influence. But even as Bolan succumbed to the sickly sweet scent of flower power, as he started writing songs with words like 'thee' in them, he could still link his action to his rock heroes. Even then he was still faithful to the power of the single, at a time when the single was losing its importance and earning from the unmerciful progressives a tag of irrelevance.

There's a patchy but intriguing compilation of songs from this period, 'The Beginning Of Doves' — songs Bolan was preparing for John's Children. Through all the misty imagery and grey acoustic textures can be sensed the spirit of Eddie Cochran. It was a spirit that was biding its time.

2. Going Underground

BOLAN LEFT John's Children with no money and after quickly forming a shambolic five piece rock group had all his equipment repossessed by Track Records. He, with cheap acoustic guitar, and Steve Peregrin(e) Took, with borrowed bongos, survived from the five piece, and became Tyrannosaurus Rex, lords of the underground to be. They contacted Peel and together played peace and love shows at the hippy home Middle Earth.

Tyrannosaurus Rex, their acoustic sound especially, were more an accident than anything else, but Bolan, intensely idealistic by now, felt comfortable with its small time feel. The group became heavily identified with the murky underground and the whole almost hallucinatory fallacy of the hippy 'revolution'. Living for the flowers and flowing with the vibrations, this period sucked the fairy stories out of Bolan's erratic head. Bolan jangled acoustic guitar, Peregrin Took pattered stretched skins.

Prophetically Bolan described the Tyrannosaurus Rex simplicity and spontaneity as opposed to the excesses of the over-produced and cluttered 'progressive' rock school, a fresh respite from the imbecilic management and record industry scheme of things. It was all very 'nice'. But any musical fascination is at most its quaint queerness.

Even when playing free concerts at Hyde Park, singing songs that seemed like mythological riddles, sitting cross legged on the stage, dedicating records to Islan and the Old Narnians, Bolan could still relate the underlying feel to his ideal. The aim was still to boogie. And although acoustic instruments lent the songs a trilling folk flavour — Tyrannosaurus Rex were bracketed with Incredible String Band, Roy Harper and Donovan — their first single 'Debora' was rousing acoustic boogie, not as archly whimsical as most of their material. Thanks to Peel it was a minor hit.

But Bolan's faith in the single had momentarily slipped. He fell in for the progressive idea. Tyrannosaurus were an 'album band', adult, elitist, sensible and all that. Their first two LPs 'My People Were Fair And Had Sky In Their Hair But Now They're Content To Wear Stars On Their Brows' and 'Prophets, Seers And Sages, Angels Of The Ages' were steeped in the tranced and pseudo-idetic images of harlequins, fawns, eagles, golden cats, Persian beggars, satyrs and knights. Andrew Weiner called it 'second hand Tolkien set to third hand Buddy Holly, Del Shannon's greatest mantras'. Richard Meltzer encapsulated Bolan's now extreme vocalese by noting that Bolan sang the words as if 'they were Polish or Hiberno-Northumbrian or something like that or something backwards or something.'

Tyrannosaurus Rex were a long way from Cliff Richard, smart clothes and the pop dream; this hippy dream was rhapsodic and idle. Events overtook Bolan. Perhaps he was seduced by the group's medium success, felt he was contributing to a movement. Perhaps he thought he was the star child of Dylan, Blake and Merlin rather than the bastard child of CS Lewis, Donovan and a passing satyr. I don't suppose it felt like it at the time, but it's kitsch.

The single 'One Inch Rock' showed that Bolan wasn't totally trapped in a Persian past. The third Tyrannosaurus Rex LP 'Unicorn' hinted that Bolan's lost rock spirit was burrowing its way past the fairies and gnomes, looking for a way out.

Almost religiously sticking to the acoustic — and by now his cult following were taking this as gospel just as pre-Newport Dylan fans did, which just goes to show how serious some people take things — Bolan still elevated his almost grotesque folk-art into something remarkably sophisticated. Bolan developed the solecistic brute into something relatively attractive. He unexpectedly re-introduced his clever pop sensibility. 'Unicorn' is Rex's aberrant folk-rock done up with big-production, expansive instrumental scope, an almost Spectorish cavernous feel.

The words were still featuring doves, gypsies, horned dogs, pilgrims of summer, but the music had a wide, surreal quality. Bolan's pop sensibility, long dormant, was maturing. Even his hold over his 'trip the

Posing with Peregrine-Took: the original Tyrannosaurus Rex circa 1968.

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MARC BOLAN

hobbit fantastic' images was tightening up, the emphasis on rhythm and sound much more in evidence. Written down as poetry, his words were meticulously obscure, pseudo-literary and archaic. 'Warlock Of Love' is moderately unreadable and during Bolan's teen heyday became a best seller.

'Unicorn' is a freak isolated instant, belonging to no musical tradition. From that period it stands alongside such as Family's 'Music In A Dolls House' and Fairport Convention's 'Unhalfbricking', not for its technological innovation or its masterly interpretation of folk-rock, but because of its peculiarities. Marc Bolan had inadvertently stumbled on a music all his own. It wasn't much use to him or anyone else.

Took and Bolan attempted an electric song, 'King Of The Rumbling Spires'. It sounded like they recorded it in a sleeping bag. Took complained that the end of it was cut off. No one noticed it.

Bolan slips in a Mickey Finn. T. Rex lose the dinosaur tag.

3. Coming Up For Air

BOLAN HAD done all he could expanding the pure Tyrannosaurus Rex aesthetic. A disastrous American tour ended with Bolan and Took parting company in October 1969 (a few months earlier, hinting at what was to come, a Tyrannosaurus Rex fan club was formed). The split at the time was apparently amicable. Later there were some slightly sour consequences.

Tyrannosaurus Rex was essentially all Bolan, but with Took gone the more obvious hippy orientation dropped away. Bolan's cosmic inclinations never faded, but combined with the peace and love, as they were during the late '60s, the balance was cloying. Artist Mickey Finn replaced Took and, at last, Bolan began to electrify his folk 'n' roll. That 'spirit' was close to the surface. In January 1970, the first Bolan-Finn record was released. 'By The Light Of The Magical Moon'. It was gentle pop-fantasy, nothing like the extreme, raw original Tyrannosaurus Rex. The single was the first part of Bolan's triumphant transition from underground pet to public icon.

Deliberate, spindly electric guitar was featured, toughening the acoustic framework almost as an afterthought, and Bolan had begun to stretch his syllables, play around with his heavily stylised vocals. Towards the end of the record, strangely and cheekily predicting what was to come, Bolan inserted the fake screaming of teenage girls. It wasn't so much that he thought his time had come: more that it probably wouldn't.

'Beard Of Stars' applies a fresher pop perspective to the acoustic music than 'Unicorn'. As with 'Magical Moon', elegantly melodic songs have their acoustic core decorated with uncomplicated, refreshingly light handed electric guitar. Bolan's guitar playing turned out to be as distinctive as his vocals. It was an optimistic distillation of Clapton, Holly and Hendrix though not in the same class as those Bolan heroes just as his voice wasn't in the same class as Neil Young, but entertaining and very clever. The LP finished with a drummerless rave, 'Elemental Child', a careering guitar/bass drum, the noisiest and least restrained thing Bolan had done for years. The LP finished with sub-Hendrix fervour. The spirit had broken through.

Even so Bolan was on the verge of quitting. There was nothing profoundly different between 'Magical Moon' and 'Ride A White Swan' (nor to most other Tyrannosaurus Rex singles) but 'Swan' was all electric, more mysterious and a maxi-single. Radio One started to play it: Bolan had shortened the name by now, and maybe the mouldy old hippy connotations disappeared along with the 'Tyrannosaurus'.

The introduction of electric guitar during 1970 was no shock, merely inevitable. You still couldn't understand what Bolan was singing and lyrically there was no shift in direction. But as Andrew Weiner pointed out, Bolan had discovered his spell, and it was electricity. Bolan was playing rock 'n' roll! Bolan claimed that he'd always wanted to play rock 'n' roll, that he had always played rock 'n' roll. In a sense maybe. But now he began to pose and preen. He hadn't forgotten the essentials he'd absorbed in the early '60s. He began to go to people, instead of expecting them to come to him. The change came very quickly.

The 'T. Rex' LP released at the end of the year didn't complete the transition, although in Bolan's head it was already made. "I wish this LP was more heavy," he said after he'd recorded it, as 'Swan' invaded the charts, when he intuitively realised what was happening.

'T. Rex' is a fine record. It retained the light whimsy of 'Unicorn' and 'Beard Of Stars' and set the way for his bright teenybop work. The acoustic songs sound less venerable. It contains an electric version of 'One Inch Rock' — once electrified those Tyrannosaurus Rex songs could just about fit into a T. Rex song, with only the lyrics seeming out of place — an eight minute transformation of 'The Wizard', and the words made no attempt to disguise their amoralism with flamboyant time-worn imagery. 'T. Rex' is almost like a debut LP. This was the music Bolan could have been playing following John's Children if he hadn't crawled into the underground. Now the time was right.

'Ride A White Swan' stayed in the charts for 16 weeks, hopping up and down as more and more people responded to its alluring magic, to what, abruptly, was *their* music. For Bolan this was a massive vote of confidence. He wasted no time. The floodgates were open. It all came out in a rush — the pent up posing, energy, flirting, style, the love of noise and glamour. Denied for so long, Bolan's true passion poured out with beautifully exaggerated force.

Bolan got back to where he'd always belonged. Bolan had arrived. Recovered his zeal for rock 'n' roll immediacy, the single, commercialism, and there were hundreds of thousands of third generation teenagers with no music of their own. It's not as simple as to say it could have happened to anyone. Bolan reached them first, with his magic and his rampant dream pop. He gave pop music the kiss of life, and left a little lipstick on its face.

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MARC BOLAN DISCOGRAPHY 1965-70

SINGLES:
THE WIZARD/Beyond The Rising Sun ***(Decca F12413)*** Prod: Jim Economedies. November '65.
THE THIRD DEGREE/San Fransisco Poet ***(Decca F12413)*** Prod: Jim Economedies. June '66.
HIPPY GUMBO/Misfit ***(Parlophone R5539)*** Prod: Simon Napier-Bell. Jan '67.

WITH JOHN'S CHILDREN
DESDEMONA/Remember Thomas A Beckett ***(Track 604003)*** Prod: Simon Napier-Bell. May '67.
MIDSUMMER NIGHTS SCENE/Sara Crazy Child (Single Withdrawn) ***(Track 6004005)***
COME AND PLAY WITH ME IN THE GARDEN/Sara Crazy Child ***(Track 6004005)*** Prod: Simon Napier-Bell. July '67.
Also — GO GO GIRL/Jagged Time Lapse ***(Track 604010)*** — Bolan's Mustang Ford with John's Children lyrics.

AS TYRANNOSAURUS REX
DEBORA/Child Star ***(Regal Zonophone RZ 3008)*** Prod: Tony Visconti. April '68.
ONE INCH ROCK/Salamanda Palaganda ***(RZ 3011)*** Prod: Tony Visconti. Aug '68.
PEWTER SUITOR/Warlord Of The Royal Crocodiles ***(RZ 3016)*** Prod: Tony Visconti. Jan '69.
KING OF THE RUMBLING SPIRES/Do You Remember? ***(RZ3022)*** Prod: Tony Visconti. July '69.
BY THE LIGHT OF THE MAGICAL MOON/Find A Little Wood ***(RZ 3025)*** Prod: Tony Visconti. Jan '70.
RIDE A WHITE SWAN/Is it Love?/Summertime Blues ***(Fly Bug I)*** Prod: Tony Visconti. Oct '70.
Also — in 1970 using the name Dib Cochran And The Earwigs Bolan (guitar) along with Tony Visconti (bass and voice), Rick Wakeman (keyboards) and David Bowie (saxophone) recorded **OH BABY/Universal Love** ***(Bell 1121)*** — very similar in feel to 'Beard Of Stars', a single that probably came from Bolan's desperation at the time.
In 1972 Fly re-released **DEBORA/One Inch Rock/The Woodland Bop/Seal Of Seasons** ***(Magnifly Echo 102)***

ALBUMS:
AS TYRANNOSAURUS REX
MY PEOPLE WERE FAIR AND HAD SKY IN THEIR HAIR, BUT NOW THEY'RE CONTENT TO WEAR STARS ON THEIR BROWS ***(Regal Zonophone SLR2 1003)*****
Produced by Tony Visconti. July '68.
Marc Bolan (Vocals, guitar) and Steve Peregrine Took (Vocals, bongos, chinese gong, assorted percussion and a pixiephone) with a children's story read by John Peel.
Tracks: Hot Rod Mama/Scenes Of/Child Star/Strange Orchestras/Chateau In Virginia Waters/Dwarfish Trumpet Blues/Mustang Ford/Afghan Women/Knight/Graceful Fat Sheba/Wielder Of Words/Frowning Atahuallpa.

PROPHETS SEERS AND SAGES, THE ANGELS OF THE AGES ***(LRZ 1005)*****
Produced by Tony Visconti. Oct '68.
Marc Bolan (Vocals, guitar) and Steve Peregrine Took (Bongos, vocals, African talking drums, assorted percussion, kazoo, pixiephone and chinese gong.)
Tracks: Deboraharabed/Stacey Grove/Wind Quartets/Conesuela/Trelawny Lawn/Aznageel The Mage/The Friends/Salamanda Palaganda/Our Wonderful Brownskin Man/Oh Harley (The Saltimbanques)/Eastern Spell/The Travelling Tragition/Juniper Suction/Scenes Of Dynasty.

UNICORN ***(SLRZ 1007)***½***
Produced by Tony Visconti. July '69.
Marc Bolan (Vocals, guitar, harmonium, lip organ and fonofiddle) and Steve Peregrine Took (Bongos, vocals, African talking drums, bass guitar, 555 piano, drumkit, assorted percussion, pixiephone and gong) with Tony Visconti — piano on Cat Black, and a children's story read by John Peel.
Tracks: Chariots Of Silk/'Pon A Hill/The Seal Of Seasons/The Throat Of Winter/Cat Black (The Wizards Hat)/Stones For Avalon/She Was Born To Be My Unicorn/Like A White Star Tangled and Far, Tulip That's What You Are /Warlord Of The Royal Crocodiles/Evenings Of Damask/The Sea Beasts/Iscariot/Nijinsky Hind/The Pilgrim's Tale/The Misty Coast Of Albany/Romany Soup.

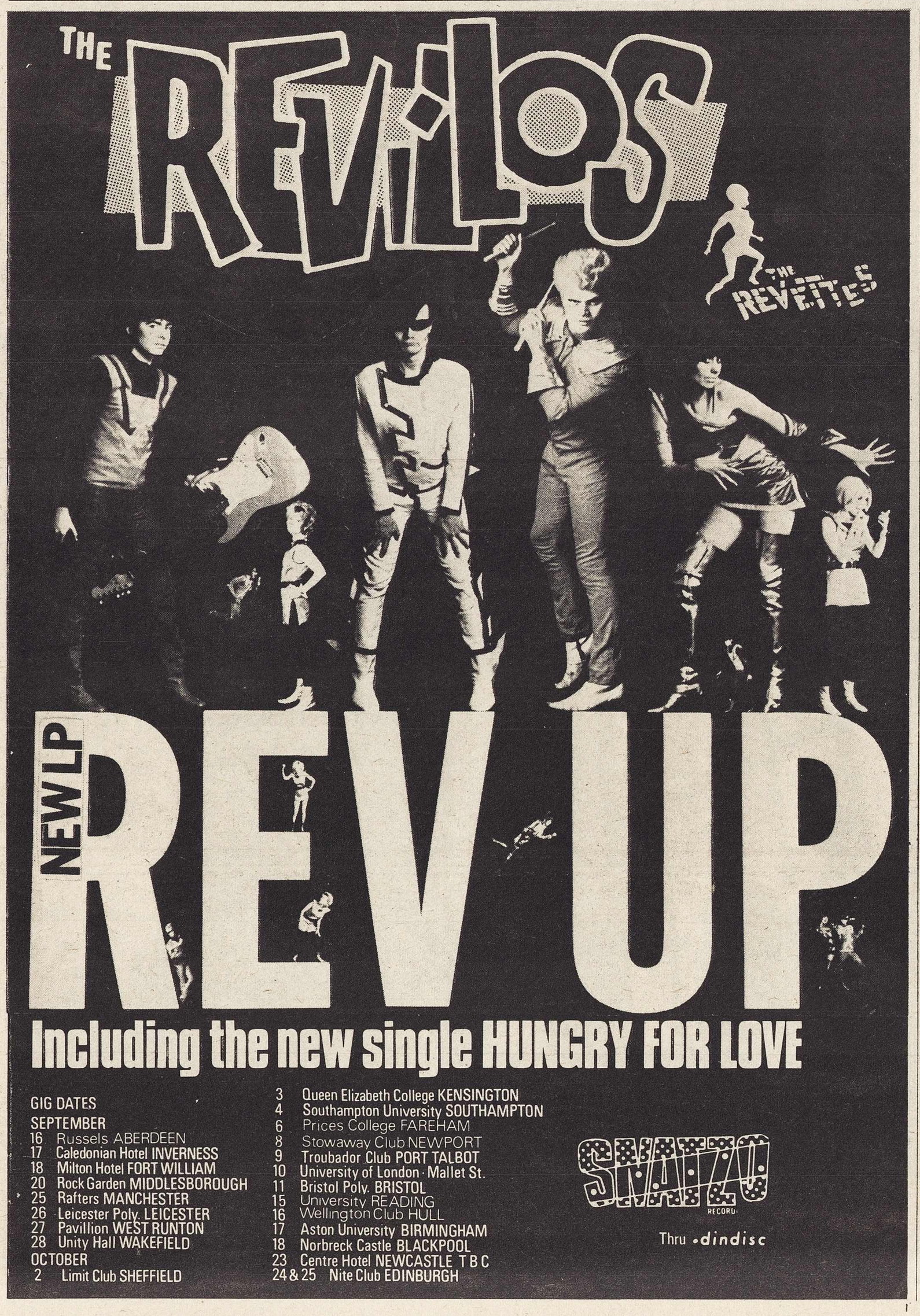
BEARD OF STARS ***(SLRZ 1013)***½***
Produced by Tony Visconti. April '70.
Marc Bolan (Vocals, guitar) and Mickey Finn (Bass, vocals, percussion)
Tracks: Prelude/A Day Laye/The Woodland Bop/Fist Heart Might Dawn Dart/Pavillions Of Sun/Organ Blues/By The Light Of The Magical Moon/Wind Cheetah/A Beard Of Stars/Great Horse/Dragons Ear/Lofty Skies/Dove/Elemental Child.

T. REX ***(Fly Hifly 2)***½***
Produced by Tony Visconti. String arrangements by Tony Visconti. Dec '70.
Marc Bolan (Guitars, vocals, bass organ) and Mickey Finn (Drums, bass, vocals and pixiephone) with backing vocals on 'Seagull Woman' by Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman (to this day I can't hear them).
Tracks: The Children Of Rarn/Jewel/The Visit/Childe/The Time Of Love Is Now/Diamond Meadows/Root Of Star/Beltane Walk/Is It Love/One Inch Rock/Summer Deep/Seagull Woman/Suneye/The Wizard/The Children Of Rarn.

Also: In March 1971 Fly released a **'Best Of T. Rex'** album ***(Flyback Ton 2)*** actually a best of Tyrannosaurus Rex. It was released at £1.15. Tracks: Debora/Child Star/Cat Black (The Wizards Hat)/Conesuela/Strange Orchestras/Find A Little Wood/Once Upon The Seas Of Abyssinia/One Inch Rock/Salamanda Palaganda/Lofty Skies/Stacey Grove/King Of The Rumbling Spires/Blessed Wild Apple Girl/Elemental Child. Four years later a slightly altered version was released by Music For Pleasure **'Ride A White Swan'** ***(MFP 5274)*** — the addition of 'Ride A White Swan' and the exclusion of 'Find A Little Wood' and 'Once Upon The Seas Of Abyssinia'.

In 1972 Fly released the then unavailable **'Prophets, Seers and Sages'** and **'My People Were Fair'** ***Toofa 3-4)*** and **'Unicorn'** and **'Beard Of Stars'** ***(Toofa 5-6)*** as cheap double album packages: at the time the (rare) records were selling for hefty prices.
In June 1972 Track Records planned to release a compilation of twenty songs Bolan recorded between 1966 and 1968 entitled **'Hard On Love'**. Bolan issued an injuction trying to stop its release. Two years later in June 1974 Track released the compilation under the title **'Marc Bolan — The Beginning Of Doves.'** ***(Track Select 2410-201)*** Tracks: Jasper C Debussy/Lunacy's Back/Beyond The Rising Sun/Black And White Incident/Observations/Eastern Spell/You Got The Power/Hippy Gumbo/Sara Crazy Child/Rings Of Fortune/Hot Rod Momma/The Beginning Of Doves/Mustang Ford/Pictures Of Purple People/One Inch Rock/Jasmine '49/Charlie/Misty Mist/Cat Black/Sally Was An Angel.
In August 1974, Track released **Jasper C Debussy** (Featuring Nicky Hopkins on piano)/**Hippy Gumbo/The Perfumed Garden Of Gulliver Smith** as a single at the same time. Too late to conclusively cash in on Bolan's new fame.

(Thanks for guidance (factual); Paul Roland, ex editor and publisher of first Bolan magazine, now singer in Midnight Rags. Thanks for guidance (spiritual) Nicki Mattress.)



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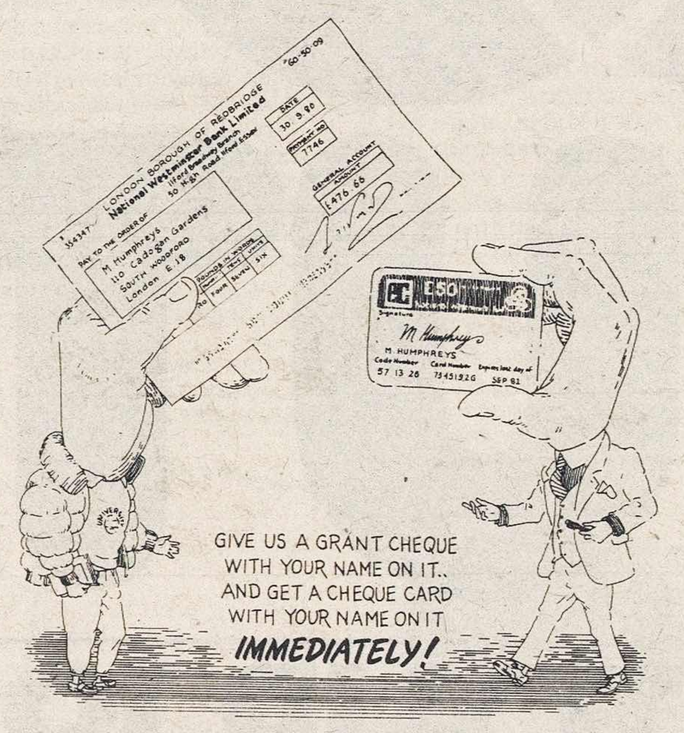

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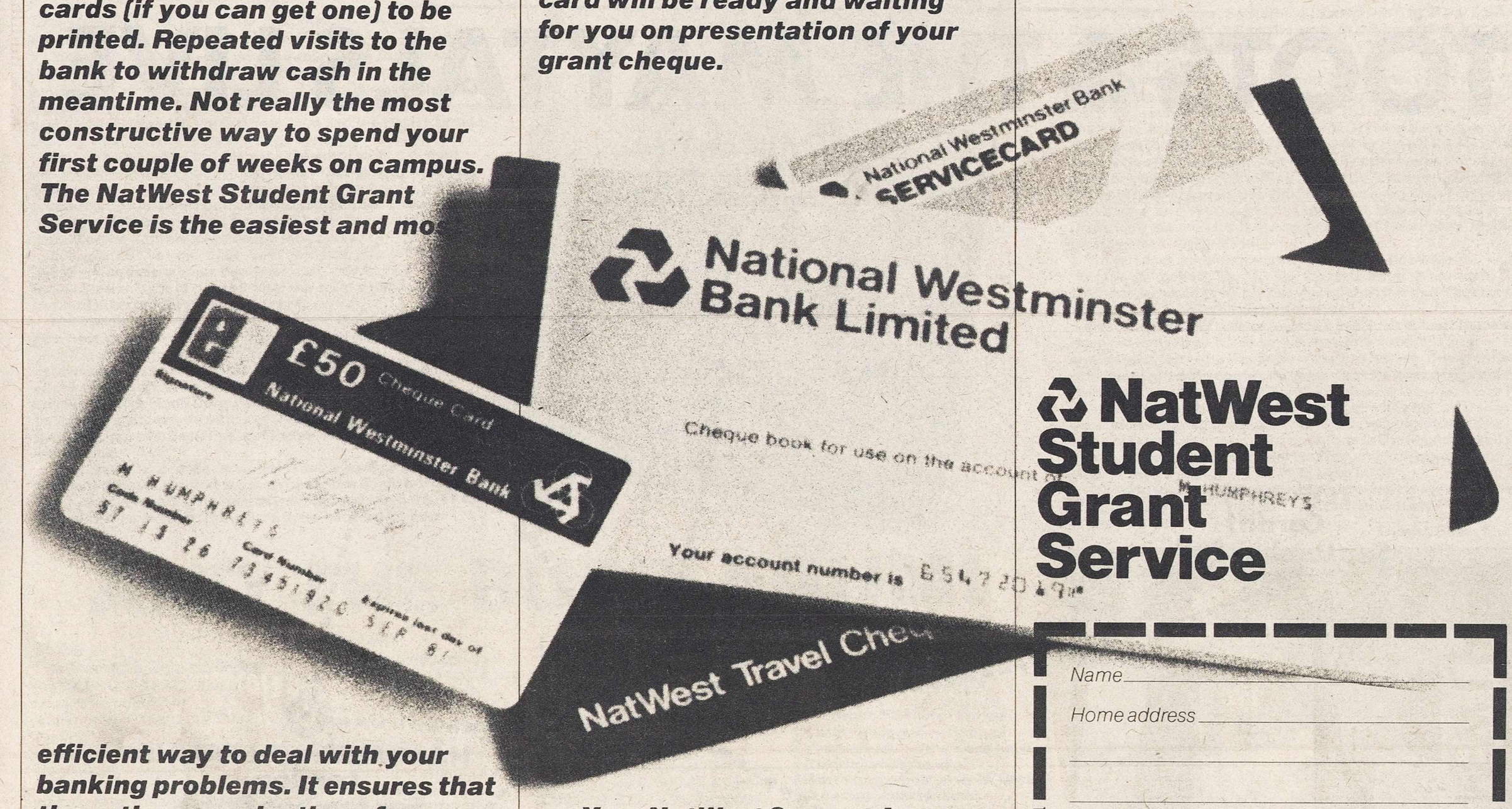

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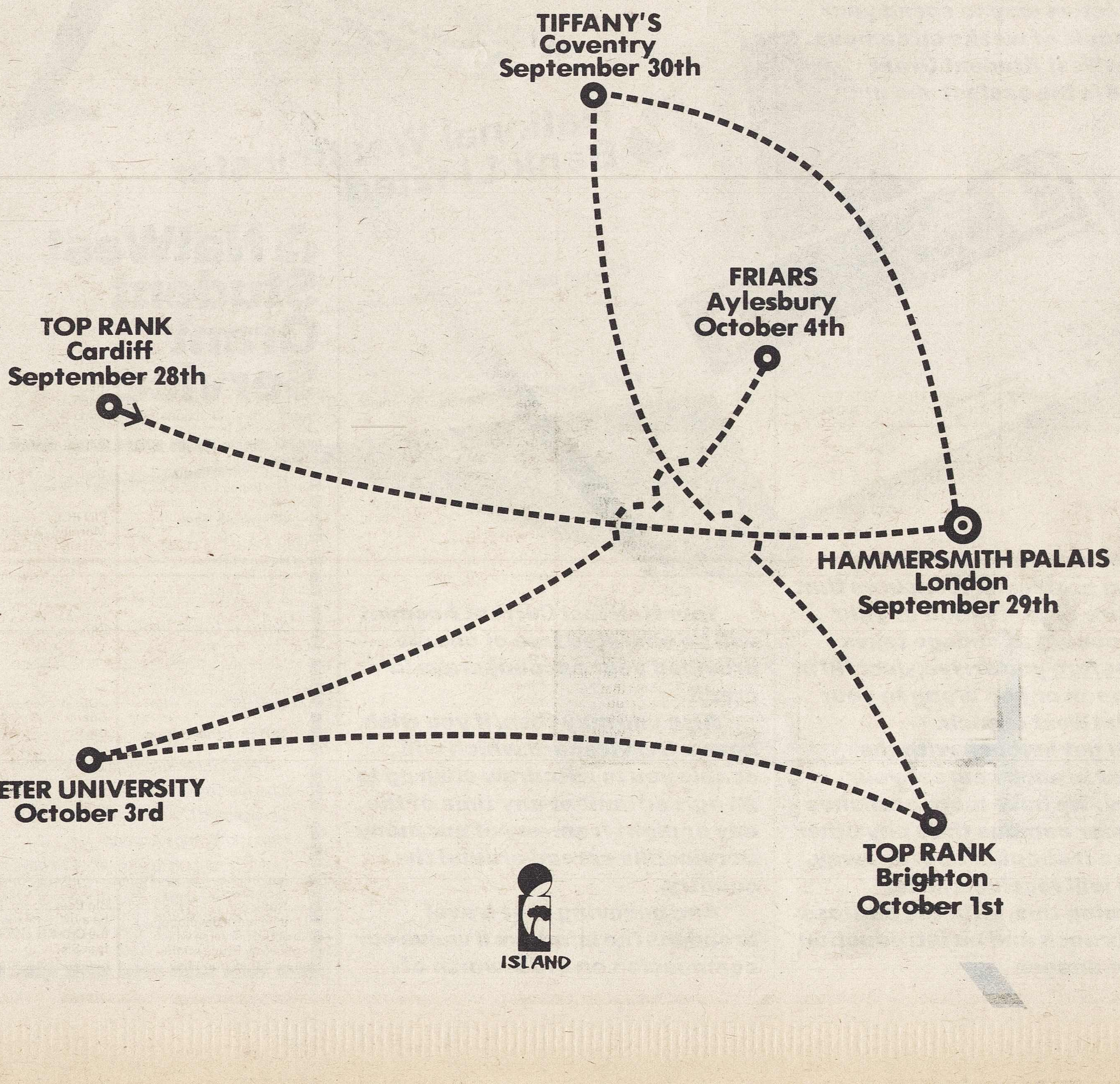


Summer good — the rest aren't

SINGLES

REVIEWED BY MAX BELL

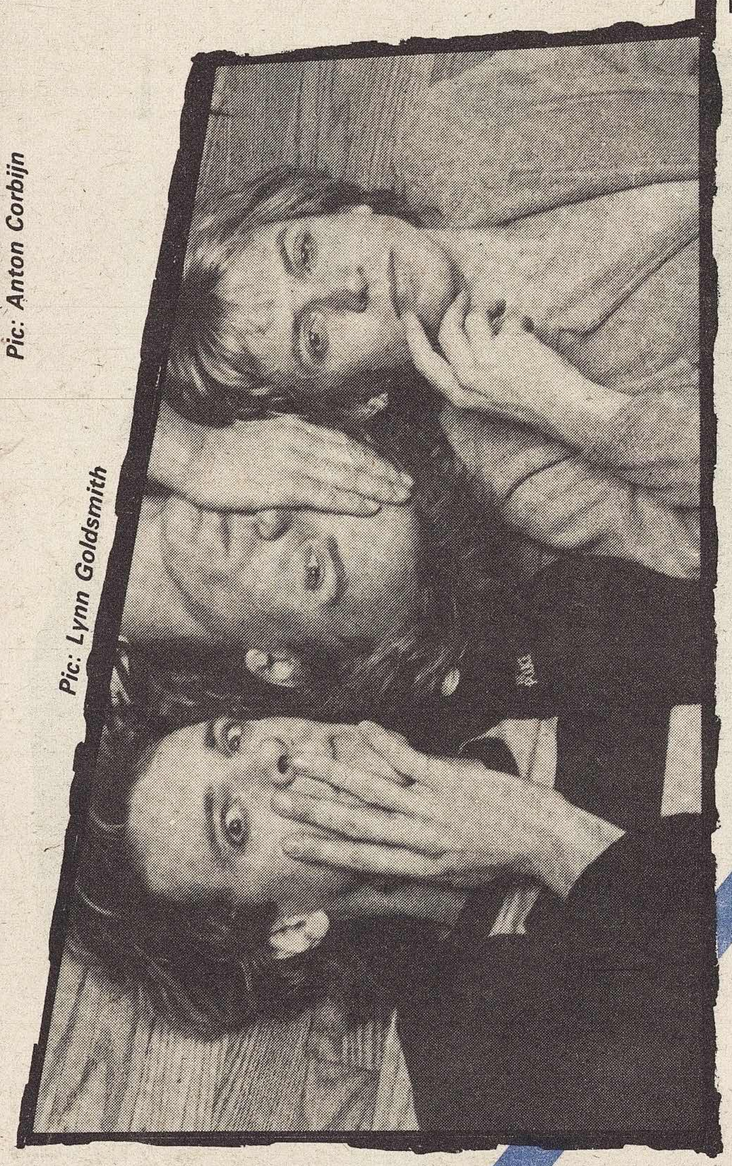
PAGE DESIGN: HAMISH

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

DONNA SUMMER: The Wanderer (WEA). Donna Summer gets so hot on this single that windows steam and paint peels. 'The Wanderer' (wherein Donna likes to get around, though this isn't Dion's song) squashes any assumptions that the singer is being manipulated by the eerie godfather — Moroder — as she hikes off towards destiny. In fact Summer's vocal performance almost leaves the Giorgio Moroder-Pete Bellotte production trailing in her wake.

As all purpose listening the sultry A-side (the title track of Summer's next album) will travel immediately from the boudoir to the public dance, raising temperatures and lowering resistances en route. The flip, 'Stop Me', with its high range 'Young Americans' sax echoes is equally invigorating, compulsive modern soul.

Pic: Anton Corbijn



Pic: Lynn Goldsmith

ORANGE JUICE: Blue Boy / Lovesick (Postcard). A compulsive dose of hard melody and stuttering funk from Scotland's Orange Juice, much rated after their flexi-disc beginnings. These two songs, the brainchildren of one Edwyn Collins, indicate the group have more than a germ of commitment and passion, evidenced in the jangled nerve endings of their dual guitars and not quite followed up in the vocal and lyrical departments. A postcard worth receiving.

THE LITTLE ROOSTERS: I Need A Witness (Ami). The Roosters, Joe Strummer and a carousing brass section stroll on the deck and testify. Conventional rock 'n' roll with a swagger and a bop from Garrie Lammin's crew. They're on their toes.

BARRY ANDREWS: Rossmore Road (Virgin). Utterly stupid. Barry Andrews comes over all sub-Robert Fripp, gets a few pals in to twiddle up some vapid dub and then makes some big deal out of reciting block 4B page 44 of the London A-Z (90 pence should secure you a copy). Another major breakdown in the function of artistic communication unless you're one of those funny little men (why is it always men?) who ride around all day on a moped with a clipper board looking for Mornington Crescent.

THE RUMOUR: I Don't Want The Night To End (Stiff). More wacky populist Marxism from those wreckless purveyors of pallid paisley. I'm sure The Rumour are nice blokes but people who try so hard not to be ageing hippies . . . oh shit, who cares anyway. This is even worse than their Woolworth's cover of 'Little Red Book' (didn't that do well?).

MIKE OLDFIELD: Arrival (Virgin). Whoopee! Mike Oldfield plays an Abba song. Real music even if Mick's guitar does sound like a herd of field voles munching a mains cable. What technique! Only thirteen and he's still tons better than Mozart and that.

THE POLICE: Don't Stand So Close To Me (A&M). Sting knows the scenario, eh? All those nubile Lolitas in 3B just itching to get Mr Sumner hot and bothered while he's marking their geography papers. Hey! Teacher! Leave those kids alone! Aside from the perils of classroom footsy The Police are still manipulating their formula. And why not? It works. Helluva subject matter isn't it? Vladimir's syndrome. Underneath it they're lovable, dependable, safe. Sting is the best looking man in the world and The Police are better than The Beatles. I just wish he'd try a different voice for a change, that the band would attempt a different beat. The subliminal dance goes on and on and on.

THE DISTRACTIONS: Something For The Weekend (Island). The over-rated Distractions were alright in small doses. This raucous, self pitying moan of denial isn't one of them. Anyhow, celibacy is all the rage now boys. Learn to love that hair shirt.

DA BIZ: This Is No Audition (Sire). From small operations in Poole to a justified stab at the big time, Da Biz' (dodgy name) debut deserves recommendation. Writer Ronnie Mayer specialises in the choking kind of harmonic pop love that sounds a trifle plastic (a plastic trifle?) on the original A-side ('On The Beach'). 'This Is No Audition' has a more convincing thrust with guitars that simmer and eventually blossom into snuffling crescendoes of romantic aspirations. In its independent form 'Audition' cost a mere £45 to produce. Mike Read sessions to be aired shortly should indicate whether this outrageous expense was justified.

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS: Maladie D'Amour (Ze). August Darnell's excursions into the heady arbours of disco-fried salsa wouldn't cut any rock in Sud America. The Kid's combination of flimsy ice cream muzak is OK for a casual spin but becomes rapidly twee with repetition. Latin boogie woogie and a singer who could learn a thing or three from Raquel Welch make this *objet d'art* strictly for the pina colada set.

MANUFACTURED ROMANCE: Time Of My Life (Fresh). A depressingly mundane song based around a dull mumble and the standard three chord trick. On this showing Manufactured Romance have lost their hold on real life. Given that they exist it is sufficient to say that they must therefore be a band and that this is a record.

THE PLASMATICS: Monkey Suit (Stiff). This bunch can't have too much in the old loft if they imagine that anyone is taken in by their nauseating posturing "Dis one is dedicated to the GLC," whines Wendy O. Williams. Best thing the GLC ever did was stop their show (and what a surprise!)

PAUL McCARTNEY: Temporary Secretary (EMI). Paul tries so hard to get up to date with his drum machines and his cold synthesisers and his musical shorthand. Alfred Marks is probably delighted to receive the free plug but I shudder at the prospect of being force fed McCartney's patronising references for the next three months. Couldn't Linda put her great keyboard talent to use behind the golfball? And what happens if a bloke applies for the job? Paul doesn't make this at all clear. Tsk tsk.

FURNITURE: Shaking Story (The Guy From Paraguay). Perhaps I'm just reeling from the effects of 'Scary Monsters'; after listening to something that makes a virtue out of excellence it's damned hard to take a record like this seriously, let alone dance to it. I'm not castigating Furniture for failing to emulate anybody or anything: economic considerations, taste and location conspire against such glib criticism. It's just that their record is one of too many, a symptom of the appalling depths that white rock independents are plumbing — the pursuit of mediocrity.

It's impossible to believe that the dozen or so examples of this creeping paralysis, this pulp, will stroke any common chord outside of the private circle, those bands for whom to have made a record and had it distributed by Rough Trade is enough. Then what happens? The post new wave is in danger of becoming wilfully obscurantist for its own sake, souring promise and finding some virtue in artless ignorance. 'Because it's there' is no longer an excuse and where's the point or pleasure in exposing obvious irrelevance and smug negative noodling? We might as well be stuck in some smelly dive listening to a bunch of idiots murder 'Johnny B. Goode'. I thought that independence would be something other than the freedom to choose between trash and rubbish. Perhaps it's just a bad week. Perhaps I've gone mad. Perhaps you'd like to read some poetry. Come back David Jacobs — all is forgiven.

JOHN CALE: Mercenaries (Ready For War) (Spy). Cale is one of the few who manage to act as a legitimate barometer for the anarchic spirit and give it the sustenance of a new artistic expression. He doesn't talk in headlines. 'Mercenaries' is one of the most unsettling moments from the Sabotage band with the additional bonus of 'Rosegarden Funeral Of Sores', as nasty and sullen a description of social disease as you'd expect of him. Fed by rhythm machine Wurlitzer, vocal and bass, Cale growls out the symptoms of his twisted psyche with all the pungency of a rotten orchid.

THE KITCHENS: The Death Of Rock 'N' Roll (Red Square). Another large crock from The Kitchens who sink into the inevitable morass reserved for mean spirited paranoids. A lot of drivel about nothing with a very badly executed Beatles riff stitched on just to be annoying.

PETE TOWNSHEND: Keep On Working (Atco). Much as I have come to like Townshend's graceful 'Empty Glass' I doubt the wisdom of pillaging it wholesale for singles. In 'Keep On Working's case the results only cheapen the original impact. No one really enjoys having other people's obsessions thrust on them so repeatedly. Surely Townshend had some other ambition in mind?

SPLIT RIVITT: Soul Limbo (Red Lightnin'). The MG's stomper gets an affectionate airing from the roots up. If Mark Hughes can lead from the harp like this when the Rivitts play the Palais they ought to give the Feelgoods a ten pint start. Odds on non hit but alright for a quick shuffle.

Q-TIPS): A Man Can't Lose (What He Don't Have) (Chrysalis). In a similar vein except that Q-Tips come in a glossier, image conscious packet and have the added attraction of a fruity horn section, factors that don't prevent the group resembling a high class juke box, they look smart but I wouldn't take them home.

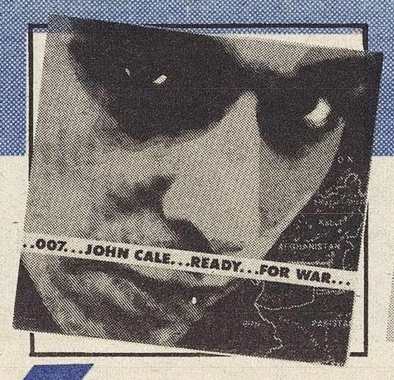
DAVID ROTER: I Think I Slept With Jackie Kennedy Last Night (Unknown Tongue). Roter's deranged observations are so anti-American that he makes Frank Zappa sound like the president of the Rotary Club. The A-side is guaranteed to offend Catholics and oil magnates; the B-side, 'He's A Rebel', isn't exactly kosher either. Roter can't sing too well but he has a developed sense of the perverse which fans of Lenny Bruce might endorse. If they don't he's sunk.

VIV STANSHALL: Terry Keeps His Clips On (Charisma). The eccentric Mr Stanshall in less than hilarious form reverts to old vaudeville and a quirky cyclist joke which might be mildly amusing if you're in an alcoholic stupor but is otherwise deadly dull. Bodes ill for the forthcoming album.

FINGERPRINTZ: Houdini Love (Virgin). Damned by association, Jimme O'Neill's Fingerprintz are too supposedly mainstream to get anyone hip on their case. Their last single got fairly short shrift in these pages but O'Neill has a winning way in his descriptions of encroaching Big Brotherdom and Fingerprintz match the atmospheric mental twists with surprising invention. Maybe they should change their name to XTC.

PIN POINT: Waking Up To Morning (Albion). Pin Point's last single, 'Richmond', was an attractive hit, this is merely an inconsequential reflection on the pleasures of sleep. I know how they feel, I was forced to take a brief nap myself while they were on. Humdrum fare in a chintzy package.

JOE "MING" CARRASCO: Buena (Stiff). Carrasco and the Crowns (remnants of the El Molino Band) breeze through their Stiff debut without unsettling any San Antonio mystique. 'Buena's snoozy ballad lilt is off-set by something punkier on 'Tuff Enuff' — a Tex Mex garage speciality with added hot sauce for the refrain. Carrasco sounds like quite a lot of fun here after his disappointing Big Beat album. He'll need to be a bit more than that when the Crowns visit England, now that Sir Doug is back in action and threatening to call. Ask the Guaca Mole.



ATTENTION: RED ALERT!

CROSSFIRE 11.17. Final hour. Jobson and Anderson making notes.
~~Strong xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

FYLINDALE FLYER 11.22. Final hour. Anderson glances at sky. No signs as yet.

WORKING JOHN, WORKING JOE 11.28. Final hour. Barre hard at it.

BBLACK SUNDAYT 11.36. Final hour. Craney and Pegg swapping rythmns.. It's time to think about changing sides.

PROTECT AND SURVIVE 11.40. Final hour. Red glow in sky. Warning lights flashing. Anderson looks startled.

BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED 11.44. Final hour. Jobsons keyboards run off the mains. Switching to auxiliary power.

UNIFORM 11.48. Final hour. Jobson, Pegg, Craney, Barre & Anderson suited up.

4.W.D.(LOW RATIO) 11.52. Final hour. Motor running. Steady rythmns. Barre monitors on headphones. Signal clear.

THE PINE MARTEN'S JIG 11.56. Final hour. Something other than birds in the sky. Jobson marks reference.

AND FURTHER ON 12.00. Zero hour. Red alert.

PERSONNEL Ian Anderson, Martin Barre, Eddie Jobson, Dave Pegg, & Mark Craney;
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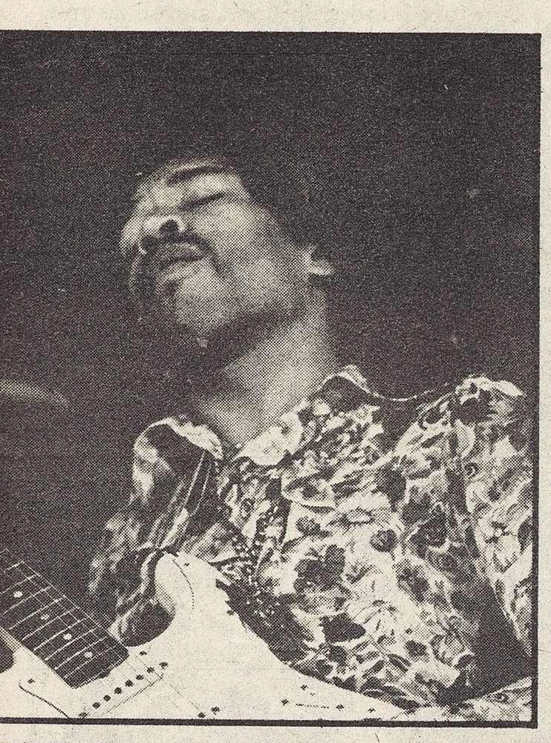
HENDRIX

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE BY PAUL DU NOYER

Who was he, this paragon of excellence who came out of nowhere, single-handedly altered the course of rock history, then ten years ago this week snuffed it sitting unconscious in an ambulance in a pool of his own vomit?

JIMI HENDRIX didn't ascend to the heavens in a chariot of fire, or on a radiant blaze of pure and magical light with chubby little angels floating about his feet and a saintly halo glow around his Afro haircut.

No, Jimi Hendrix died ten years ago in some squalid little accident that was as much a result of his own human foolishness as of the cynical manipulations of the people that pressured him right up to the end (and lived off him ever after) and the simple incompetence of those charged with looking after a sick man in what turned out to be the last hour of his life.



He died by mistake, not by martyrdom.

He's been buried, and he's been praised, and canonised and mystified — and being mystified by praise is as good as being buried all over again. Rock'n'roll needs another glorious myth like it needs another hole in its head, and God knows it's got enough of them already.

Let's cancel the pilgrimage right here and now, and if you want build a little candle-lit shrine in the backyard of your mind then that's your affair but don't suppose for one moment that you're keeping alive anything of what it was that made Jimi Hendrix vital, or anything at all except the whole pernicious web of illusion which helped to kill the guy off in the first place, just as much as it's helped to suffocate and all but destroy the music that he loved and I love and you love.

There's never been a genius in the entire history of rock, even if Jimi Hendrix came a lot closer than most. What can be accepted without any question is the man's brilliance, and the revolutionary impact of his work upon pop music in general. He was a hero, and still is and still deserves to be. But the role of heroes is not to be worshipped — it's to *inspire.*

I want to commemorate Hendrix now — the fact of his tenth anniversary is incidental and arbitrary — not as an act of ritual worship but to demonstrate that his memory and his music and his example are there to be *used,* and because we need the idea of Jimi Hendrix today like we needed it then and we might even need it now like we never needed it before.

The very thing which we don't need is to set him up either as an artist of unattainable divinity or, every bit as bad, as a model to be imitated. The art of Hendrix is over and done with: Hendrix did all that himself. He's been aped and parodied by so many under-talented buffoons since his death that I'm almost tempted to say that the Hendrix legacy has been an unmitigated disaster for rock'n'roll. But that wouldn't be quite true, or at least it needn't be true.

The task that faces us in the generations that have succeeded him and his titanic achievements is to absorb that heroic contribution of his in its totality: to enjoy it, sure, to marvel at it as well, but then get to

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HENDRIX

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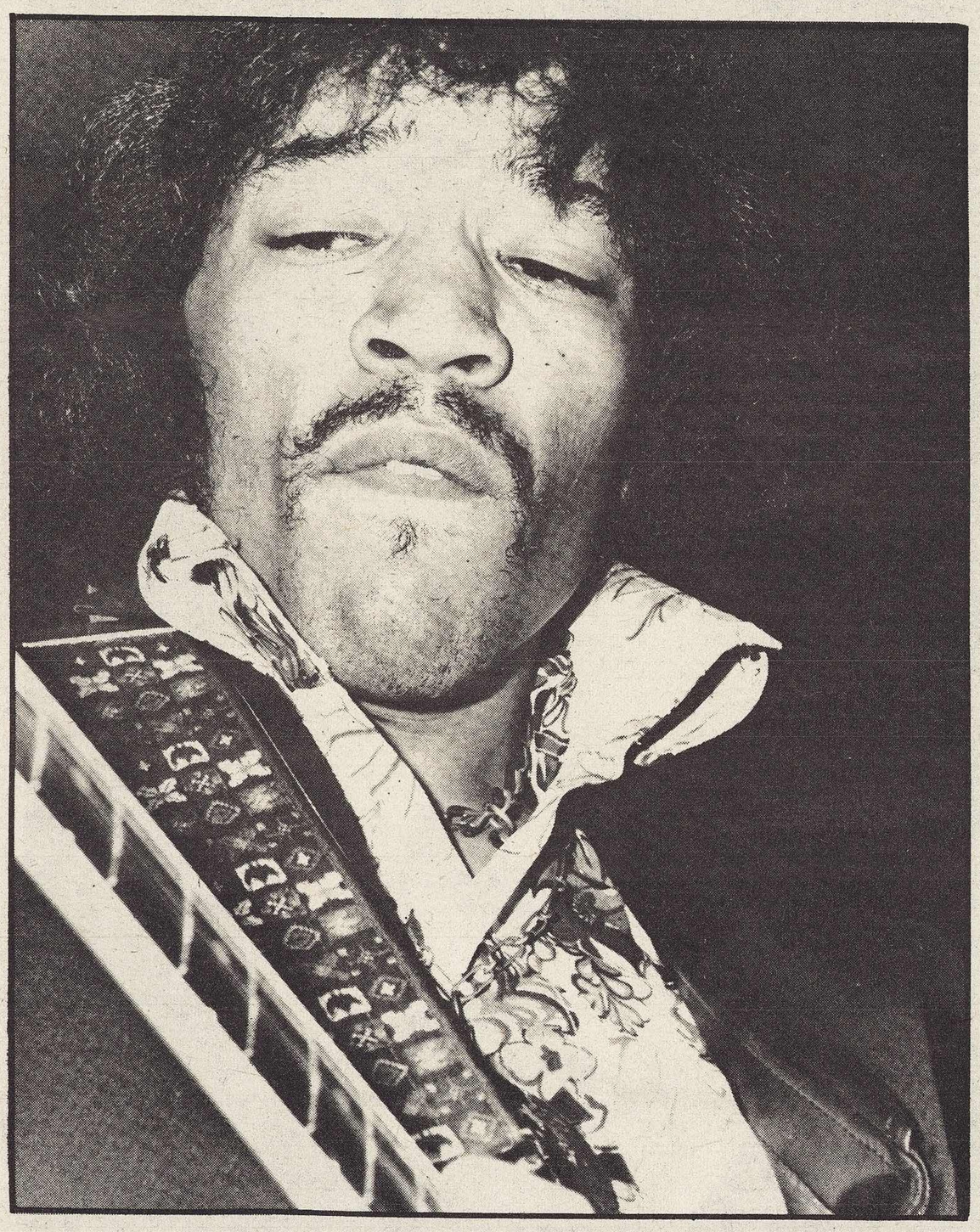


When Hendrix died he went down in a blaze of Wild Man of Pop banner headlines . . . but to anybody who's familiar with his work, the truly remarkable feature of it is the portrait of fully-rounded humanity that it presents.

work at splicing its style from its substance, separating the form from the content, however you want to put it. And then forget about the way he did it, concentrate instead on what it was he did.

So as for a whole new 1980s crop of overdubbed, psychedelic guitar strangling drip-dry maestros . . . no thanks. But a movement of young musicians fuelled and intoxicated by the vision and the passion and the creative urge which made Hendrix great — well, that *would* be something.

In actual fact, of course, we already have something very like that. The real inheritors of that man's spirit are alive and at work in our midst, though even they might be last to recognise themselves as such.

One of the great ironies of our time is that the characters who most loudly pledge allegiance to Jimi Hendrix, who dress up in his old clothes and re-enact his battles and resurrect his riffs, they're the very people who are least worthy to be mentioned in the same breath as him, let alone be considered as the proud standard bearers of some spurious Hendrix 'tradition'.

But so it goes. . .

TO TELL the truth, I couldn't give a toss about Jimi Hendrix's legendary technical supremacy. I'm no more interested in Jimi Hendrix's guitar than I am about some author's typewriter, or about Van Gogh's paintbrush. What infatuates me when I listen to 'Voodoo Chile' or 'Manic Depression' or 'Little Wing' or 'If Six Was Nine' or 'The Stars That Play With Laughing Sam's Dice' is the way they're used not just to dazzle or impress (even though they do that every time) but to tear something out of their creator's soul and implant it in your own.

What always gets forgotten is how expertise is always a means to an end, and never an end in itself — not when it comes to art, anyway. Hendrix never forgot that.

Whenever he trashed those amps on stage, or made a funeral pyre out of his instruments, it was done for fun, as a stunt to grab attention and headlines — but it seems to me it always signified something more, like an expression of contempt for the gadgets that were no more than tools for him in the process of communicating his own being, like he was destroying the commodity-fixations of those who'd venerate the symbols of communication and miss out on the message, and make a fetish out of objects and methods which were no more than incidental to the real purposes of his performance.

It should come as a sobering thought — and, in a way, as an immensely encouraging one — that the actual recording facilities which Hendrix had at his disposal in those days were, by modern standards, almost pathetically primitive. Even at the peak of his career and prestige, the most advanced equipment available (as to, say, the 'Sergeant Pepper' period Beatles) was only comparable to that on offer in the very least sophisticated studios of 1980. Moreover, as I'm solemnly assured by people who understand about these mysterious things, the amount of complex wizardry and electronic trickery (overdubbing and the like) which went into the bulk of Hendrix's recorded output was really quite negligible.

And now I can see that. Listen to 'Are You Experienced' or 'Axis: Bold As Love', or to the wealth of loose jamming material that's surfaced on posthumous releases, and what's often striking is the sheer simplicity of it. Hendrix records are rarely as unimaginably out of this world as we somehow remember them to be.

The moral of the story (which doesn't need spelling out but what the hell let's go ahead anyway) is surely this: the greatness in Jimi Hendrix's music lies not merely in the things that he could do with a guitar or any other manifestation of technology; crucially, it lies in the ability of the man to draw upon his own inner resources and to apply himself with all the intensity at his command until he'd succeeded in bringing out whatever damned thing was driving him at the time.

In other words, the reason that he got more out of a guitar — as Charles Shaar Murray (curse him) has already observed — is quite straightforward. He got more out because he put more in.

And the next point is this: seeing how Jimi Hendrix for all his skill and ingenuity was no superman or extraterrestial entity (Curtis Knight notwithstanding), but just a standard regulation issue human being complete with all the standard regulation issue faults and qualities to which the flesh is heir, it follows that what he did have to put into that beautiful music of his ranged across the entire spectrum of what we rather glibly like to term 'the human condition'. And put it in he did.

All of which might sound like a bad case of stating the obvious in as long-winded and portentous a manner as possible . . . except that this capacity which he possessed for exploring every knowable facet of his own personality is not a characteristic which very many artists in rock music have chosen to develop.

When Hendrix died he went down in a blaze of Wild Man Of Pop banner headlines that just about summed up the extent of popular understanding (to wit, less than zero) with which he'd had to contend while he was alive. But to anybody who's familiar with so much as a single album's worth of his work, the truly remarkable feature of it is the portrait of fully-rounded humanity that it presents.

You want straight down-the-line sexual lust, then listen to 'Foxy Lady', the most devastatingly explicit representation of said pastime ever committed to vinyl. You want the tenderest, most achingly lovely and gentle expression of romantic love then hear 'Little Wing' or 'Angel' and if betraying the softer varieties of emotion embarrasses you then make sure there's no-one else in the room.

Hendrix, no different to any one of us in this respect, felt it all. He saw no reason not to deal with it all when it came to making music.

There is a small, a very small repertoire of attitudes, and emotions and experiences which are commonly supposed to embody the proper concerns of rock'n'roll. Together, these stock postures constitute no more than a fraction of what any young, fully-functioning (heart and mind, body and soul) human person undergoes. People will beat their chests, strut their stuff and grin and tell you that "this is what rock's all about".

Do them a big favour. Hand them a copy of 'Elecric Ladyland' (or even just that single which backs 'Highway Chile' with 'The Wind Cries Mary'). And then tell them to piss off.

WHO WAS he, this paragon of excellence who came up out of nowehere, single-handedly altered the course of rock history, then went and snuffed it sitting unconscious in an ambulance in a pool of his own vomit?

Alcohol and barbiturates it was, the coroner said; that and the way they'd sat him up with his head back so the poor bastard couldn't breathe through the muck that was clogging his insides.

I don't know. I never knew him, or saw him, and don't even remember hearing his name until the night he made the six o'clock news as a famous dead popstar.

Petula Clark said in the *Daily Mail* that he was "a great big hoax" and she'd met him so who am I to argue? Two days after his death the *Sunday Times* called in one of its pop experts to explain that "he will probably soon slide out of pop's memory". The reason, apparently, was the guitarist's failure "to produce those neat little tunes which run through the mind for long years after their creator has gone". Thanks, we'll try and bear it in mind.

What I'm getting at, as if you haven't guessed, is that the only way to discover anything remotely useful about the phenomenon that was (and is) Jimi Hendrix is not by rummaging through the yellowed heap of press cuttings, but by coming to grips with at least a judicious selection from that mound of black plastic artefacts which he left behind.

If you still have that experience before you then I have to say that I envy you. I really do. The joys of finding out about Jimi Hendrix are not to be underestimated — tempered only by the certain knowledge that once you've done it then that's your lot. There'll be no more where that came from . . . although plenty, I hope and sometimes believe, that's every bit as good.

His UK company, Polydor, are bringing out a massive boxed set which does include pretty well everything the man did that's actually worth listening to for its own sake (as opposed to all those dodgy compilation jobs of 'archive' stuff best left to rot quietly away in whatever rat-infested vault they were consigned to at the time of recording). But seeing as how the boxed set will set you back in the region of 29 quid plus busfares, and times being what they are blah blah that's a nice little pile of bawbees by anybody's book, then an approach that's even more selective yet might well be in order here.

What follows, then, is the very briefest of conducted tours around what Hendrix product is worth laying two if not more hands on by whatever means you prefer to employ.

Essentially, there are three gen-u-ine Hendrix LPs, each recorded with the Redding/Mitchell Experience line-up and released in his own lifetime, an all three are quite simply compulsory, so let's have no arguments or excuses.

'Are You Experienced' was the momentous and shattering debut of the band (Hendrix being newly rescued from small club New York obscurity by Chas Chandler and brought to England where, to our eternal credit, he first found the sort of recognition that was his due). 'Axis: Bold As Love' was the even greater follow-up. Both albums have been available for some years now, re-packaged as a double. Then, in 1968, came the two-LP set 'Electric Ladyland' — one of the few rock records it's worth murdering for (though please arrange to do so as humanely as possible).

Any introduction to Hendrix should begin with those three, or else with the compilations, 'Smash Hits' and 'The Essential Jimi Hendrix'.

Next came 'Band Of Gypsies', the live record of Hendrix's brief liaison with Buddy Miles and Billy Cox — a superb piece of work, even if he never believed so himself, dissolving the outfit almost as soon as it was formed. The last 'real' release is 'The Cry Of Love', made in his last days with a pool of trusted musicians; finished product it still ranks as a worthy successor to the rest.

Then comes a clutch of live albums: 'Monterey' (with Otis Redding's set taking up one side, and the Experience's 1967 US debut the other) is a gem of a record; 'In The West' a posthumous ragbag of stuff, is more variable, and 'Isle Of Wight' (his last major appearance) is a rather sad, unsatisfactory affair.

'Loose Ends' is, just as its name suggests, a collection of leftovers but still worth investigating. 'Nine To The Universe', 'Crash Landing' and 'Midnight Lightning' all come from loose studio jams done in New York in '69/'70, and showcase Hendrix's jazzish, pop and blues leanings respectively. If you get this far then you can decide how much further you really want to take it — the total of Hendrix releases, official and otherwise, probably touches three figures by now, and takes in every contact he may or may not have had with a tape recorder since the earliest days of his career, playing sideman to everyone who was anyone (and a few more besides) in American black music.

The fact is, anyway, that anything you ever needed to know about Jimi Hendrix is contained in this summary: black, groovy, and revolving at 33⅓ rpm.

Your own soul should tell you the rest.

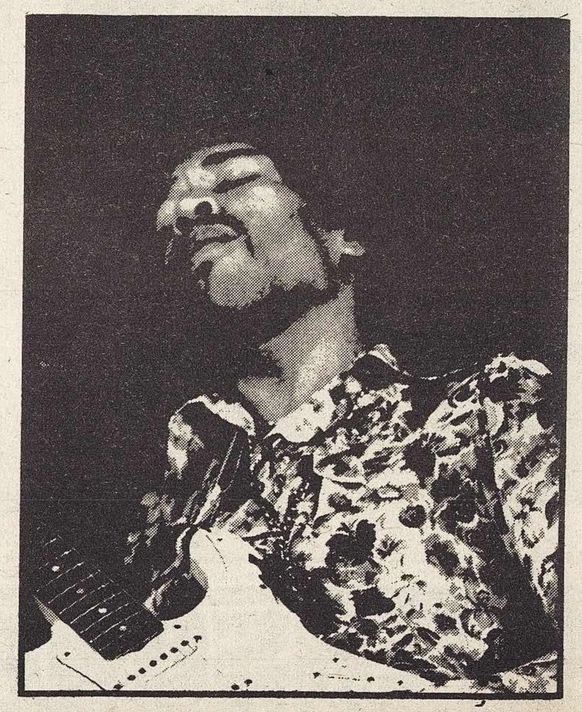
AND IN the end . . . there is no end.

Angling a piece like this around the date of death is, for somebody so totally and fiercely to do with the sheer force of life as Jimi Hendrix — well, admittedly, it's a damned funny way of going about things. Why not celebrate the release date of 'Purple Haze' or something, instead? But if we're groping towards any sort of conclusion here then it's just this: Hendrix will never belong to oblivion, or history or nostalgia or anything else, not for as long as there are people around who, whether as listeners or as musicians themselves, are going to be fired by the living inspiration of the work that he's left us.

I don't see that inspiration too much in the type of rock he supposedly pioneered. I don't hear it in Kiss, or Ted Nugent, or in Rainbow or in the Tygers Of Pan Tang. I don't think I hear it in anyone that tries to disguise their creative bankruptcy under a mass of interminable stupid soloing, or behind smokescreens of meaningless technoflash posing.

But I believe I do perceive that same kind of inspiration — whether it actually came from Hendrix or not, and mostly I suppose it doesn't — in a thousand and one unexpected places. It doesn't even need to be on guitars. I've felt it in all aspects of the best new music made since 1976, even if somebody's still got to come along that combines every one of those aspects into a single body of work.

I know of a hundred groups, and so do you, that have caught at least a few of the sparks which flew out of Jimi Hendrix's playing. All I want to say is: those sparks are still flying. They're there for anyone who's alive enough to catch them.



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Pop goes Espana as Swindon's answer to The Monkees take the Last eXit To Catalonia

PAUL MORLEY gets onto the bus and behind rock's blinkiest vision

XTC ARE BITING their nails backstage of an open air gig at a soccer ground in the Madrid suburbs — the equivalent of an English Third Division ground but, being Spanish, brighter. The four frail members are neither tuning their instruments or taking last minute swigs of bracing alcohol. It's deep into a warm night and in a few minutes XTC take the stage, their last appearance on a European series of open air concerts where they've supported The Police.

Tonight they're sandwiched between the thin orthodoxy of Dr. Feelgood and the supreme pop action of The Police, playing to 18,000 wildish Spaniards. In the light post-Franco days rock is a new thing to the Spaniards and they're very choosy. They want to do one thing. Rave. During the slow churning passages of their set the Feelgoods are subjected to a hail of jeers, bottles and cruel pieces of glass.

So XTC who strive to make their music 'interesting' as opposed to 'banal' (which would please the 'discriminatory' Spaniards) are twitching. The Feelgoods, an awe-inspiring array of bandy legs, huge beer guts, freaky hair cuts and leathery faces, try to explain to XTC that those people flinging things had a personal grudge against them; XTC will be alright. For once the XTC smiles are uncertain. The whitest pop individuals there are pale visibly.

Duty calls, and the XTC lads stride out through the shadowy, sandy yard towards the stage. They've tightened up their set, dropped the slow 'Battery Brides' (later The Police will slip a fragment of this into their invincible set) and, loosened by nerves, are smiling madly.

As they move towards the den of baying Spaniards, aware they might not return unhurt, I get the feeling, savouring the heavy atmosphere, ensured of safety because I'll be stood at the back of the stage, that history is being made. To confirm this feeling, Sting — this version a speeded giggly one, almost splitting at the seams with the nervous energy of endless touring — wishes them luck by thrashing their backs with a piece of bush he's found. This whipping undoubtedly inspires XTC.

During their encore, The Police dedicate 'Can't Stand Losing You' to XTC — it being the last day of their holiday affair. Sting is coolly conquering the thousands, Andy Partridge runs on the stage and with a daft smile empties a packet of cornflakes over Sting's head, who has him join in on the audience rousing chorus. Partridge looks uncomfortable, sticks his hands in the pockets of his silly shorts, and runs off as quickly as he can, while Sting continues winning hearts. Somewhere in that brief encounter is the reason why Sting is star and Partridge is . . . not.

XTC have written numerous classic pop songs, songs you could never imagine anyone else conceiving or covering. Instant tunes. They play a clever selection in Madrid, a popstorm of peppy images, cunning couplets, fitful rhythms, catchy motifs, hypnotic melodies: 'Radios In Motion', 'This Is Pop', 'Life Begins At The Hop', 'Making Plans For Nigel', 'I'll Set Myself On Fire', 'When You're Near Me I Have Difficulty', 'Helicopter', 'Respectable Street' (next single), 'Generals And Majors' (hit single), and more besides.

As they burst with the joy of angels into 'This Is Pop', Sting, singing at the top of his voice, dancing to the limits of off-duty ebullience, informs me that "this is their best song". No, I counter, not too sure, coming up with 'Nigel' as my favourite. "No". Sting shakes his head authoratively. "This is pop — those three words, they say it all."

XTC's pop stimulates the Spaniards. No glass! That's class! Only The Police could do it better.

" 'This Is Pop' is about reading a review in *NME* of some gigs in London, early Sex Pistols, and someone was asking them 'What the hell do you play?' From reading the interview I thought 'Well, they're just a pop group.' And I started thinking of people who had started asking us what music *we* played. I'd say, 'It's just sort of pop music really.' And they'd laugh in your face! Pop — it's such a dirty word. We wanted to be a pop group right from the start. We just wanted to be popular. We wanted our faces to be known, our personalities to be known, comics to be written about us, dolls to be made after us. I wanted to make films. All very corny.

"I think when Barry Andrews was with us we were The Beatles. He was John — sarcastic, dry, high art aspirations. Colin was George — the silent Nureyev, the handsome one, who just stood in the background, and I've been called Paul a few times, the schoolboy who gets to do the talking and is full of 'C'mon fellas, let's do this that and the other'. And Terry, he's just Ringo, he's got his dog, he goes down the pub, he hits his drums, he likes his fags, he gets really bad tempered. Now Dave's in the band, I don't know who we are . . ."

Later, decides Partridge, XTC are a selection of Billy Bunter's class mates.

THE SPANISH equivalent of the *Daily Mail* broadcasts to the youth of Spain when "the colossals of the new wave" will be arriving in Barcelona. So, like a good little pop fan, I get a banner made up and taxi off to Barcelona airport. The British colossals are flying in from Nice.

XTC ease through customs, and I scream my welcomes. Unfortunately, I am alone. Airport arrival scenes are not yet in fashion, or out of fashion in Barcelona.

XTC group around suitcases and baggage like a school camping party. Their faces are decorated with meticulous pink pimples, coy grins and looks of apprehension. XTC are family. There's lots of vulgar banter, tame and not so tame insults swapped with a crudely relieving private language. This childlike commitment to undermining the character and appearance of their colleagues goes on backstage, in restaurants, on car journeys, if not in their music — which can be nonsensical but never asinine.

Whilst Partridge is obviously thinking about tying my shoelaces together, I ask him if he's immature. "No, not at all. I don't know how to put it without boasting, but I think I'm quite mature and intelligent. At the same time I've kept the things I appreciated as a kid, in my head. I think a lot of people lose that, and they lose a big part of their personality. I still love toys!"

The group hang around waiting for somebody to take control. Nearby, Sting's licking a lolly and *The Sun* are searching for a story. *The Sun* have visited XTC a few times, trying to find 'a story'. It's difficult to squeeze out a controversial XTC story.

Partridge and Moulding are, however, married.

"I consider I'm married to my best friend," says Partridge. Gregory is a diabetic. Chambers has odd drinking pals from Swindon turning up in the middle of nowhere. XTC are about as flash as a used match. If a TV series is ever framed around them they would probably — like Laurel and Hardy or Morecambe and Wise — share the same bed. Any undercurrents of sexuality would be diffused by convenient props. Not a bowler hat or a pipe, but a tray full of sand and some small plastic Airfix 8th Army soldiers that Partridge and Moulding would be playing with — bang! bang! — whilst Chambers grumpily tried to get some sleep and Gregory with benign patience read H. G. Wells' *Mr. Polly*.

Comradeship is a vital force in XTC's staying power. With or without Barry Andrews, Partridge has diligently worked for greater democracy in the group, though he admits to slight Hitlerism in the early days: "It was like me and three perfect robots."

Andrews left not because of this — Partridge had lost most of his overbearing control by then — but because the rest of XTC didn't like his songs. "It was a natural split. Although Barry and I were opposite personalities, I missed him when he left, there was no one to joust with."

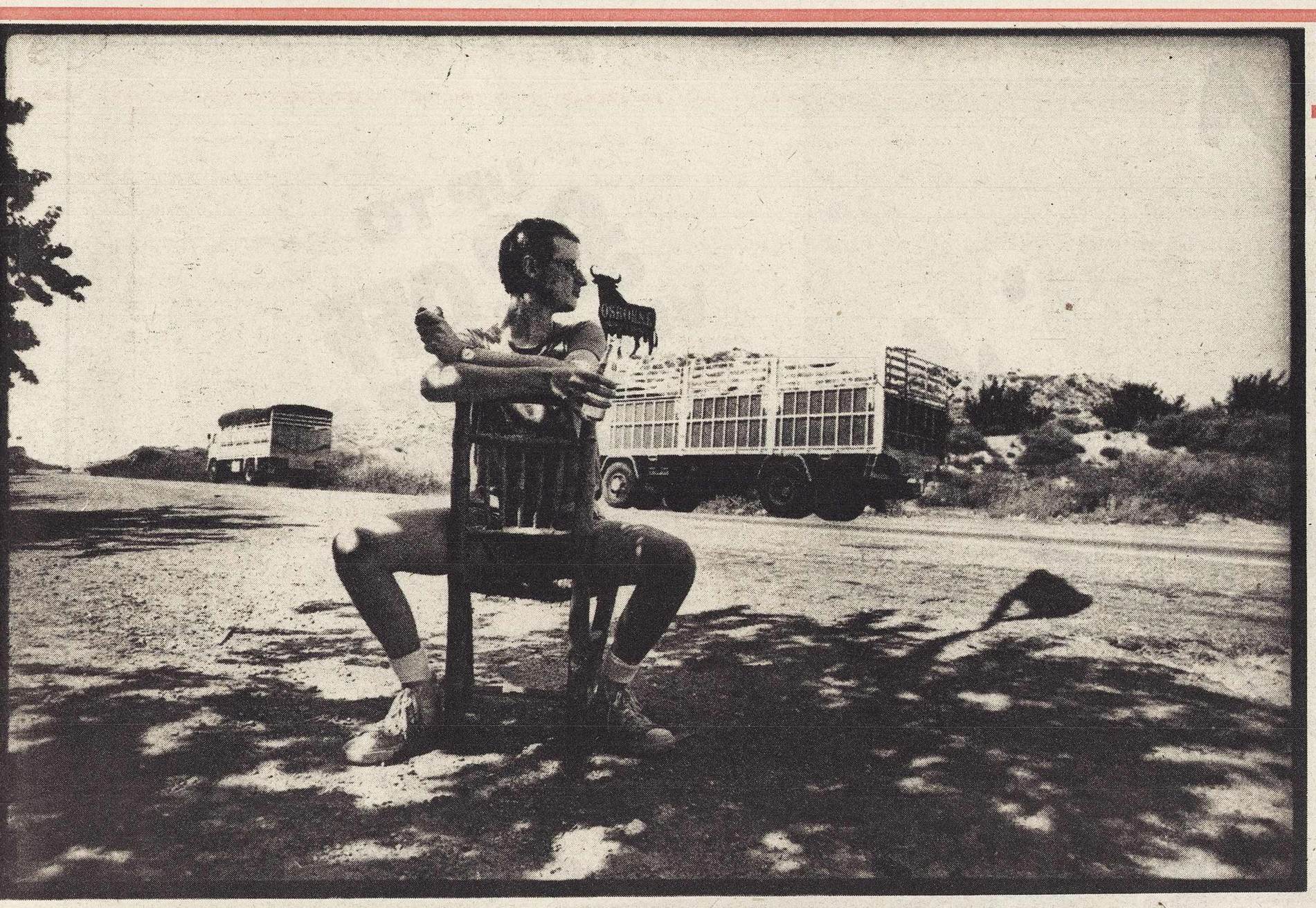
Scores of people applied to join the group, mostly keyboard players, including Babe Ruth's keyboardist and Dave Stewart, ex Matching Mole. "The reason we didn't take them is not because they weren't good enough — they were probably too good — but because we didn't know them."

They stole Gregory, a guitarist, from a "shit hot" Swindon R&B group called Dean Gaber And The Gaberdines; "I felt pretty bad about nicking him." Previously he'd been in a pomp rock group who "made Kansas sound like Dr. Feelgood, they literally took a year to write each song."

Gregory was chosen because "he was a mate. He brought a down to earthness to the group, he put a bit more R&B into the music. That wasn't necessarily what we needed or wanted but he brought it in and we're dealing with it. He's enjoying it, he's seeing the world — or the hotels of the world."

The four friends finally leave Barcelona airport, clamber into a waiting van, and it's off to see the hotel in this part of the world. Partridge is full of talk. Chinless, cheery, eyes blinking and sparkling incessantly behind pebble glasses, there's something almost Victorian about him. "The French hated us," he delightedly exclaims, as if that confirms something he's always felt about the French. "They really hated us. You could see their faces light up when the street feelyish UB40 and The Beat came on, but when we came on it all went flat." His voice has lost none of its well curled Swindon burr.

The rest of the group stay silent as we hurtle through the glowing Barcelona outskirts. Is it hard for you to stay smiling, Andy? "Not for me!" Do you ever get depressed? "Not very



Photography: Pennie Smith

often, about one twentieth of how much everyone else gets depressed.

"I'm just a crude optimist, a very smiley person. That's my role. Some people might find that a bit . . . well, I suppose if you had a personal jester and you woke up one morning with a hangover and there was this bloke there with a three cornered hat and a pig's bladder on a stick you'd get a bit annoyed! I think people feel that about us sometimes."

The infamous XTC chumminess. What Partridge rigidly relates to The Beatles of *Hard Days Night* and *Help* and the TV Monkees. "There is a great joy in people doing something together. And we are chummy! We're very friendly people. If people find us over friendly, a little bit sickly and close, then I just have to apologise to their sensibilities. Because we *are* sickly and close!"

We reach the city centre, and Partridge tells me about the dark solemn cover of 'Black Sea', the new album. It's a couple of dimensions away from the Mumford strokes, squiggles and lines of 'Drums And Wires' that glossed the group with arch-modernism (after the failing cynicism of 'Go Two' and the naive brashness of 'White Music'). Partridge explains that it's a return to the moody look of 'Satanic Majesties', and the figurative feel of the Island covers circa 1970. XTC have everything prepared well — sometimes too well.

We get lost. Someone legs out of the van, hires a taxi, and we follow that to the hotel. We were spectacularly lost. Partridge smiles on, challenging even the Spanish sun for brightness. He tells me about some creaky American film musical to which XTC have contributed a song: two girls arrive in New York, bump into fame, sewers, stars, night fever etc. "It's on the level of a first form production," admits Partridge, "but anything to get our songs through to more people."

The van approaches the once elaborate Barcelona hotel. "We're just not famous enough," grins Partridge, a light of stark bitterness being betrayed by his beady eyes, even through the darkness of his pebble-specs.

CURRICULUM VITAE: Andy Partridge left school at 15 with no bits of paper and a grudge against the 'education' system. All he could remember from school was Richard Of York Gains Battles In Vain and that The Wankies was a range of mountains in South Africa; "Every time it was mentioned the boys in our class used to start giggling." Partridge is still giggling. He also reckoned he learnt enough Latin to have a conversation about donkeys with a Roman centurion.

His father was a musician. With Partridge's then acute love for collecting, he soared into a series of tacky, exaggerated pop groups and finally Swindon's post Don Rogers darlings XTC.

"We all took to music in the late '60s, when a lot of music was heavily sprinkled with a very interesting dust." All of XTC are three or four years older than I thought, a couple of them close to 30 (Partridge hates the age snobbery in rock and pop).

"I came into music about the time of psychedelia, and it was magic. It was sort of R&B plus magic, which is really what we do. You turned on the radio and you could hear things like 'We Love You' by The Rolling Stones, and I used to sit there in wonderment. I thought this is just . . . very different. I knew it was more magical than Perry Como. It had more lumps. You could feel it. Whereas Perry Como was just a big plastic cushion. That's the word though — magic, it's got to have magic.

"I like things that have an altered feel, like 'Rock On' by David Essex. That's still one of my favourite singles, and what is it? Just someone playing a pair of bongoes down an echo chamber, and a bass guitar down an echó chamber, which is something you never do. It's just undone! If you listen to 'Rock On' your view is altered; someone has slipped something into your drink.

"Very sparse music did it for me. I had a beatnik friend who used to lend me jazz records and I used to play them and think 'Bloody hell! This bloke is playing just two sax notes a minute, and then somebody will plonk just one bass note, and it jumped out and said 'Look at me! I'm a note! Look at me!' And I started to want to apply all this to being in a group."

More crucially — to being in a POP group. Partridge's perspective, psychedelically and surreally orientated, dragged a wiry web through the concise pop form, splintering its balances and shapes and textures. He turned the pop song inside out. He knew he'd done something different. "We naively thought that with 'White Music' we'd go straight to number one, that everybody would want to know us, be like us . . ."

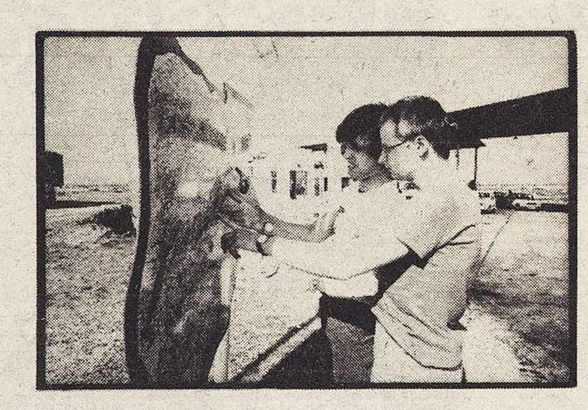
Using, as Partridge explains, XTC's intentions to be 'interesting' against them, critics labelled them with the scarring word 'art', with all its stupid implications of coldness and false mystique — ridiculously in the face of XTC's almost cloying warmth.

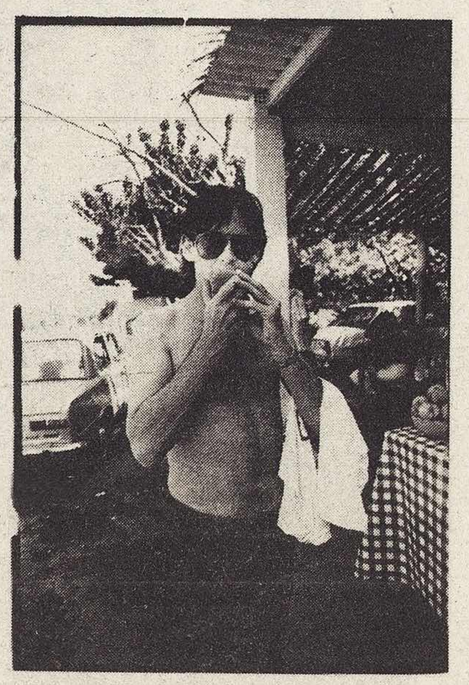
The panting pop group were branded as everything *but* a pop group. They drifted into a strange no-man's land, neither cult nor underground nor famous nor unwanted nor hated . . . just accepted. They wanted to be the kind of group who automatically have four hit singles a year. They became the kind of group who tour, tour, tour, have smatterings of success, are never in the mainstream ("A horrible word, but I consider that we are a mainstream group.") On the side they attracted the support of similarly bent critics (who recognised that XTC were revolutionising the pop song without sacrificing accessibility or impact, and were not intellectually slumming) and also became a catalyst for others.

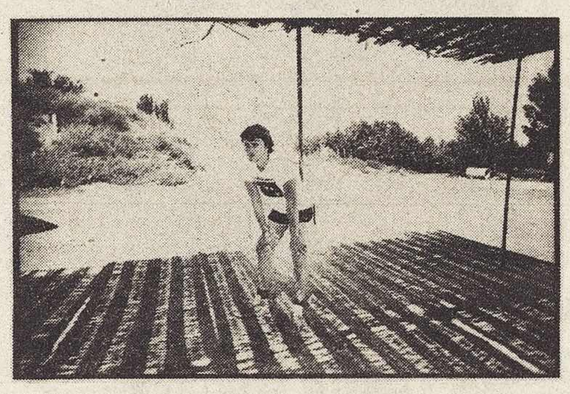
Virgin still haven't dumped them. "I think they like us. Also, Richard Branson said to me that they have their financial hopes pinned on this LP this year, because they're sliding very quickly. I don't think they'll mind me saying that they're in trouble. It's fairly obvious with the redundancies, and no matter how much you hear of them they are still a tiny company."

Partridge has a number of explanations why XTC never achieved the success they first expected and subsequently fought for. He employs a series of complicated metaphors, then decides "There is still a lot of . . . street snobbery. We're not streety enough for a lot of people, just because we enjoy playing indoors. People think we're bad types because our mums won't let us out into the back garden! But it's more general than that if I was somebody else, I would think 'Well, everybody's telling me about this group XTC, and from what I read and from what little I have heard, they seem a little . . . unusual to me.' But that would be a person who had had the blinds pulled down in front of his vision. That would be a person who had read the artsy fartsy reviews and who had only heard what the BBC had let through — 'Nigel' full stop. They haven't played any other of our records, so Mr and Mrs Public cannot be blamed for not knowing what we're like.

"In fact, if I hate anyone in the world it's probably the BBC. For not allowing us to sell our wares, which I think are very palatable, tasty, and cheap at twice the price."







It's hard to believe radio people find XTC music 'difficult'. It shows how out of touch they are. Partridge tells me that an American critic had accused the group of being rampant rip-offs of Pere Ubu. He's baffled by this, preferring to think that XTC are closer to The Small Faces.

"Today's pop music," and XTC aren't the only ones not getting through, despite being a blatant example, "is being denied the licence to sell by the BBC. What's the difference between us and The Kinks or The Small Faces? The difference is that they were let through. It wasn't so difficult then because there weren't so many groups, but there also wasn't such a death grip around the throats of what people should listen to. There's really no difference between us and those groups — we're making music that is comparable to the age, just like they did."

As I write, XTC are having a second hit single — another Colin Moulding composition (an accident, I feel, rather than Partridge's songs being less 'commercial' or more 'weird'), but XTC have been denied their chances; any fame now is not going to go bang, will only be an unexpected bonus. "We've long blown it in terms of fashion. We're already too damn old for a start. We're old in albums, we're old in years, we're probably old in attitude. No, it's never going to go bang. That would be a freak accident. In my wildest wet dreams we go bang."

AFTER BARCELONA and a sensational set at a Bullring in front of 18,000 dauntingly stacked Spaniards — Partridge perversely underestimating how well the group had done — the group collect for the 430 mile journey to Madrid. The next day they play their last European concert — for a few months — and then fly to Australia.

As the van starts its long journey — Chambers, Gregory and the tour manager squashed into the front, Partridge and I in the middle seat, Moulding and his wife behind us — Partridge gives me a 5/- Sphere paperback of the banned '60s *Wargames* documentary directed by Peter Watkins. The book contains powerful dialogue and harrowing photographs from Watkins' lucid view of the effects of a nuclear holocaust. I immerse myself in the relentless draining details of the little book. Its warning is not something to trifle with. A happy tourist before I started, I finish it numbed into silence. Partridge grins at my pale face, says I can keep the book if I want to. What a present! I flick through it again and take a deep breath. Partridge chuckles. "You've just got to keep smiling haven't you?"

For all the smiles, vulgarity and frivolity, XTC do get serious. The true XTC is somewhere between the two extremes of which they are accused: between artless buffoonery and cool intensity. "They think we're four idiots from the country out to fart about and at the same time try to be cool and cultivated. But we're not. We just like to be recognised for our magic."

On 'Black Sea' the songs are "not so carved up as in the past. I'm able to get my thoughts out more clearly. There are more narrative songs than on 'Drums And Wires', and on that there were more than on 'Go Two'. Those songs meant something, but not obviously. Now the songs mean as much, or as little, but I'm learning how to communicate. I'm actually enjoying people understanding the words, whereas before I got some perverse delight out of disguising them. But people don't have to notice these observations, I'm not big brother."

On 'Black Sea' there are songs of anger and concern about the nobility/futility of work ('Paper And Iron'), the damaging disposability of fashion and craze ('Travels In Nihilon' — Partridge has grown vehemently anti-fashion. "It's the people who become the victims of crazes, the paraphernalia can be pulled out of the closet in ten years time, as it has been lately") and the imminence of nuclear war ('Living Through Another Cuba'). Partridge is piggy in the middle, sticking his fingers in his ears hoping it will all be over soon.

"I do get worried about things. But you can be worried and optimistic as opposed to worried and pessimistic."

Why are you optimistic? "I don't know! I just worry optimistically. I know things will be OK!"

Really?

"I'm not optimistic about everybody. I know there are some people who will get it in the neck and are doing so right now. But I'm fine and if I can spread a little bit of finesse and funness among other people . . . but I'm number one. Without Geldoffing it, number one *is* important. A lot of people will say 'Oh you dreamer, you unrealist' but I'm very realistic. I'm not a realistic pessimist, I'm a realistic optimist."

Is that possible? "Yeah. Everybody's got their nuclear weapons and it's all going to go wrong — that's the pessimism. The optimism is everybody's got their nuclear bombs, if there's going to be a war there's fuck all we can do about it."

That's optimism!

"Yeah! People could say there's going to be another war, we're all going to lose our limbs,

Continues page 57

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Last week Sheena Easton made pop history as the first person ever to get her first two singles in the Top Ten at once. This is our tribute to her

JUST AN OLD-FASHIONED MODERN GIRL

". . . she is free to be what she wants to be. All she wants to be is a . . ."

SHEENA EASTON is a Modern Girl. She wakes up in the morning, turns on the breakfast show and makes her boyfriend coffee. She flicks through a magazine on the Underground to London Town, where she works in an office and dreams about "him" all day long. But she don't build her world round no single man, so when he calls her up she tells him that tonight she's gonna stay home and watch her TV. Because she's free to be she wants to be and all she wants to be is a Modern Girl.

We all know Sheena Easton.

Sheena Easton wears Pretty Polly tights and Triumph bras, Elseve Balsam conditioner and Charlie perfume, Eversun tan lotion and deodorised Tampax. She reads *Honey* and *Cosmo*, the *Daily Mail* and *Kinflicks*. She shops at Miss Selfridge and drinks Tab cola and Smirnoff with tomato juice. And she buys Sheena Easton records. All two of them.

She's a Modern Girl.

It's so beautifully obvious, the only question is: why didn't anyone think of it before?

At a stroke, Sheena Easton's two singles — 'Modern Girl' and '9 To 5', both of them firmly stationed in the Top Ten as I write — have hooked deep into a vein that has been swollen and exploited over the past ten years by the gurus of mass manipulation: the TV advertising execs, the movie-makers, and above all the cosmo-world glossy magazines.

The first of several ironies is that what initially launched Easton to success was a television programme depicting her as a failure. On July 2, BBC-1's *The Big Time* concerned itself with the making (or not) of a hit record. They picked up an unknown singer from the band circuit in Glasgow, sold her to EMI, watched her cut a record. 'Modern Girl' scraped precariously up to No. 52 on the charts — and scraped straight back out again. Sheena Easton's career had been launched with a resounding plop.

But the TV exposure itself did the trick. The repeated plugging throughout the show established Sheena Easton in radio programmers' minds the way no hired plugger could do. By a strange coincidence, '9 To 5' had just come out, and they were hungry for it.

At the same time, 'Modern Girl' itself had picked up interest with programmers and viewers alike, and the two records began to plough their way into the nation's consciousness.

Sheena Easton is the first girl singer since Connie Francis to have two Top Ten hits at once. Her feat in getting her *first* two records there at the same time is literally unprecedented in pop history.

Even more ironically, in rock terms this Modern Girl is in fact a thoroughly old-fashioned girl. Far from being *"free to be what she wants to be"*, the BBC show portrayed her as little more than a bystander in the star-making process. She provided the raw materials; other, predominantly male, hands moulded her like plastic.

While producer Christopher Neil coached her note by note through the recording, her manager and various EMI professionals plotted the well-worn career manoeuvres. Patrick Litchfield was booked for the photo session that would deliver the publicity handout shots and single sleeves, while Easton moved along a production line of hairdressers, designers, make-up artists and on to the video studio for miming instruction. In the background the pluggers and publicists moved into action.

And all the while little Sheena, the 20-year-old from Bells Hill, Glasgow, sat there wide-eyed and innocent, numbly enthusiastic, pliable and characterless.

Even so, the combined outcome is a commercial masterstroke. If Easton's got the nerve, she's guaranteed a TV personality base far stronger than, say, Lorraine Chase or Jimmy Pursey ever were. Across-the-board entertainerdom beckons.

Alternatively — or better still, simultaneously — she (they) could stick to the Modern Girl game-plan and pull off a commercial heist as aesthetically pleasing as any devised in the '70s by such great puppetmasters as Tam Paton (Bay City Rollers), Bill Aucoin (Kiss) or Malcolm McLaren.

Not only could Sheena make her mark, as she inevitably will, as *"Ladies and gentlemen, the Modern Girl herself, Miss Sheenaaah Easton!"*, but she could actually continue to live out and document the Modern Girl role in the way John Beverley lived out 'Sid Vicious', say, or Paul Gadd enacted his Gary Glitter fantasy.

The possibilities are endless. Next record out, she could tell us more about her job, how she fancies the boss and doesn't get on with the older women in the department. Or she could tell us where she shops and what clothes she buys (great video potential with this one), or she could write to Irma Kurtz about her unwanted pregnancy and her boyfriend who's pressuring her to get married. Or . . . well, it's a natural.

And every single one of them would sound exactly like another hairspray ad, and instead of just lining up two Sheena Easton records in tandem, as I've already heard one disc jockey do — why, there'd be three, four, five of them all in a sweetly sanitised row!

No doubt Christopher Neil is working on it right now.

But all the time my mind goes back to that little girl on the TV screen, sitting there so dumbly as the pundits told her how to look and how to sing, what to do and what to be . . .

When all she wants to be is a Modern Girl.

QUICK BEFORE THEY VANISH

Charts sideview: PHIL McNEILL

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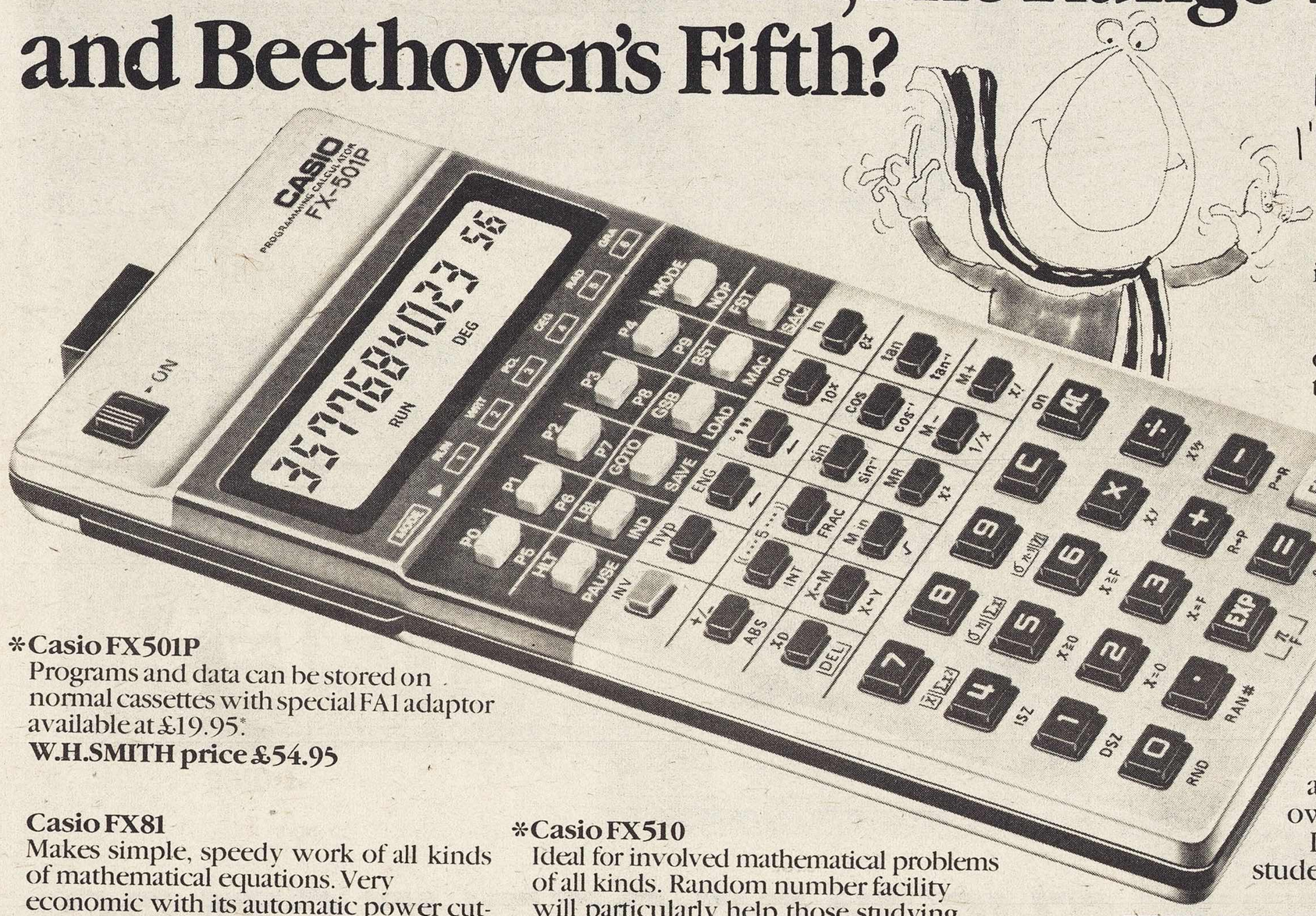

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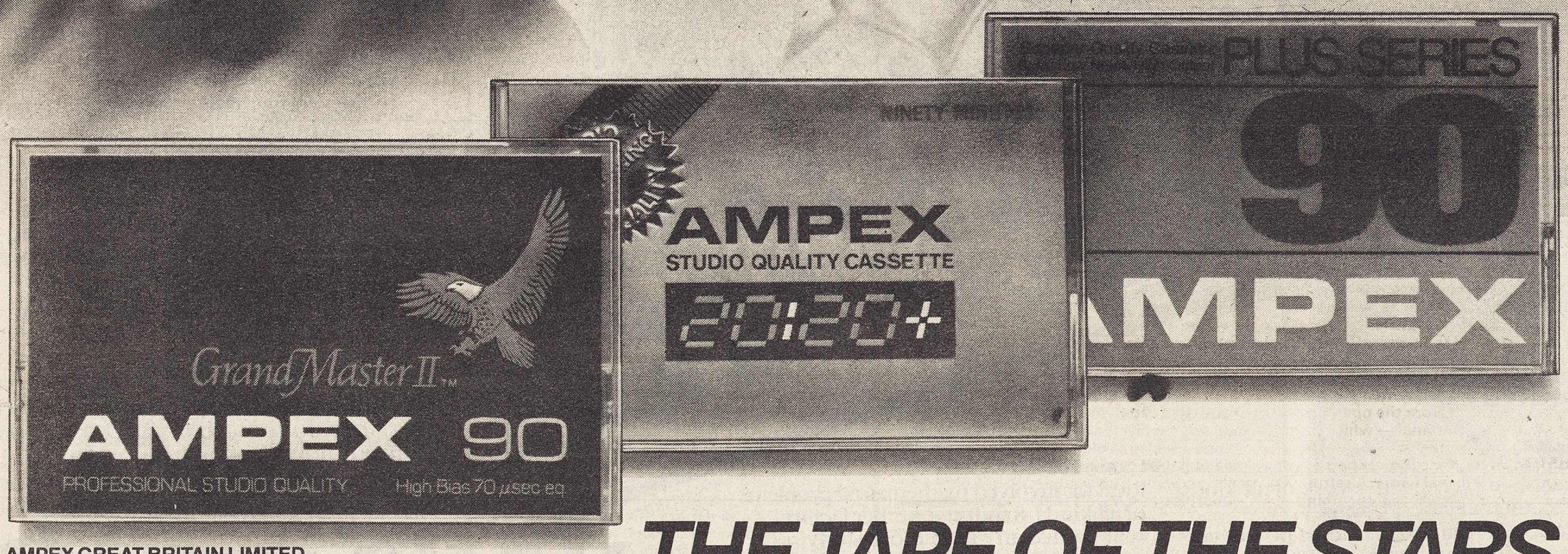

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THE TAPE OF THE STARS

ALBUMS

" 'Scary Monsters' is the realist's Bowie album . . . this is a time in which an intelligent person does well to be afraid "

FEARS OF A CLOWN

DAVID BOWIE
Scary Monsters (*RCA*)

LEARNING to live with somebody's depression: the man in the clown suit stops running, finds self in back-against-wall situation, attempts to deal with same. 'Scary Monsters' depicts David Bowie unpacking after his 'Lodger' phase, rationalising (or not, as the case may be) the current contents of his suitcase and taking stock of his surroundings.

Or, to put it another way, 'Scary Monsters' is the 1980 long-playing David Bowie record, the latest instalment in rock's longest and loudest internal dialogue.

Bowie has had what is by far the most interesting career of anybody in his field over the last ten years: no-one else has contracted so many modern diseases and displayed such a variegated set of symptoms. His art (and we can call it that, since the term is now sufficiently neutralised to carry no value judgements whatsoever) is a useful one; his snapshots are taken from angles sufficiently unlike those selected by others to enable him to use the devices they pioneered without plagiarising their work, and he leaves enough debris in his wake for younger artists to make their names by tidying up after him.

Here there be monsters: fears both large and trivial, a few breaks and gaps in that old closed circuit, a few good noises and a tangled, verbose approach to songwriting.

With 1977's 'Low', Bowie broke the mirror and smashed the increasingly cumbersome songwriting mechanism that he had been constructing and developing since the 'Space Oddity' album. In 1980, Major Tom's escape is revealed as fraudulent and illusory (just as Bowie's 'escape' via withdrawal on 'Low' was) and the latter-day Bowie 'sound' (a grinding, dissonant, treacherous, chilling noise where standard rock tonalities are twisted until their messages are changed) reaches its apogee.

Desperate measures for desperate times: the album opens and closes with versions of 'It's No Game'. The first version begins with a selection of mechanical noises (someone launching a boat with an outboard motor? Enlightenment awaited w/bated breath) and Bowie already at the end of his tether. As he sings the lyrics in English, his manner becoming increasingly overwrought, Michi Hirota spits and snarls a Japanese translation around him in a manner as sulphurous as could be decided. *"To be insulted by these fascists is so degrading,"* Bowie announces, *"it's no game."* The tracks ends with a sublimely perverse Fripp guitar loop, repeated almost insultingly as Bowie screams, *"Shut up!"* to no avail until the whole thing cuts off.

The closing version implies — disquietingly — a far more tranquil acceptance of the nearness of defeat.

Bowie does not recommend passivity, but he extends little hope of victory, discussing *"The vacuum created by the arrival of freedom/ and the possibilities it seems to offer"* on 'Up The Hill Backwards' with the sardonic, repeated refrain *"it's got nothing to do with you/if you can grasp it,"* after a harsh Bo Diddley intro harking back to 'Panic In Detroit'.

'Ashes To Ashes' is book-ended by two of the album's most striking pieces: 'Scary Monster And Super Creeps' is Bowie's 'She's Lost Control' and 'Fashion' eerily echoes 'Fame'.

The title track first: Bowie uses his Bewlay Brothers cockney voice to rehearse the plight of the song's heroine with a casual, off-hand cruelty. That synthesised drum sound premiered on 'Low' bounces in and out like post-mutant Spectorsound and Bowie uses a synth-processed vocal to give the chorus a peculiarly nasty sibilance. Wait 'til Grace Jones gets hold of this one: *"She'd opened strange doors that we'd never open again/She began to wail, jealousies scream/waiting at the lights, know what I mean?"*

'Ashes To Ashes' reintroduces the 'It's No Game' device of the 'Other' voice parroting the lyrics and, to cop a line from 'Game', it *"draw(s) the blinds on yesterday and it's all so much scarier."* The literal-mindedness with which Bowie dismantles as many aspects of his myth as he can reach is oddly cheering.

In 'Fashion', Bowie re-explores anti-disco, and will probably get another disco hit for his pains. The song takes the 'reactionary' attitude to fashion (i.e. that it is something imposed from outside and above), but it's got a fine, direct lyric (and a good grind, you can twitch to it), closing off another avenue of escape right from the opening synth pulse — like the whine of a tormented animal — which introduces Fripp's clenched sawtooth guitar.

Over on the second side, Bowie permits one of his characters to address him by his real name. A retroactive memo to self, 'Teenage Wild-life' is impeccably scathing: *". . . As ugly as a teenage millionaire/pretending in a whiz kid world/And you'll take me aside/and say/David what shall I do/then wait for me in the hallway/and I'll say don't ask me I don't know any hallways."*

On the run again, Bowie announces that he feels like *"a group of one"*: a confession, not a boast. At a time when unity is strength is what we need, the 'glamour' of the outsider is hollower than ever, but Bowie doesn't necessarily have the luxury of the choice. The song recaptures something of the dreamy drift of Heroes', and Fripp's guitar is ridiculously romantic, but speeded up to a nagging pitch of intensity.

Logically enough, the plight of the political prisoner and the social/sexual outlaw is explored on 'Scream Like A Baby': Bowie plays Chief Broom to the McMurphy of the song's hero, Sam, who *"sat in the back seat swearing he'd seek revenge/but he jumped into the furnace singing old songs we loved"* while Bowie himself closes his eyes and *"I'm learning to be a part of society."* There is an extremely effective use of overdubbed varispeed vocals on the crucial section of the lyric, technofans: watch out for this technique on your favourite artist's next effort.

Salvation is the carrot which always remains the same distance from your nose however fast and hard you run: Bowie interprets Tom Verlaine's 'Kingdom Come' with an awful, wracked intensity that he only brings to very few other moments on the album (notably the first version of 'It's A Game'), and afterwards even a cameo guitar intro from the inimitable Pete Townshend seems anticlimatic. An absolute tradesmark Townshend lick kicks 'Because You're Young' into gear as love *"back to front and no sides"* turns into another blind alley. Superficially related to 'Boys Keep Swinging' but without even the Petit Guignol irony that left the listener cheering Bowie on as he demolished the masculine stereotype, we find Young Love hollowed out and desperate, and leading straight into an understated 'It's No Game' stripped of the clutter, the blabber'n'smoke and the Japanese trappings.

'Scary Monsters' is shorn of all hope, yet it represents a call to arms. It is an album which presupposes defeat, yet it is unashamedly and unequivocally confrontational (can this be the modern negative positivism that we've heard about?). There are *"no free steps to heaven"*, yet it's time to roll. The album is harsh, strained, inelegant, cluttered, verbose, elliptical, yet Bowie communicates with an honesty and directness that suggests that an informed pessimism can be more inspiring — in real terms — than any obtuse optimistic fantasy.

'Scary Monsters' is the realist's Bowie album. John Cale may have said 'Fear Is A Man's Best Friend' first, but Bowie says it best. This is a time in which an intelligent person does well to be afraid. To know fear but not be conquered by it is the response that is needed now. . .even from a man in a clown suit.

Charles Shaar Murray

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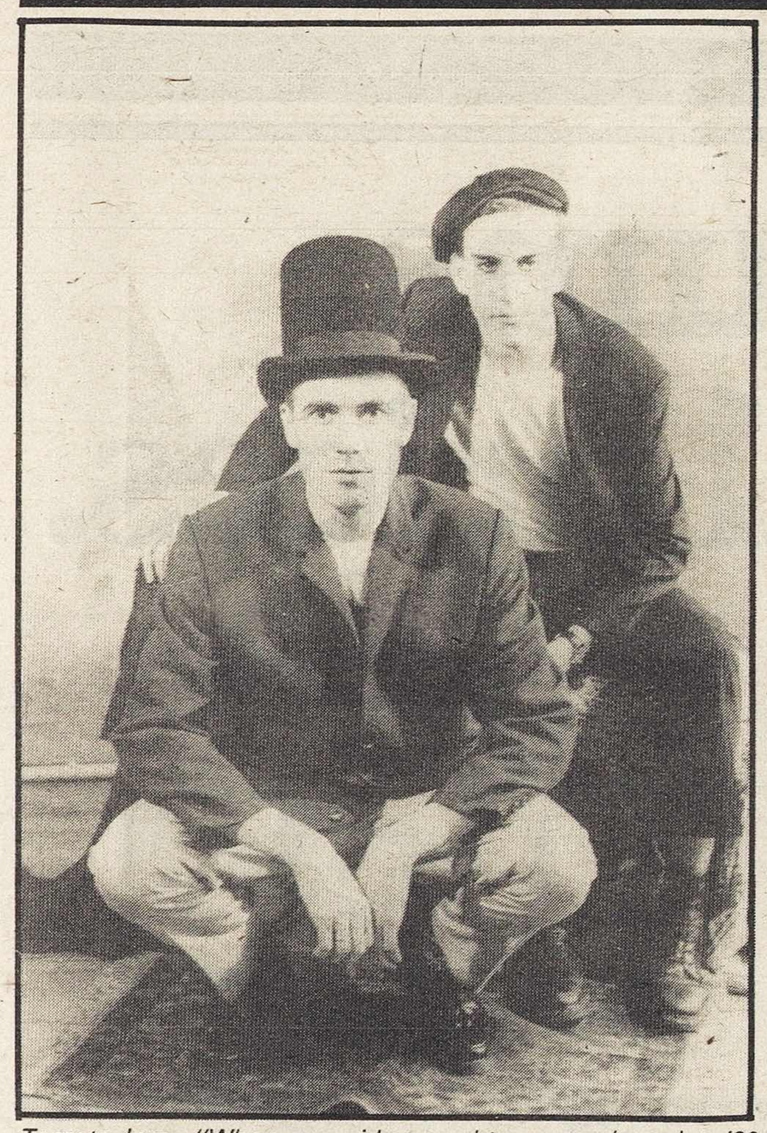
THE BRATS GROW UP



Terry to Jerry: "When you said we oughta approach our late '20s in style, I didn't know you meant 1920s." Pic: Joe Stevens.

THE SPECIALS
More *(2 Tone)*

YOU REMEMBER the scene from Hollywood: overnight the lovable brat grows up into the most compelling person in the room. Suddenly — you're beautiful!

With 'More', the Specials' first album falls into perspective as a package of their last few years work, a speed and beer crazed ska loon, all coitus interruptus jerks, raucous party soundtracks sugar-coating moralistic homilies about sexual and other social mores. The adolescent intensity came across as patronising.

In the intervening months, the Specials have learnt a lot. They've been exposed to extremes of the international media-crat conspiracy, gleefully seized upon for their reassuring message of racial compatibility at a time when racial tensions within the community are cracking like an asphalt road on a hot day.

They've also been touring compulsively as nomads; rock 'n' roll refugees. They've spent a lot of time in transport cafes, staring at flocked wallpaper, tapping their feet to elevator muzak, our contemporary musical esperanto.

Musically, the Specials have done a double back-flip. Fans expecting more frenetic ska re-runs will do a treble-flip when they hear the conglomerate of Zhivago-esque movie soundtracks and other much-maligned musics the Specials have re-validated. Their energy has become more sensual, too, less St Vitus's dance, more mellow hip-grind.

Check it straightaway, with their version of Prince Buster's 'Enjoy Yourself! It's Later Than You Think'. It opens and closes the album, at first it's all bar-room back-slapping, John Bradbury's inventive drumming slamming the hi-hat on all the fours with the regularity of a busy bar till. Horn arrangements evoke Bernard Herman and the Northern Dance Orchestra more than the cool jerk at Studio One.

By the closing reprise, after 'International Jet Set''s cinematic re-run of the doomed DC10 flight (a passenger's paranoid alienation fantasies are burning-fleshed-out) it's transmuted to a wry cynicism worthy of 'Threepenny Opera' or similar Brecht/Weill cabaret collaborations.

A couple of basic changes. The Specials have discovered drum machines. They've roped in Bodysnatcher Rhoda Dakar to sing alongside Terry Hall on the affecting 'I Just Can't Stand It' (Bob and Marcia, step aside). Elvis Costello's wet production is shunted over for Jerry Dammers and Dave Jordan, and suddenly Terry's seven-stone weakling vocals are lean and wiry.

The Specials' new persona is exemplified by 'Enjoy Yourself! It's Later Than You Think'. Despite the pathos of ageing fears on 'Pearl's Cafe', or the endless human stupidity on 'Stereotype', the Specials' basically bleak world-view is lensed through humour. This may be the funniest record of 1980.

My favourite track 'Stereotype' ("he drinks his age in pints") acknowledges their old morality play style in the title, then switches to a strong toast by Neville Staples halfway in, running through all the collie weed/police harassment/stick a lickle beef (pull a chick)/sound system Dread stereo-types. Gag upon gaga. They switch from that right into a Torremolinos charter flight special, 'Holiday Fortnight', a strictly Butlins instrumental. Ari Up heard it and literally fell on the floor in (pleasant) shock.

Renovating despised musics along with familiar ska and '60s mod instrumental faves ('Sock It To 'Em JB') emphasises how well the Specials are playing now. Awards to the extra-classic horn team of Rico and Dick Cuthell (aided and abetted by saxes from Madness and Swinging Cats) and a special red stripe to Jerry Dammers, whose organ playing is magnificent — those splaying showbiz minor runs that round off phrases in 'Hey Little Rich Girl', the cool jazz licks on 'I Can't Stand It' — and to bassie Sir Horace Gentleman, who can walk and lope as well as he can skank.

Perhaps Side One's just meant to seduce the old fans with its less original (weaker) material. For sure, I'll play Side Two more than any other 2-Tone artefact. The Specials' maturing process is a proper tonic.

They're just a stereo type. Don't wanna be no hype.

Vivien Goldman

THE BEEF

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND THE MAGIC BAND
Doc At The Radar Station *(Virgin)*

IN THE Beefheart Universe, you see everything that you see in other places, but it always seems different. The basic building blocks of Beefheart's sound remain the same — country blues-derived slide guitar, bass and drum parts where the beat gets turned around in the first four bars and then *stays* turned around, odd touches of marimba, assertive outbursts of harmonica and sax — but the sense of surprise and delight never wanes, since nobody else makes that sound, and since Beefheart's '70s career has been so patchy — due principally to protracted Devo-style contractual disagreements between Virgin and Warners — that there has been a severely limited supply of the Captain's nonconformist noise.

Between 1971's epic 'Clear Spot' and last year's 'Shiny Beast', things were bleak Beefwise, but 'Doc At The Radar Station' would suggest that the cranky old buzzard is certainly none the worse for wear.

The opening 'Hot Head' begins with an insistent two-note guitar motif determined to play things straight, which is rapidly joined by a slide guitar equally determined not to do anything of the sort before drummer Robert Arthur Williams (unscathed by his encounter with Hugh Cornwall) demonstrates that the beat is not quite where either of them thought it was and the Captain wails, declaims and makes noises with his harmonica.

"Another day, another way/someone's had too much to think!"* Where did that artificial orchestra come from? Beefheart has context completely mastered: when there isn't one, he creates it (things are there because he puts them there) to order. Something like the intro to 'Dirty Blue Gene' literally could not be the work of anybody else, just as no other artist would announce, *"We don't have to suffer, we're the best batch yet."

The current Magic Band perform Beefheart's music with the appropriate cock-eyed verve: John (Drumbo) French is back on the team, reincarnated as a guitarist, though he returns to drums on 'Ashtray Heart' and 'Sheriff Of Hong Kong' (playing bass on the latter as well — what a lad). In the grand Antennae Jimmy Semens tradition, Jeff Morris Tepper keeps the slide parts bumping into everything in exactly the wrong (right) places. There are even two short instrumental links ('Flavour Bud Living' and 'A Carrot Is As Close As A Rabbit Gets To A Diamond') left over from the original 'Bat Chain Puller' before it mutated into 'Shiny Beast'.

While 'Clear Spot' represents the peak of Beefheart's 'Accessible' period, 'Doc At The Radar Station' is as much evidence as could possibly be desired that the Van Vliet muse is still as intractably stimulating as ever.

Over the past thirteen or fourteen years, Beefheart has often been patronised as some sort of amusing eccentric, and — almost as often — he has been touted as having 'finally arrived', or some such. Both contentions are slightly wide of the mark: Beefheart's music is only 'eccentric' because it conforms to its own internal logic and to not much else, while his 'arrival' in good old blinkered rockbiz terms is, as ever, highly unlikely, since his reference points are as unique in these post-Pere Ubu times as they were when Peel first began bludgeoning *Top Gear* listeners with 'Safe As Milk' back in '67.

***"Making love to a vampire with a monkey on my knee/please God, fuck my mind for good . . . death be damned!"* This noise is like no other.**

Charles Shaar Murray

Beefheart: "If I'd spelt it Bee-fart, would anyone have listened?" Pic: Michael Putland.

BEEFS ON

AND THE BUBBLEGUM!

SKIDS
The Absolute Game *(Virgin)*

BUBBLEGUM'S BACK and it *sounds* wonderful. In contemporary terms the Skids are to The Clash and the post-modernists what Sweet were to Slade and Bowie: opportunistic enthusiasts with a starry-eye on the charts and an ear for crazy combinations. I mean, Sham and Bebop Deluxe?

The Skids, however, have gone one step beyond their predecessors by moulding their sources into something very much their own — and it's their emphasis on a Skid sound that places them within the bubblegum bracket.

But theirs is one to be pleased with and, indeed, to please. The main components are Adamson's stirring guitar stylings and Jobson's outrageously hammy torch singing, thankfully modified by his predilection for leading community sing-songs. The guitarist roots his work in the yearning lines Mick Jones used to spin off circa 'Give 'Em Enough Rope', and he whips them up into rapidly rotating hooks that are as difficult to escape as a speeding roundabout.

His contributions gell best with Jobson's on contagious, even hysterical choruses, worked up from the moaning 'oohhhs' of '77 Clash fused with quick-to-grasp terrace chants. They can be dangerous (more about which in a minute) but at best — on 'The Devil's Decade' — they round off the album's most comprehensible verses. For once Jobson leaves his Penguin Modern Classics alone and draws on more direct experience of his native working town, Dunfermline, to construct a poignant kitchen-sink drama about the mills and the mines, strong enough to carry the dopey pagan mysticism of the refrain: *"Oh mother of mine/Release us from evil oh show us a sign/Oh mother of mine/Your children lie bleeding, oh show us a sign . . ."*

Effective because of its familiarity, 'The Devil's Decade' is as evocative as Dylan's 'North Country Blues', if ultimately not as moving.

Elsewhere Jobson as a lyricist, still obsessed with being taken seriously as an artist, loses us completely in a Scottish landscape (well depicted by the music) scattered with confused imagery and symbolism garnered from romantic novels and poetry; but his results sound, thankfully, like penny dreadful digestions of the likes of *Lorna Doone.*

'The Children Saw The Shame', for instance, could be about serfs in rebellion against their laird, but nothing is too clear. At other times their apparent meaninglessness doesn't matter, as the *sound* of the words is enough, especially on the painstakingly poetic 'A Woman In Winter' — a song so lovingly laboured over, it would be churlish to knock it; the music strikes the mood Jobson's aiming for, anyway.

But words for words sake fit into the great British bubblegum tradition begun by Marc Bolan. If the latter wanted to be William Blake, then Jobson wants to be some doughboy crouched in a muddy trench, eulogizing and re-appraising his past from afar. He hits the mark on the marching 'Hurry On Boys', a droning singalongaskids about breaking out of the family cycle of childhood/work/breeding.

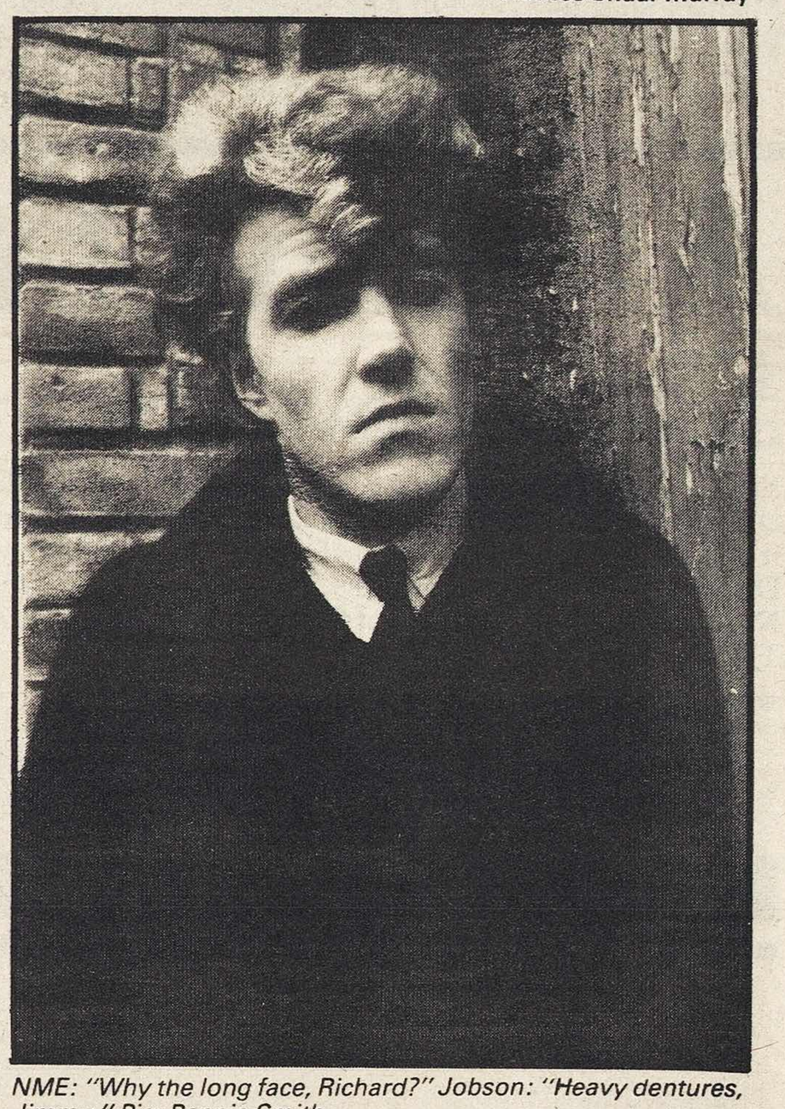
And the outlaw strut of 'Out Of Town' isn't bad either, although it relies heavily on some forced rhyming: *". . . the gripping of the vice . . . when nothing is suffice . . ."* Then, that's one of the record's charms.

Despite the title of the free album enclosed — 'Strength Through Joy' — the Skids have thankfully left the idiot Ubermensch posturing of 'Days In Europa' behind them. Likewise the hints of that album toward European electronic pop have been confined to the intermittently interesting experiments of the 'STJ' bonus record (but why the suspect title?), leaving 'The Absolute Game' free to continue their first LP's distinctive, yet unfinished guitar-orientated explorations.

At its best, 'The Absolute Game' comes close to being great pop music. It always *sounds* good, though Jobson thinks it has probably got more depth than that. Well, let's leave him with the illusion, as this time his attempts to impress exhilarate rather than offend, unlike his previous, pernicious offering.

After all, much of the fun with bubblegum is watching how far you can expand the bubble before it bursts.

Chris Bohn



NME: "Why the long face, Richard?" Jobson: "Heavy dentures, Jimmy" Pic: Pennie Smith.

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'A' to zzz___

JETHRO TULL
A *(Chrysalis)*

THE RUCTIONS that the last few years of all-purpose revitalisation in the rock medium have wrought upon the old school of 'band' that had formerly basked in the previous drought can be denoted all too easily in this, Jethro Tull's entry into the 80's gambit.

Leader Ian Anderson dumps his olde English squire's tog-up — mottled wellies and riding crop to boot — to don a surgical white sub-Devo drag along with his latest crew and set about coming to terms with 'today's pressing issues'.

Nuclear pamphlets, the Iranian embassy siege, the English class structure, the menace that lurks behind the aimless blade of science and technology: Anderson addresses all these matters and more on 'A', a record that attempts a brazen, all-too-earnest departure from previous frontiers only to land clumsily in the quagmire of an ill-conceived no-man's land where Anderson's hoary old cliches sag and slump when mated with these new preoccupations.

In order to do greater justice to this new slant, Anderson has given a number of old members a none-too-amiable heave-ho so as to recruit younger blood, namely an American drummer Mark Craney and, of premier importance, Eddie Jobson whose not-inconsiderable abilities as keyboard player and violinist have provided Anderson with the perfect foil for this new, improved version of the creature he has played puppet-master to for over 12 years now.

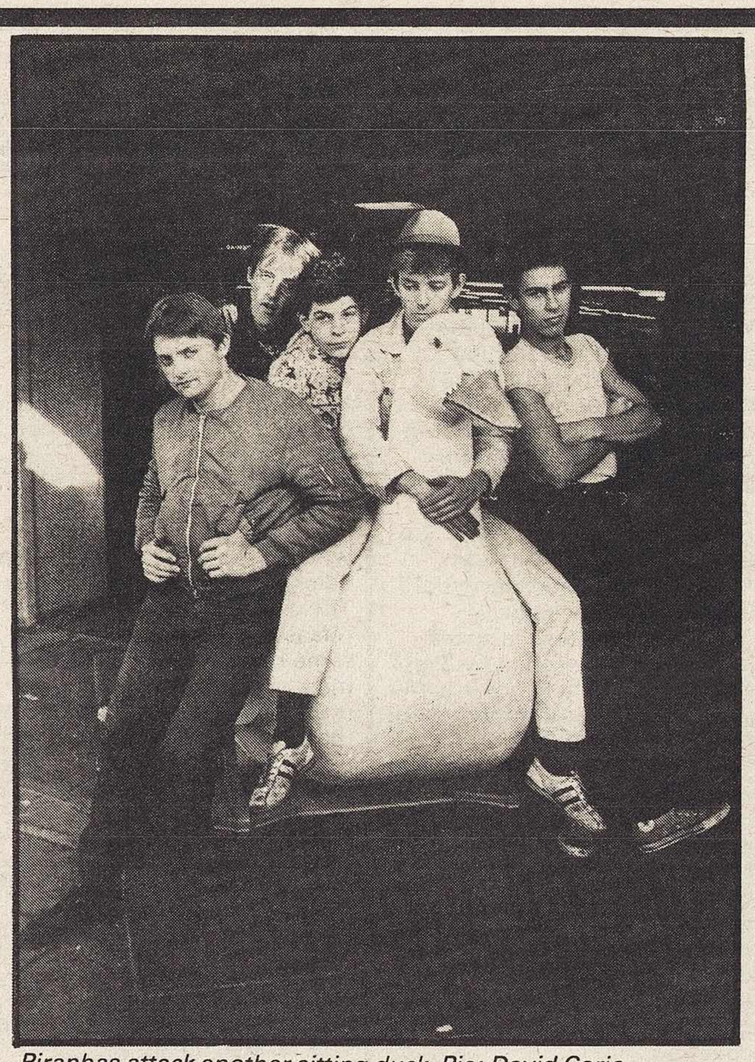
Jobson is naturally prone to outbursts of abjectly self-indulgent virtuosity — his best work has always been most effective when his natural 'exuberance' has been tempered by a firm hand and strong tune — but Anderson's twitchy, cluttered arrangements are annoyingly insubstantial enough as it is, leaving Jobson with far too much lee-way to toss out over-dub upon over-dub of dextrous keyboard, synth and/or violin. The result is inevitably a backing track that almost literally groans under the weight of its own busy-ness.

Anderson's chief problem as a song-writer is one of being unable to create an overall 'sound', an atmosphere that comes from an innate sense of what musically complements the lyrical content. And 'A' 's most glaring failure is that musically Anderson really hasn't a clue, forever doubling back to those absurd fidgety jig-like structures that not merely totally devalue the weight of every son's conceit, but also sound positively irksome, standing out as Jethro Tull's ultimate cliche. The ultimate cul-de-sac.

On one all too obvious level, criticizing Jethro Tull could be as stupidly easy as shooting ducks in a barrel. On the other band, Anderson regards 'A' as being a major departure for his band (he's even gone to the trouble of penning a detailed press biog expansively pinpointing all the methods, whys and wherefores regarding the material on this album and how this new combine intend to go in the future).

The brutal fact, however, is that Anderson is not the song-writer he either wishes or considers himself to be and that the scrutiny he placed his former unit under should have extended to his own extremely limited talents as tunesmith and arranger. With the material so devalued on this latter score, 'A' sounds not so much a new departure as the frenzied, sagging sound of trying to teach an old dog new tricks.

Nick Kent



Piranhas attack another sitting duck. Pic: David Corio.

VARIOUS
Band'its At Ten O'Clock
(101/Polydor)

THE Q-TIPS, The Bodysnatchers and Splodgenessabounds are some of the bands who got their early breaks at London's Clapham 101 Club. That none of them is featured on this compilation, put together by the club's new independent label, hardly matters, as the compilers have sensibly chosen to draw on trends rather than names.

(I wouldn't have even brought them up if they weren't mentioned in the daft Bob Newhart styled rap on the sleeve.)

Thus, the big band soul of The Scene and similarly spacious sound of The Hit Men cover adequately for the absent Q-Tips, though I'd argue that such well-trodden ground was hardly worth re-treading anyway. Miserable sod that I am, I would have by-passed the relentless cheerfulness of The V.I.P.s and The Piranhas (covering for Bodysnatchers and Splodge?), too. Real To Real's self-explanatory 'White Man Reggae' barely approximates UB40's genuine quiet force but at least the first side goes out on a good note with Holly And The Italians' game trashing of 'Chapel Of Love'.

If the top side's dominated by the sort of second division rock and two-bit soul some find passable in a club atmosphere, side two mixes some strong modern pop with shallow, meek parodies of the same.

The worst first: Electric Eels' 'Thoroughly Modern' and Huang Chung's 'Baby I Hu-man' give themselves away with their titles — they try to hide lack of real inspiration behind pointless mockery. Jane Kennaway's 'Catch Cool' is better, rushed and cute, and The Thompson Twins' 'Squares And Triangles' is an intermittently interesting, bemused bit of Talking Heads/Police stop-start rocking.

The final two cuts are worth the wait: Comsat Angels' acclaimed second single 'Independence Day' features tense, tangential guitar riffing and terse rhythm playing while Wasted Youth's closing cut 'Jealousy' accurately and charmingly recalls the Velvets' 'Pale Blue Eyes' period.

Despite its varied quality (very) and styles, the compilers have somehow programmed the 12 bands to flow together smoothly. That most of it will flow past you unnoticed is nothing unusual for a compilation — especially with the flood of mainly indifferent collections currently available. This one's no worse and perhaps a bit more representative of the mainstream than most.

Chris Bohn

Banana-skin flicks

THE PIRANHAS
The Piranhas *(Sire)*

AFTER THE success of their single 'Tom Hark', Brighton's best present an album of their sea-side music hall slap-stick rock.

Telling jokes that are always at their own expense, The Piranhas cheerfully chart a course through life's petty pitfalls, gamely slipping on one social banana-skin after another while comforting themselves with the old cliche that if you don't laugh you'll cry.

Taken as it's intended, as light entertainment, their album is endearing.

There's the tale of the man who wakes one morning to find his door-mat buried beneath bills, not to mention the letter from his beloved announcing she's gone off with his best friend, but who can't think of anything more drastic to express his despair than to go out and get drunk.

Their old lament on the frail burden of the flesh 'I Don't Want My Body' is included. And there's wry, foolish resignation in perversely proving male pride by 'Getting Beaten Up.'

There's humour too in their clammy, embarrassed illustrations of the horrors of boy / girl games where both sides feel compelled to disguise sexual pursuit by sticking to strictly prescribed codes. 'Coffee' is used as a euphemism for sex. 'Saxophone' has an over-the-top parody of a cabaret torch song: *"Je marche avec une heure / Il pleut beaucoup / Je tombe dans la mer"* solemnly declaimed in an excruciating accent is extremely silly but fairly funny, at least on first hearing.

None of the above would work, of course, if it wasn't all built on a sound musical base. Although The Piranhas certainly can't claim any startling musical revelations, there's a warm, commercial mix of contemporary sounds — proficient pop, ska, reggae, with much more thrown in; there's even a kind of classical chorus in 'Getting Beaten Up'.

And they do show a more 'serious' side. Their anti-war song is a sinister '60s-type theme tune with some Shadowy guitar, but typically The Piranhas object ostensibly on the grounds that 'Green Don't Suit Me.'

'Fiddling While Babylon Burns' intentionally sums up their ethos. By aiming their gentle jibes at mundane targets that are close to most people's hearts, they assert the individual's right to pursue small pleasures, however ineptly, in an insecure world.

The Piranhas' open-eyed escapism might even prove a useful antidote to the general gloom. After all, it's often only the simple things of life that make you sure this world is worth saving.

Lynn Hanna

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Come and talk to the listening [redacted]

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Jingle-jangle heydays

So you wanna be a rock'n'roll star? Dress like this! The Byrds in 1965. Left to right: David Crosby, Gene Clark, Jim McGuinn, Mike Clark, Chris Hillman.

THE BYRDS
The Original Singles
1965-'67 *(CBS)*

IN WHICH CBS finally gets its finger out and begins to do justice to the embarrassment of riches that The Byrds deposited in their back catalogue during the halcyon '60s. Sixteen tracks are herein gathered — the first eight singles with B-side following A run together in chronological order, from 'Mr. Tambourine Man' 's incandescent chime right through to the elegant melancholia of 'Everybody's Been Burned'.

Retailing at a snip under three quid, the lucky consumer gets — in glorious mono — untampered with 'Mr. Tambourine Man', 'I Knew I'd Want You', 'All I Really Want To Do', 'Feel A Whole Lot Better', 'Turn! Turn! Turn!', 'She Don't Care About Time', 'Set You Free This Time', 'It Won't Be Wrong', 'Eight Miles High', 'Why?', '5D', 'Captain Soul', 'Mr. Spaceman', 'What's Happening?!?', 'So You Wanna Be A Rock'n'Roll Star?', 'Everybody's Been Burned'.

Byrds fans should rejoice in the fact that this compilation includes the original recording of 'All I Really. . .', heretofore unavailable in album form,and 'She Don't Care About Time' only attainable via an early '70s double album compilation 'History Of. . .' Most essential however is the version of 'Why?' that graces the space immediately preceded by 'Eight Miles High'. Better known in the wretchedly tame stripped-down form that concluded the 'Younger Than Yesterday' album, this original version buzzes with the same manic ringing jolt that typifies 'Eight Miles High' 's stupendous dynamic, with absurdly dextrous bass playing pummelling the grid-iron drumming whilst McGuinn's raga-rock guitar excursions make for a breath-taking collation.

It's only sad that the powers-that-be couldn't somehow squeeze on the two subsequent releases — 'My Back Pages' and, in particular, 'Lady Friend', David Crosby's most immaculate conception and Byrds swansong — so as to truly complete the era herein celebrated.

I don't wish to wax over-ecstatic regarding the music packaged within as it would simply draw me to a rapt belching-forth of superlatives. The work that the Byrds released between 1965 and 67 remains quite adamantly the most exhilaratingly beautiful music I've heard — certainly in the rock idiom — and although nagging considerations regarding nostalgia cannot be dismissed, the overall lustre of 'Tambourine Man' and 'Turn! Turn! Turn!' or the cataclysmic thrill of 'Eight Miles High' and 'Why?' have never sounded anything less than absolute perfection — a magic too mercurial to be analysed.

But enough of this hyperbole. This release finally demonstrates that CBS are on the case regarding the legacy that The Byrds deposited before the human chemistry was smashed by Crosby's firing in late '67. The fact remains however that the group's two finest albums — '5D' and 'Younger Than Yesterday' — have been long deleted from the European catalogue, being available solely on import, and this criminal state of affairs needs to be put to rights as soon as possible.

Also there exist a number of tapes from the period of '66-'67 that have yet to see the light of day, and amongst these recorded-but-unreleased jewels is a magnificent interpretation of Miles Davis' 'Milestones'. Further investigation please, with tangible results for all interested parties to scarf up.

Meanwhile 'The Original Singles' is the first CBS repackage of the Byrds' music that actually does justice to its contents. Buy it whatever the reason — you'll believe a group can fly!

Nick Kent

Wait till you get your hands on it!

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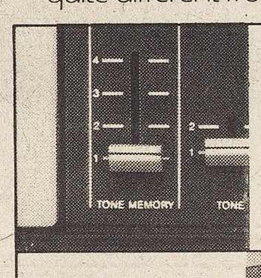

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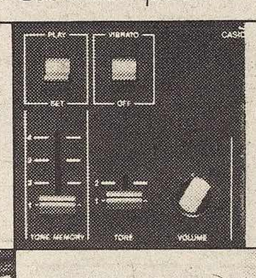

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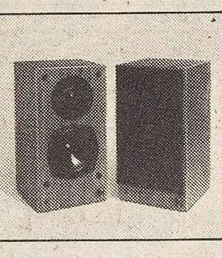

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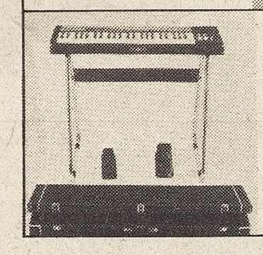

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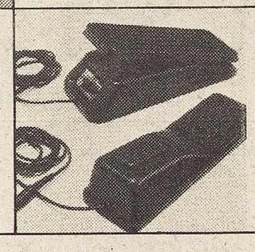

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WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

GASPER LAWAL
Ajomase *(Cap Records)*

GASPER LAWAL is a Nigerian percussionist who can also boast an impressive rock pedigree that includes work with Ginger Baker's Airforce, Funkadelic and The Rolling Stones.

On 'Ajomase' (which means "we all have to do it together"), his self-produced and independent solo debut, Lawal blends these various roots to create a personal and refreshing new music. It's not, he insists, traditional music — though elements are there, such as the call-and-response chanting — but "an African music of today . . . for people with heart beat and soul".

'Ajomase' seems to touch on many influences — jazz, dub, funk, highlife — yet transcends them all in a rich and strange fusion. If this makes the music hard to describe, it also makes it doubly enjoyable simply because it is so different from its mainstream sources.

Each track moves to a gentle, shifting groove laid down by Lawal's dense percussion and solid, upfront bass. Sliding over this come guitar, piano, horns, vocals (in Yoruba) and so forth, all weaving and winding around each other with sinuous charm.

Moods vary wonderfully. 'Eronu', swaying to ominous bass and muted trumpet, has a late-night feel, a hint of weighty matters, while 'Jekajose' is coolly sensuous, with rolling piano and intricate vocal rhythms. Yet as Lawal's vision transcends his sources, so 'Ajomase' rests on a quiet strength that is more than the delicate details of its seven tracks.

'Ajomase' keeps the beat with purpose and calm. It's adventurous, subtle, yet easy on the ear. A music of immediate pleasure and intricate depths; and, as one of the year's essential albums, it deserves a much wider distribution than the specialist shops to which it's currently restricted.

(Ring Cap Records at 01-868-2076 for a list of stockists.)

Graham Lock

Gasper Lawal Pic: Ian Watts

T. REX
The Unobtainable T.Rex *(EMI)*

AND SO, it appears, we are on the brink of a new T.Rex faith. Well, as one who defended the Bolanian right at school in the face of insurmountable pretentions by fools yearning for a more mature music (ie King Crimson, Led Zeppelin, ELP), I wish the wagon would stop rolling right now.

T.Rex, for the main, sound hopelessly locked in a dizzy early '70s pop watershed and in the hearts of a thousand, now otherwise engaged, pop sensibilities. I'm otherwise engaged and skipped tracks on this scratched together set of 'unobtainables' like looking through some recently unearthed polaroids of an old school trip.

It's an odd emotion when actual phrases and guitar riffs from songs can make you laugh, not from derision but recall, and you find bits of, sometimes whole, songs that you once overlooked in order to keep your belief in the music.

Today I can't overlook the dogs Bolan's committed but then 'Unobtainable' is a ragbag of litter of B-Sides that, if it's meant as an introduction or fresh bone to the new recruits, will already strain their loyalty. It's inconceivable that neo-HM bop like 'Jitterbug Love' could ever sweep the nation again, the poles separating chorus and verse making dancing impossible.

The handful of good tracks here —all noticeably from 72/73 — sound overbearing, and now that they're forever more parted from the visuals, must sound pompous and humourless to today's hip pop kids. But Bolan was sauce and wit if nothing else, playing 'Get It On' on TOTP with the jack from his guitar stuck down his pants and up his arse no doubt (at the time I believed him capable of supplying the necessary electricity from the source).

T.Rex at their height were possibly the last white British pop music band to dominate the charts without outside influences and help. It makes manias like The Police seem very unspecial. The object of pop music being pop music — it could never happen again.

This LP contains the world's worst version of 'Dock Of The Bay' as well as the very best of good feelings. I love to drop into the far off uncluttered world of Marc Bolan every so often, a world of daft belief in pop before soul, Tamla, rock and reality . . .

Danny Baker

the rumour

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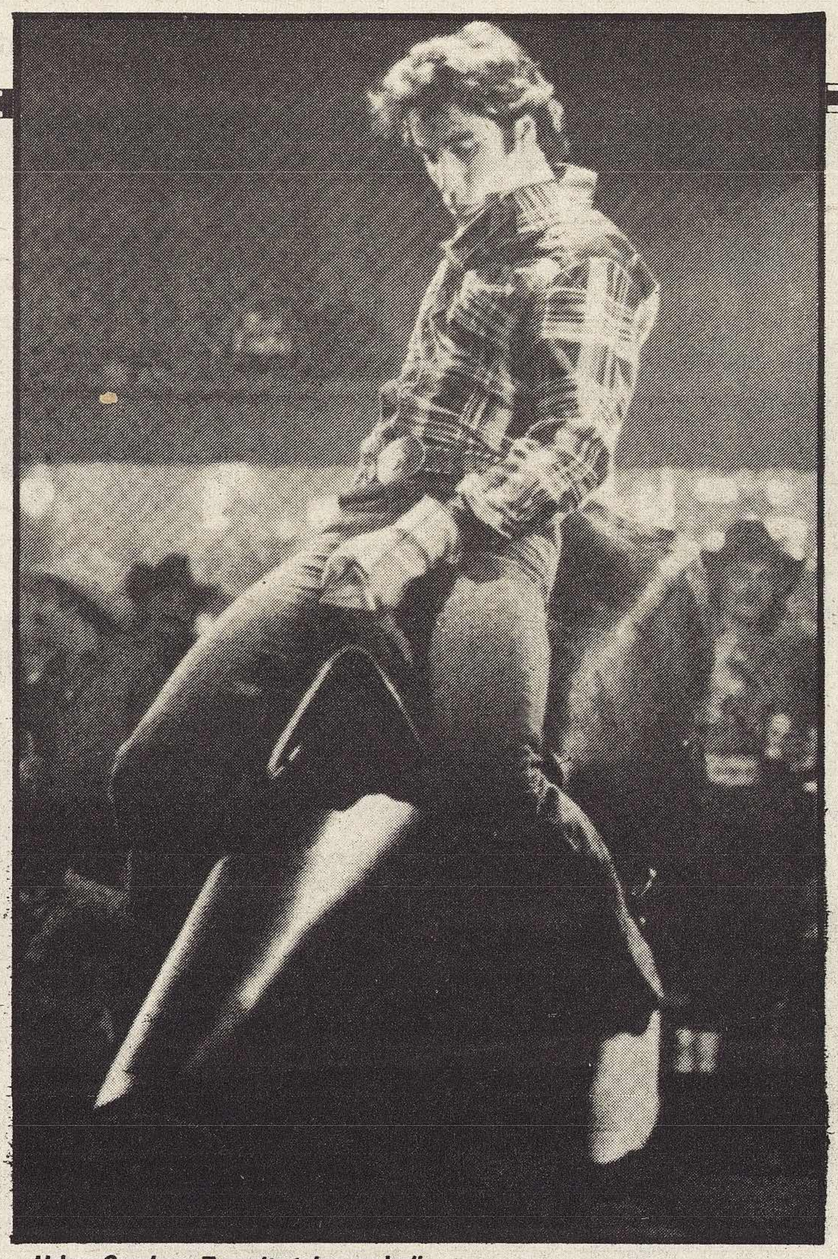

Urban Cowboy: Travolta takes no bull

Urban Cowboy

Directed by James Bridges
Starring John Travolta, Debra Winger and Scott Glenn *(CIC)*

THIS IS the one Travolta was banking on. John Travolta, the lad who was so sour in *Carrie,* so sweet in *Saturday Night Fever,* so nice in *Grease,* so nasty in whatever it was his last film was called — the one that bombed so badly no one dares mention its name; the one that nearly finished Lily Tomlin's film career before it had started, too. *That's* why he's banking on this one.

And so keen was he to play the part of Bud that he grew a beard (relax, fans, it's off within ten minutes). Bud's your typical rural redneck who trades in his stetson for a hardhat — forget the family farm, the bucks are bigger at the Houston oil refinery. Besides, after a hard day's graft you can belly up to the bar in Gilley's, a sprawling mess of smokey neon and spilt beer that's euphemistically called "the world's largest nightclub"; a bloody great honkytonk is what it is. ("This place is bigger than my whole home town," says Bud, ingenuously.)

As the film goes on — and, I'm afraid, at 135mins it does go on a bit — Gilley's becomes reassuringly familiar. You can taste the cold beer, smell the stale butts, hear the raucous country music (no ballads here, boy, we got a double-album soundtrack to sell!) and listen to people say interesting things like "There are certain things a girl can't do — like pissing on the side of a wall."

Instead of Space Invaders, Gilley's has a mechanical bucking bull, so these urban cowboys can fulfil their fantasies without having to resort to dealing with actual livestock. And — bam! — it hits you; *Urban Cowboy* is *Saturday Night Fever* in denim and Dolly Parton wigs. (The reason that it takes so long for this extremely obvious fact to sink in is that James Bridges paces most of the film as lugubriously as a state funeral and for long periods nothing much happens.)

As for Mr Travolta's appeal, winsome smile apart it continues to elude me. His voice is peculiarly high-pitched (he sounds to me like John Gilbert must've done to startled movie audiences in 1929, put off by his epicene light tenor). This places him at a bit of a disadvantage in scenes with Debra Winger (an uncommonly spirited actress — in silhouette it's difficult to make out if it's him or her talking) and Scott Glenn (disquietingly Clint Eastwood-like as the heavy — his Wes, unfortunately, is more interesting than Travolta's pouting, petulant Bud).

But there's a certain abrasiveness about the visuals — searing sun outside, lots of brown interiors — and at the end you feel you've spent some time in the company of *people,* warts and all; no small consideration.

And you'll sure need a beer. What *Bad Timing* does for Marlboro, *Urban Cowboy* does for Lone Star — in buckets.

Monty Smith

SILVER SCREEN

The Marriage of Maria Braun

Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder.
Starring Hanna Schygulla and Klaus Lowitsch *(Miracle)*

IN THE opening shot a portrait of Hitler is blown from its mounting in an air-raid to reveal, in the space created by its departure, the marriage of Maria Braun.

Maria and Hermann Braun are together for one day and night, before he leaves for the Russian front. He still hasn't returned by the end of the war — missing, presumed dead. In the lacuna created by his absence, Maria works in a bar, provides for her mother, and believes against all evidence to the contrary that Hermann is still alive. A temporary affair with an American G.I. ends in the unfortunate expatriate's death when Hermann *does* return — husband beats wife, lover intervenes, wife defends husband, husband defends wife by taking the rap in court.

In the gap created by this variant on the bum rap, Maria becomes, against all the odds, a prime mover in Germany's amazing economic recovery — aiding and a-bedding a wealthy industrialist, saving up for Hermann's release, changing with the *Zeitgeist.* But when hubby leaves prison he leaves Germany and emigrates to Canada, vowing to come back when he has established an identity and financial surety of his own. Maria concedes: Hermann's got to do what her man's got to do.

The Marriage of Maria Braun is pitched uncomfortably close to Fassbinder's other bid for the international market, the Stoppard-scripted, Bogarde-starring *Despair.* In *Maria,* as there, a personal predicament is traced over and deliberately draws out a wider symptomatic — i.e. political — significance: trope opera.

But where *Despair* was confident in its montage — neurotic shapes and the roots of Neuremberg — *Maria* isn't.

In a fatally unnecessary addendum — quite condescending in its heavy-handedness — Fassbinder ticks off a photo list of Germany's post-war leaders (shown in negative until Helmut Schmidt) to ensure that we take home the metaphor he wants us to.

Looking forward to a good ponder, and a visually seductive, thematically provocative movie, I felt like a decade's subscription to *The Economist* had dropped onto my head from a great height.

Ian Penman

The Fiendish Plot Of Dr Fu Manchu

Directed (nominally) by Piers Haggard
Starring Peter Sellers, Helen Mirren and Sid Caesar *(Orion)*

THE LAST of Sellers. It goes without saying that one wishes it wasn't, but its excruciating paucity of comic invention would be considerably more tolerable if one could count on more and better Sellers' films to come. As it is, *Fu Manchu* went through four directors — the third of whom was actually credited, the second of whom was John *(Rocky)* Avilden and the fourth of whom was Sellers himself — all to no avail. (The first was Richard Quine, in charge of a previous Sellers flop, *The Prisoner Of Zenda.)* What was really needed was a new script, since the one actually used (by Jim Moloney and Rudy Dochtermann) contains fewer functioning jokes than any so-called 'comedy' in living memory.

Someone called Hugh Hefner put up the money for this film (conclusively proving that *he* has no sense of humour), and a cast of thespians more than capable of extracting laughs where laughs there are to be extracted demonstrate that even actors have to eat. Helen Mirren, Sid Caesar, David Tomlinson, John Le Mesurier and Clive Dunn — as well as Sellers in the dual role of the archetypal Yellow Peril and his nemesis Nayland Smith — give the material far more than it deserves.

Sellers' Nayland Smith — all moustache, dither and lawnmower — is so splendidly constructed that one longs for a few good lines just to fill things out. The Fiendish Foreigners routines,

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all cults and minions, seem exclusively derived from *Help!* — indeed Stratford Johns has a role based almost entirely on that played by Leo McKern in the old Fabs' farce — and the jokes are derived from hunger. The final scene, where Sellers as the rejuvenated Fu performs a Spectacular Rock Number, invites unfortunate comparisons with its endlessly protracted equivalent in *All That Jazz*. As the final frame of Sellers in his Elvis-At-Vegas jumpsuit freezes for the credits to roll, all one can suggest is: *don't* remember him this way.

If attempting to salvage this misbegotten flick after Haggard 'left' the project contributed in any way to inducing Sellers' fatal heart attack, then Moloney, Dochtermann and Hefner have a considerable amount to answer for.

Charles Shaar Murray

Peter Sellers as Fu Manchu as Presley as Travolta etc.

BOX OFFICE

London

1 **McVicar** (Director: Tom Clegg)
2 **Airplane!** (Jim Abrahams, David and Jerry Zucker)
3 **The Fiendish Plot of Dr Fu Manchu** (Piers Haggard)
4 **The Empire Strikes Back** (Irvin Kershner)
5 **Being There** (Hal Ashby)

Regions

1 **The Bermuda Triangle** (Dan LePlughole)
2 **Being There** (Hal Ashby)
3 **Quadrophenia** (Franc Roddam) / **Scum** (Alan Clarke)
4 **Zombies** (George A Romero)
5 **Airplane!** (Abrahams, the Zuckers)

(Screen International)

ON THE BOX

Thursday September 18
A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH (Directed by Michael Powell 1946): A genuine milestone in so-called British cinema and the most imaginative work in the Powell-Pressburger season. Youthful David Niven is the RAF pilot held in a state of vacillation between life and death. **(BBC 2)**

HIGHLIGHTS: Camp all round as George Melly jokes with Russell Harty in the last **All About Books (BBC 1)** and similarly secular are a group of radical Christians on **Open Door (BBC 2),** questioning the blatant capitalism of mainstream churches. **Minder (ITV)** is improving all the time and **Lou Grant (ITV)** is back to something like its best; this week it's about kids.

Friday September 19
LONELY ARE THE BRAVE (David Miller 1962): Sombre, reflective contemporary Western with sharp script by the formerly blacklisted Dalton Trumbo, solid playing by Kirk Douglas as the outmoded itinerant cowhand and Walter Matthau as his compassionate pursuer. **(BBC 1)**

Saturday September 20
HIGHLIGHTS: Sesame Street (ITV), then you've got the whole day to do things more interesting than watch the crap on the box.

Sunday September 21
W.W. AND THE DIXIE DANCEKINGS (John G. Avildsen 1975): Amiable Burt Reynolds leads likeable con man and country band tale set in the South of the '50s. Support from Art Carney, Ned Beatty and Jerry Reed. **(BBC 1)**

SUGARLAND EXPRESS (Steven Spielberg 1974): The one before *Jaws* and, with police cars being trashed by the score, a precursor of Spielberg's disastrous *1941*. Goldie Hawn and William Atherton are the sweet young things being chased by irascible sheriff Ben Johnson. Some good moments and some dreary quarters of an hour. **(BBC 2)**

HIGHLIGHTS: Odd casting in **Ghost Story (ITV)** teams Marianne Faithfull with snooty Penelope Keith and horror queen Barbara Shelley; odd laughs assured in **The Worst Of It'll Be Alright On The Night (ITV).** Asian punks Alien Kulture feature in **Nai Zindagi Naya Jeevan (BBC 1)** and Raymond Leppard will be conducting **Bach's Brandenburgs (BBC 2)** on six successive evenings.

Monday September 22
THE FRENCH CONNECTION (William Friedkin 1971): Wicked cop Gene Hackman chases culturally-deprived junkies around New York. Roy Schieder deserved an Oscar too. **(BBC 1)**

CALIFORNIA SPLIT (Robert Altman 1974): Friedkin's classic clashes with Altman's loose, funny study of two compulsive gamblers (Elliott Gould, George Segal). **(ITV)**

HIGHLIGHTS: Education cuts discussed in **White Light (ITV)** — they disgust me, too. **Panorama (BBC 1)** debates nuclear weapons. John Travolta guests on Barry Norman's **Film '80 (BBC 1).**

Tuesday September 23
HIGHLIGHTS: Big laffs at last with the final **Not The Nine O'Clock News** compilation **(BBC 2)** and **Barney Miller (ITV),** the best US import in a long while.

Monty Smith

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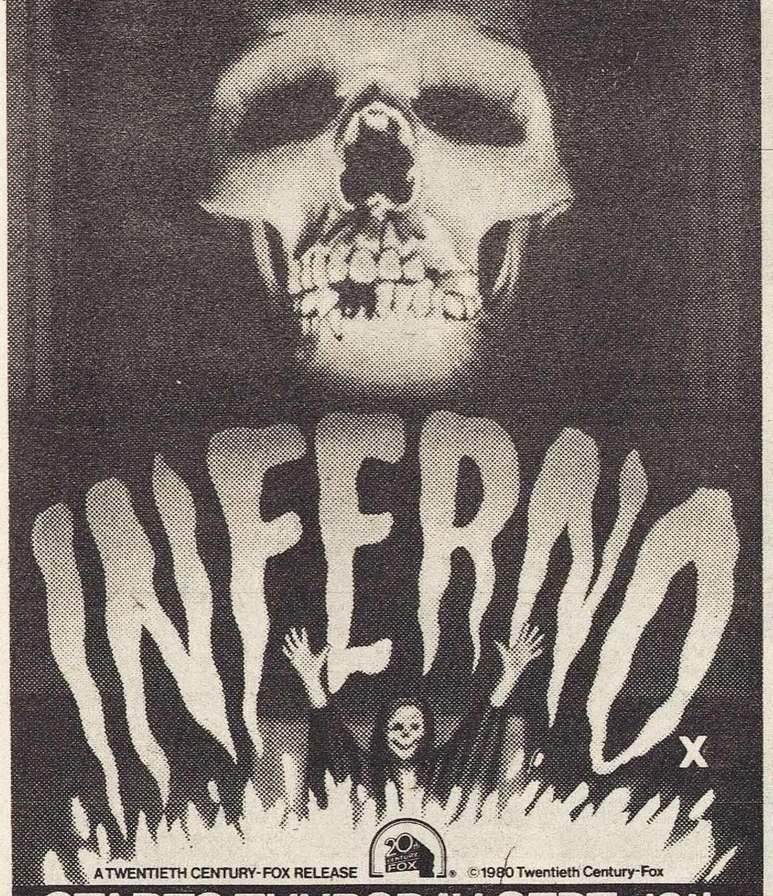
a film written and directed by
DARIO ARGENTO



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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THE TOURISTS kick off their latest British outing this week, their first since they quit the U.K. early this year due to problems with their record company. Happily these are now resolved, and they set out on their travels at Sunderland (Thursday), Newcastle (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Aberdeen (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday), Sheffield (Tuesday) and Derby (Wednesday). Support act is The Barracudas, for whom a rosy future has been predicted.
● Former UFO stalwart MICHAEL SCHENKER brings his new band to Britain for the first time, with the added bonus of ex-Rainbow sideman Cozy Powell sitting in on drums — catch them initially at Bristol (Sunday), Sheffield (Monday), Bradford (Tuesday) and Wolverhampton (Wednesday) . . . Other new tours this week are by the BROTHERS JOHNSON, who fly in from the States to open at Brighton on Monday; and the re-formed ATOMIC ROOSTER, who start crowing at Wollaston on Friday.

TOURISTS ON THE UK TRAIL

Tourists' ANNIE LENNOX.

THURSDAY

Birmingham Cedar Rooms: **The Upset**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Naturals**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Blackburn Cloggers: **Rosie Hardman**
Bletchley The Compass Club: **The Coconut Dogs**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz**
Brighton Concorde: **Brian Brain**
Brighton Dome: **Don McLean**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Camelford Masons Arms: **Life Of Riley**
Cleethorpes Darley's Hotel: **Spider**
Clydebank Atlantis: **Duff Party**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Human Cabbages**
Coventry Zodiac Club: **Emotion Pictures**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Colah Bros**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **'Nashville Cavalcade' with Tompall & the Glaser Brothers/Lloyd Green/Wanda Jackson**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Secret Affair**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Moondogs**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **Circles**
Grimsby Civic Hall: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Rory Gallagher**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Techniques**
Hemel Hempstead Dacorum College: **Doll By Doll/Fool/The Motives**
Hucknall Pit Rock: **Limelight**
Hull Wellington Club: **Classix Nouveaux**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
Kingston Three Tuns: **El Combo**
Kirkcaldy Bentley's: **Geno Washington Band**
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: **The Sound**
Leconfield Normandy Barracks: **The Odds**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The Accelerators**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Brady's: **Sturgeon Row**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **Stun The Guards**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos/Brian Kramer**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemaque**
London Clapham 101 Club: **the Soulboys**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Planets/Eric Blake**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **Von Trap Family**
London Epping Centre Point: **Hot Vultures**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Soul Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The League of Gentlemen with Robert Fripp/Barry Andrews**
London Fulham The Cock: **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Wasted Youth/Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gary Numan**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Local Heroes/Thompson Twins**
Londn Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Birthday Party**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Vandells**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Grand Prix**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Leap**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Groundation/Chalice**
London Putney White Lion: **Ram Jam Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Steel Pulse/Gang Of Four/The Au Pairs/The Mekons**
London Richmond Brolleys: **Young Marble Giants/Five Or Six/Code Name Borealis**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Milt Jackson Quartet (until September 27)**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Nightbird**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Let The Good Times Roll**
Londvn Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Spoon Fazer**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Clientele**
London Victoria The Venue: **Fingerprintz**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Vibrators/The Almost Brothers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Japanese Toy/ Moontier**
London W.C.1 Action Space: **The VIP's/Straits/Competition**
Luton Roman Way: **Toad The Wet Sprockett**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Al Haig Trio**
Manchester Henry's: **The Naughty Boys**
Manchester Rafters: **The Revillos**
Newcastle City Hall: **Rick Wakeman**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**
Norwich Cromwells: **Talisman**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Last Resort**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellows: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Out Patients/Johnny Yen**
Plymouth Tops: **The Mechanics**
Poole Brewers Arms: **The D.S./The Sell/The Skavengers**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Geoff Higginbottom**
Redcar Coatham Hotel: **Clem Curtis & The Foundations**
Ribchester Lodge Star: **The Above**
Rochdale Tropical Club: **Private Sector/Night Visitors**
Salford Pinkys Place: **Two-Tone-Pinks**
Shifnal The Star: **Little Willy**
South Shields The Commando: **Nato**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Stony Stratford York House: **Dancing Counterparts**
Street Strode Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Sunderland Locarno: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Sutton New Inn: **Avenue**
Totnes Civic Hall: **U2**
Wrexham College: **Quartz**

FRIDAY

Bacup Rose Mount Club: **Side Effect**
Balloch Ben Lomond Hotel: **Duff Party**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Partizans**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **Helpless Huw/Aston Hall & The Servants**
Bradford College: **Creation Rebel**
Bradford Pale Cove: **Buddy Valenteen & The Lonely Hearts**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Brighton Dome: **Rory Gallagher**
Bude Surf Club: **Life Of Riley**
Burton-on-Trent 76 Club: **Quartz**
Carlisle Mick's Place: **Spider**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **The Wall**
Chatham Central Hall: **Don McLean**
Corringham Gable Hall School: **Caesar**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Hank Wangford Band**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **The Liberators**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Moondogs**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Secret Affair**
Falkirk Magpie: **The Sound**
Fort Regent Gloucester Hall: **Billy Connolly**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Rick Wakeman**
Glasgow Kelvin Hall: **'Nashville Cavalcade' with Tompall & The Glaser Brothers/Lloyd Green/Wanda Jackson**
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Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Circles**
Glouchester Leisure Centre: **Jasper Carrott**
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Hereford Market Tavern: **Zorkie Twins**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **Splodgenessabounds**
Kirkcaldy Bentley's: **Geno Washington Band**
Launceston White Horse: **The Switch**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **The Void**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Au Pairs**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Volunteers/The T-Set**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Opposition**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Smart/Brainiac 5**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **Seventeen/The Skavengers**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Pagan Altar**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The League of Gentlemen with Robert Fripp/Barry Andrews**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hackney Queen's: **Avenue**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The VIP's**
London Marquee Club: **Q-Tips**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Putney White Lion: **Supercharge**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Thompson Twins**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Sam Rivers Band**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Hedgehog**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Fantasy**
London Victoria The Venue: **Ben E. King**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club; **Patrik Fitzgerald Band/Naked Lunch/TV21**
London W.C.1 Action Space: **Synix/Erazor Head/Flux of Pink Indians/Six Minute Warning**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Dr. Feelgood**
Manchester (Gorton) Bulls Head: **The Naughty Boys**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Sturgeon Row**
Manchester (Winsford) Bees Knees: **Night Visitors**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Tygers of Pan Tang**
Newcastle City Hall: **the Tourists/The Barracudas**
Norwich Whites: **G Squad**
Oxford New Theatre: **Hall & Oates/The Sinceros**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark/Sector 27/John Otway**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Upset**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Vardis**
Sanquhar The Nithsdale: **V.H.F.**
Sevenoaks St. Edith Hall: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **U.X.B.**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **U2/Midnight & The Lemon Boys**
Wareham The Antelope: **Hot Vultures**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Atomic Rooster**

SATURDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **'Nashville Cavalcade' with Tompall & The Glaser Brothers/Lloyd Green/Wanda Jackson**
Berkhamsted Civic Centre: **Vince Pie & The Crumbs**
Beverley Memorial Hall: **The Odds**
Bicester Red Lion: **Zorkie Twins**
Biggleswade Shuttleworth College: **Spring Offensive**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Viking**
Birmingham Cedar Club: **Vision Collision**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Eclipse/Xpertz**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham Telford Festival: **The Master Musicians of Jajouka**
Blackpool Norbreck Castel: **The Upset**
Brighton Alhambra: **Midnight & The Lemon Boys**
Brighton Dome: **Hall & Oates/The Sinceros**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Out Of Order/The Hybrids**
Bude Headland Club: **Metro Glider**
Cannock Troubadour: **The Kicks**
Canterbury Odeon: **Rory Gallagher**
Chigwell White Hark: **Park Avenue**
Colchester Windmill: **Ben E. King**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Atomic Rooster**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Seven Year Itch**
Cumnock Tupp Inn: **V.H.F.**
Edinburgh Night Club: **Circles**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Rick Wakeman**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **H20**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Jasper Carrott**
Guernsey Beau Sejour Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Strange Brood**
Keighley Funhouse Bar (lunchtime) and Greenhead Club (evening): **The Elements**
Leeds Grand Theatre: **The Spinners**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Leeds Palace of Varieties: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Leeds Seacroft Hotel: **The Gimmicks**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **The Other Switch**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Hank Wangford Band/The Cheaters**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Spider**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Comsat Angels**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **Stagestruck**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Expressos/The Directors**
London Fulham The Cock: **Darryl Way Band**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
Londn Hammersmith Odeon: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz/Budgie**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Soft Touch**
London Highgate Jackson's Rock Club: **Red Beans & Rice/Dave Ellis Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Manor Park The Three Rabbits: **Suttel Approach**
London Marquee Club: **Q-Tips**
London Putney Half Moon: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Putney Railway Hotel: **Moontier**
London Putney White Lion: **The Scene**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Colin Thompson**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Fantasy**
London Victoria The Venue: **Live Wire**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Don McLean**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Directions/The Vandells/Odd Hits**
London W.C.1 Action Space: **Barry Ford/Brimstone/Ras Angels**
Luton Cottars: **The Locators**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **The Not Sensibles**
Manchester Millstone: **Crispy Ambulance**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Images**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Revillos**
Northampton M.F.M.: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Norwich Whites: **Frequency Band**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Quartz**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Moondogs**
Preston Guildhall: **Showaddywaddy**
Preston Warehouse: **Export**
Reading Target Club: **The Flatbackers**
Retford Porterhouse: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Rochdale Rawstrons Arms: **Private Sector**
Sheffield Penguin Club: **Ethel The Frog**
Shifnal The Star: **V-Babys**
Stockport Ups & Downs: **Night Visitors**
Tunbridge Wells Traders Bar: **The Audience**
Widemouth The Manor: **Life Of Riley**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

SUNDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Dooleys**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bournemouth Royal Exeter Hotel: **The League of Gentlemen/The Martian Schoolgirls**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Ulterior Motives**
Bradford Princeville: **Dodgy Tactics**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Gary Numan**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Michael Schenker Band**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bankhill Club (lunchtime): **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Secret Affair**
Chester Wilderspool Leisure Centre: **Ben E. King**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Billy Connolly**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Hall & Oates/The Sinceros**
Croydon The Cartoon (lunchtime): **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Showaddywaddy**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Gregory Isaacs**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **The Sound**
Farnham The Maltings: **The Watersons/Hot Vultures**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **H20**
Hawick Kings Hotel: **Circles**
Horsham Capitol Theatre: **Atomic Rooster**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **'Nashville Cavalcade' with Tompall & The Glaser Brothers/Lloyd Green/Wanda Jackson**
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill Hotel: **The Moondogs**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: **Alliance**
Liverpool Bow & Arrow: **Stun The Guards**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **Export**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Decorators/Neon Dior**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Chuck Farley**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tranzista/The Zeds/The Classics**
London Dalston Pembury Tavern: **Avenue**
London Finchley Torrington: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Marmalade**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Famous Names**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Works**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz/Budgie**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Comsat Angels**
London Marquee Club: **The Passions**
London Putney White Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Richmond Brollys: **More**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Orange Cardigan/Steel Survivor**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Psychedelic Furs/Inner City Unit-/Thompson Twins/Ludus**
London Victoria The Venue: **Airto Moreira**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Root Jackson & the GB Blues Company/Flex**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Max Collie Rhythm Aces**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Monty Sunshine Band**
London W.1 Action Space: **The Au Pairs-/Stepping Talk/Furious Pig**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Rick Wakeman**
Manchester The Squat: **The Enigmas**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Spider**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **No Tigers**
Oldham Cats Whiskers: **The Images**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **Moonstone**
Poynton Folk Cente: **Mad Jocks & Englishmen**
Scarborough Floral Hall: **The Spinners**
Stamford Danish Invader: **Time Out**
Stoke New Penny: **Strange Blood**
Stratford Festival: **Quartz**
Warrington Longford Arms: **Night Visitors**
Weymouth Grand Hotel: **The D.S.**
Wollaston Nags Head: **U2**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Liberty's: **Chris Barber Band**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Odeon: **Rick Wakeman**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Money**
Blackpool J.R.'s Dallas Bar: **Crispy Ambulance/The Membranes**
Boston Folk Club: **Martyn Wyndham-Read**
Brighton Dome: **Brothers Johnson**
Burnley Tiffany's: **The Images**
Coventry Theatre: **Gary Numan**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Doncaster Rotters: **Dr. Feelgood**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Liberators**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Johnny Yen**
Guildford Bunters: **Between Pictures**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Billy Connolly**
Harrogate Bali Hai: **The Impossible Men**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The Mechanics**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Black Jack**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Secret Affair**
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: **Last Resort**
London Camcen Dingwalls: **The Dead Airmen/Alan Pelay's Icecream Pleasure**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Wasted Youth/Knox**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flatbackers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Uprights/The Imports**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **TV Personalities**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Elgin Marbles/The Dumb Blondes**
London Fulham The Cock: **Seven Year Itch**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hall & Oates/The Sinceros**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Metro Glider**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute (for five days): **The Master Musicians Of Jajouka**
London Marquee Club: **U2**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Journey**
London Richmond Brollys: **The Form**

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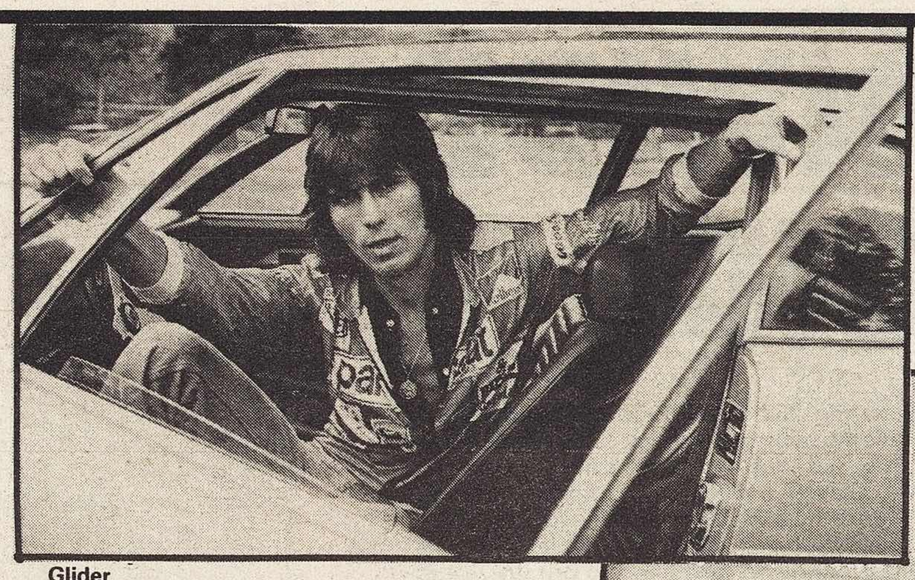
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Seventeen/Von Trap Family**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Local Heroes/Thompson Twins**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Penthouse Club: **Gary Boyle Band**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Coconut Dogs**
Manchester Rafters: **Geno Washington & The Ram Jam Band**
Mansfield Civic Hall: **Limelight**
Newcastle City Hall: **Don McLean**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Bad Publicity**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Famous Names**
Rowarth Little Mill Inn: **Hot Vultures**
Sheffield City Hall: **Michael Schenker Band**
Wraysbury Feathers: **The Attendants**

TUESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Brothers Johnson**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham Top Rank: **Gregory Isaacs**
Bradford Scamps: **The Elements**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Michael Schenker Band**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The 45's**
Bristol The Berkeley: **Split Enz**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **Seventeen**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Woofler**
Derby Albion Restaurant: **Chris Barber Band**
Dumfries Tam O'Shanter: **Hot Vultures**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Don McLean**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Rick Wakeman**
Hull Wellington Club: **Brian Brain**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**
Liverpool Kirklands: **Asylum**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **Visual Aids**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Dead Kennedys/UK Decay**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Gammer Band/Ed Banger's Music School**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Kim Lesley & The Spartans**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Balloons/The Flying Testes Brothers/The Event Group**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Wildlife**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Mechanics**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Extras**
London Greenwich White Swan: **The Kicks**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hall & Oates/The Sinceros**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Dr. Feelgood**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Comsat Angels**
London Marquee Club: **Martian Dance**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Rhythm Squad**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Putney White Lion: **Richard Newman Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Local Heroes**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Expressos**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **'Nashville Cavalcade' with Tompall & The Glaser Brothers/Lloyd Green/Wanda Jackson**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Emotion Pictures/Wild Boys/Primal Screamers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Ronnie Scott Quartet**
London W.1 Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz/Budgie**
Margate Winter Garden: **Secret Affair**
Newcastle City Hall: **Jasper Carrott**
Norwich Cromwells: **The Angels**
Reading Target Club: **The Pictures**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Swansea White Swan: **Andy Caven**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Money**

WEDNESDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Don McLean**
Aylesbury Friars: **Rory Gallagher**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Bogart's: **A-Z**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M. S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham Odeon: **Hall & Oates/The Sinceros**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton Top Rank: **Secret Affair**
Bury (Greenmount) Nailors Green: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chester Deeside Leisure Centre: **Gary Numan**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Circles**
Coventry Theatre: **Ossie Osborne's Blizzard Of Oz/Budgie**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Croydon The Star: **The Locators**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Doncaster Romeo & Juliet: **Split Enz**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Pictures**
Irvine Eglington Arms: **Hot Vultures**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **Zorkie Twins**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Vandells**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tribesman**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Comsat Angels**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Eric Blake**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Department S**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Metro Glider**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Valentines/The Talk**
London Fulham The Cock: **M.G.A. Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Seventeen**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Associates**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Park Avenue**
London Marquee Club: **Any Trouble**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey-Mullen**
London Richmond Brollys: **FX**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Dance Band/The Upsets**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Soft Boys/The Sounds/One On One**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Seven Year Itch**
London W.C.1 Action Space: **Poison Girls**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Brothers Johnson**
Manchester (Dukinfield) Hiccups: **The Images**
Manchester Midland Hotel: **Night Visitors**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Moondogs**
Nottingham Albert Hall: **The Spinners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **'Nashville Cavalcade' with Tompall & The Glaser Brothers/Lloyd Green/Wanda Jackson**
Sheffield City Hall: **Rick Wakeman**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Dr. Feelgood**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Grand Slam**
Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **Nato/Disorder/Genocide Exit/The Rhythm Methodists**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Michael Schenker Band**



GIG GUIDE: CONTINUED

***COZY POWELL** (left), having recently split from Rainbow, steps out in style — ready to join the Michael Schenker Band as guest drummer on their UK tour, starting on Sunday.*

*The highly-rated **COMSAT ANGELS** are doing the rounds of London clubs this week, from Saturday through to Wednesday.*

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 18th September £2
LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN
+ Positive Signals
Friday 19th September £2
LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN
+ Positive Signals (featuring Robert Fripp & Barry Andrews)
Saturday 20th September £1.25
THE EXPRESSOS
+ The Directors
Sunday 21st September £1
FAMOUS NAMES (ex Writz)
+ Support
Monday 22nd September 75p
ELGIN MARBLES / THE DUMB BLONDES
Tuesday 23rd September £1.50
THE BOYS
+ The Mechanics
Wednesday 24th September 75p
MARGO RANDOM & THE SPACE VIRGINS
+ The Talk

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH ROAD, LONDON W6
Derek Block presents
DR. FEELGOOD
the Piranhas
+ Split Rivitt
TUESDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER 7·30pm
ALL TICKETS £3·00 available in advance
FROM BOX OFFICE 01-748-2812 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE TICKET MACHINE HONKY TONK RECORDS & USUAL AGENTS ALSO ON NIGHT

Porterhouse Promotions Present
MANCHESTER ROTTERS, OXFORD ST.
061-236 4934
Wednesday 8th October
X.T.C.
+ Special Guests
Advance Tickets £2.50
Tickets from Rotters, Piccadilly Records, Paperchase and HMV.
Must be over 18. No Dress Restrictions.
No Membership Required

THE SOUL BAND
September Dates
Thursday 18th
Golden Lion, Fulham
Monday 22nd & 29th
Green Man, Stratford
Thursday 25th & 2nd Oct
White Lion, Putney
Friday 26th & 3rd Oct
Pegasus, Green Lanes N4

THE CRYSTAL PALACE HOTEL
Anerly Hill,
Upper Norwood, S.E.19
Fri 19th Sept
THE ASSOCIATES
+ SEVENTEEN
Adm £1.25. Doors Open 7.45 p.m.
Strictly 18 and over
Buses to door: 2b, 3, 63, 108b, 122, 137, 154, 157, 227, 249

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1
Wednesday 17th September £1.25
NINE BELOW ZERO
Thursday 18th September 75p
THE BIRTHDAY PARTY
Friday 19th September £1
THE V.I.P.'s
Saturday 20th September £1
KEYS
Sunday 21st September 75p
SAD AMONG STRANGERS
Monday 22nd September 75p
COMSAT ANGELS
Tuesday 23rd September 75p
THE THOMPSON TWINS
Wednesday 24th September 75p
THE ASSOCIATES

NINE BELOW ZERO
PLUG THE ALBUM TOUR...
SEPTEMBER
17 THE HOPE & ANCHOR, Islington, N.1.
20 CRYSTAL PALACE HOTEL, South East London.
25 CROMWELL'S, Norwich
26 THE 100 CLUB, Oxford St. W.1.
28 THE CROWN, Hailsham, Nr. Eastbourne.
30 THE VENUE, Victoria St. S.W.1.

PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS present at
DONCASTER – ROTTERS
SILVER STREET Tel 0302 27448
MONDAY 22nd SEPTEMBER Open 8.30–2am
DR. FEELGOOD
Plus SPLIT RIVETT : Advance tickets £2.50
TUESDAY 30th SEPTEMBER Open 8.30–2am
SLADE Plus JOAN JETT
(ex-RUNAWAYS) : Advance tickets £2.50
WEDNESDAY 1st OCTOBER Opens 8.30–2am
THE SKIDS
Plus Special Guests
New album "The Absolute Game"
Advance tickets £2.50
TUESDAY 7th OCTOBER Open 8.30–2am
XTC
Plus Special Guests
Advance tickets £2.50
MONDAY 13th OCTOBER Open 8.30–2am
THE SPECIALS
Plus THE SWINGING CATS
Advance tickets £3.00
TICKETS FROM ROTTERS, FOX'S and BARKER, WIGFALLS, VIRGIN SHEFFIELD, BARNSLEY CIVIC HALL, CASA DISCO
Must be over 18 years of age No dress restrictions No membership required

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
OUTLAW and PHIL McINTYRE present THE GLORY ROAD TOUR
Gillan
QUARTZ WHITE SPIRIT
TUES/WED 14th/15th OCTOBER 7·30pm
TICKETS £3·75 £3·25 £2·75
FROM BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE AND TICKET MACHINE

SEVENTEEN
Fri 19th Sept Crystal Palace Hotel SE19
Sun 21st Sept THE TRAFALGAR, Shepherds Bush W12
FREE ENTRY TO DOLE CARD HOLDERS
Mon 22nd Sept OLD QUEENS HEAD SW9
Tues 23rd Sept CRAWDADDY CLUB (THE STAR), CROYDON
Wed 24th Sept WINDSOR CASTLE, HARROW RD, W9

TO ADVERTISE PHONE 01-261 6153

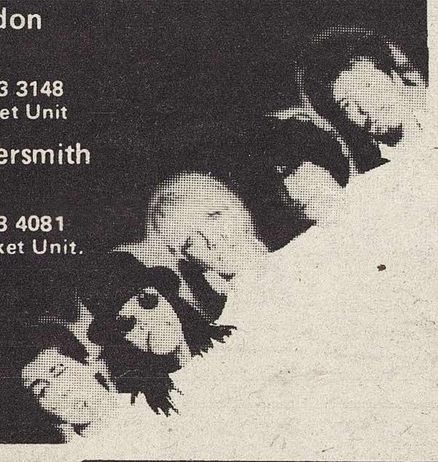
MCP PRESENTS

THE TOURISTS

LUMINOUS TOUR OF GREAT BRITAIN

Rainbow Theatre, London
Sat. 27th Sept. 8.00 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01 263 3148
Premier L.T.B. and Virgin Ticket Unit

Odeon Theatre, Hammersmith
Sun. 28th Sept. 8.00 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081
Premier, L.T.B. and Virgin Ticket Unit.



Special Guests
barracudas

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

pauline murray

john cooper clark

& the invisible girls

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
THURSDAY 9th OCTOBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

PINK MILITARY
KILLING JOKE
WAH! HEAT
LILIPUT
THE COMSAT ANGELS

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 5th OCTOBER at 6·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 18th September 60p
RICKY COOL & THE RIALTOS
+ Norman Lovett

Friday 19th September £1
TOUR DE FORCE
+ Denny Newman

Saturday 20th September £1
RAM JAM BAND
+ In

Sunday 21st September £1
JACKIE LYNTON BAND

Monday 22nd September 70p
Last date before European Tour
WASTED YOUTH
+ Knox

Tuesday 23rd September 60p
KIM LESLEY & THE SPORTONS
(ex Panties)

Wednesday 24th September 60p
COMSAT ANGELS
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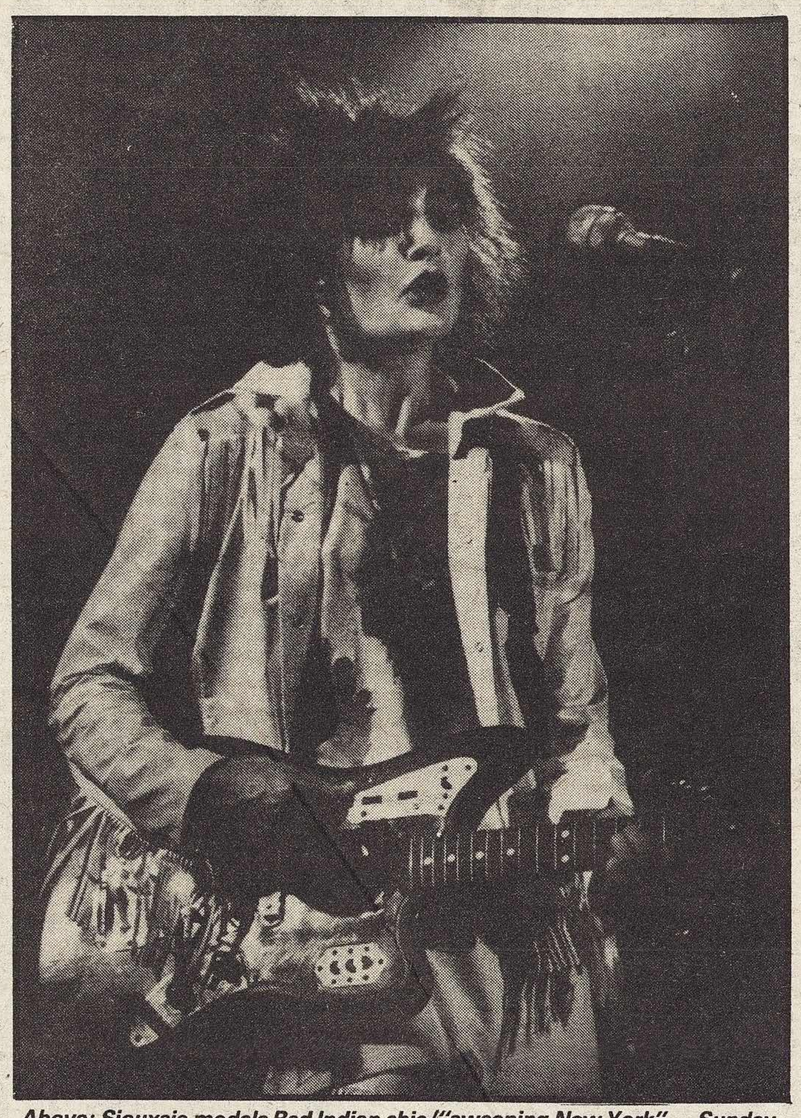
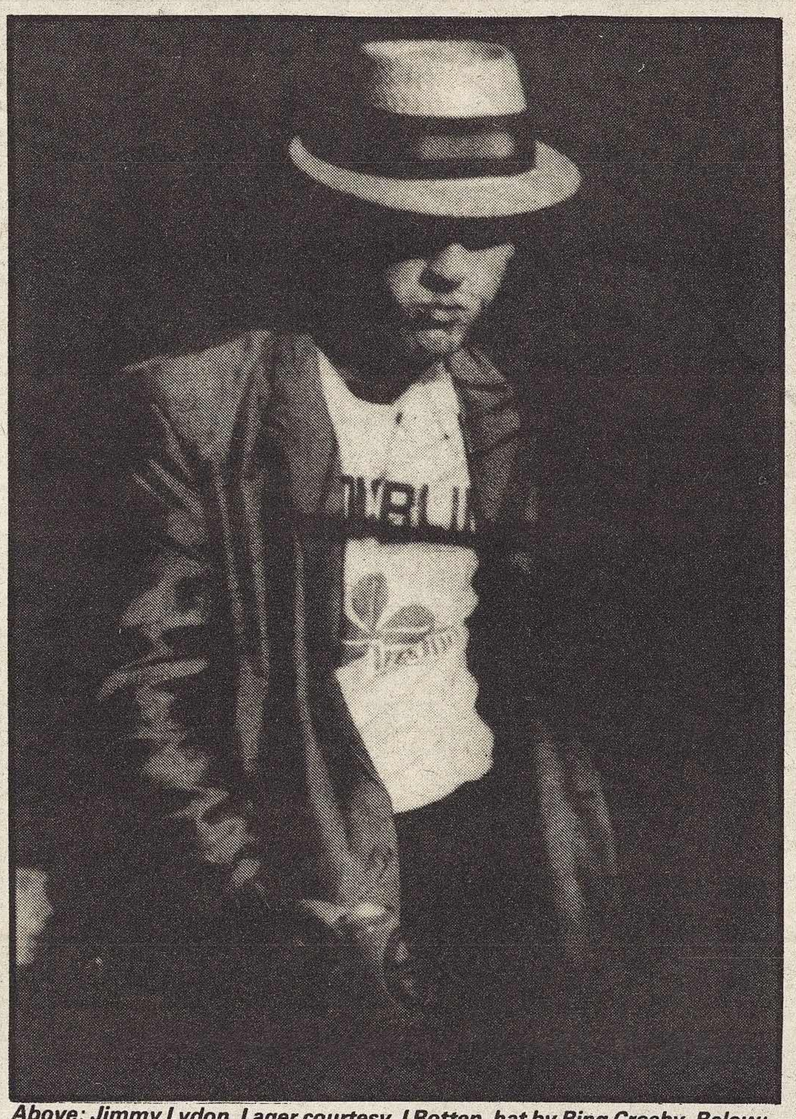
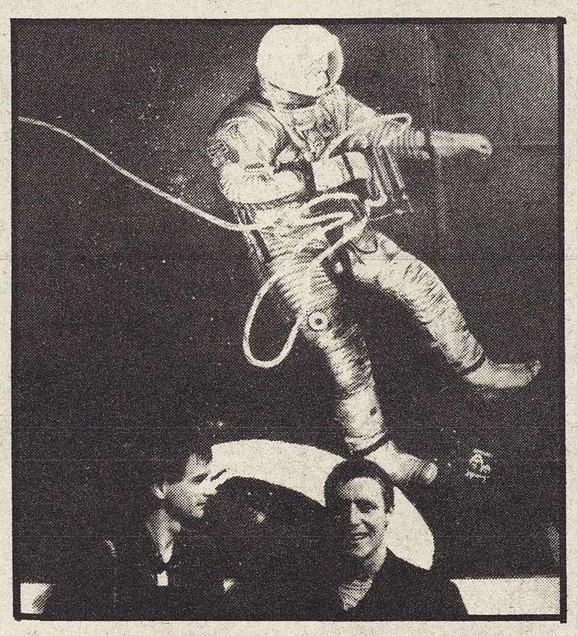
The squalor show goes on





Above: Siouxsie models Red Indian chic ("sweeping New York" — Sunday Times). Below: audience re-enact Siouxsie & Debbie, Screen on the Green, 1976.

Above: Jimmy Lydon. Lager courtesy J Rotten, hat by Bing Crosby. Below: the NME team, Morley (left), Thrills (right), Corbijn (beaming down).



Reporters:
PAUL MORLEY
ADRIAN THRILLS

Photographer:
ANTON CORBIJN

FUTURAMA DAY 1

I ARRIVED late Friday night, couldn't find anything to do, so I went to bed in my posh hotel feeling like a spoilt brat.

Being comfortable probably started me off in the wrong frame of mind. I should have camped in a Leeds park or slept in the station like most everyone else.

I woke up early Saturday morning, looked out of the window, and the first thing I saw was a line of forlorn looking punks shackled in leather and straps marching along with their heads hung low. I groaned and went back to bed, a slave to its warmth like those punks are slaves to what I thought was a cancelled purpose. I'm smug and snug and for now I don't care.

Leeds last weekend was invaded by disestablished souls, there to celebrate a vague event — 'the future', in fact. It was more an ordeal, a test of faith.

The essential idea of a pop music festival is wrong. I thought we'd woken up to that. A festival audience is ultimately abused. The 'experience' may convince them otherwise, but who needs to pay and suffer in sad conditions for such an obsolete set of experiences? Punk memories are made of this like hippy memories were made of Bickershawe and the Isle of Wight. This festival was the future as much as Stray Cats are the future.

It seems rock and pop fans never change. Punk fans have fallen for the fool's gold of rock mythology just like their predecessors. The thought of forty groups playing over two days is attractive?!! Or is it the 'historical importance'? Horrible again.

I ARRIVE at Queens Hall at midday. Queues stretch hundreds of yards either side of the entrance doors. Punks in the queue clutch onto rucksacks and sleeping bags with ridiculous incongruity. It starts to drizzle. I go away and start to try and get drunk. I belong to all this. I support all this. Two hours later I get back and as I'm entering the hall the woolly figure of Robert Fripp appears at my side. I shake his friendly hand. What an odd manifestation!

Robert and I walk as if on automatic pilot into the almost pitch black of the hall (life-saving lights never come on all day and all night). We make a straight line towards a comforting light in the far corner of the hall — concessionary stands, money wanted for punk attire and paraphernalia. We carefully step around and through limp bodies strewn like maggots across the floor. "Do you know where you are going?" asks Robert, profoundly, admirably unprejudiced about the feeble sight all around us — but then he's lived through all this before. Another year, another cycle. "No," I say, unprofoundly.

We change directions, and find an oddly placed and empty cafe inside the hall. Why are you doing this festival Robert?

Fripp, gentleman even to this bitter end, explains that once a crowd gets beyond 2,000 it all tends to be the same. The ethics of the small, mobile and intelligent are not crushed. Fripp waves bye bye and motors off to his B&B in York.

Soft Cell were on stage, an electric band I think, although it might have been a loud buzz in the PA. They limped through a version of 'Paranoid'. I went outside for a walk. When I got back inside some lads from Huddersfield rushed up to me and said that ... Or Was He Pushed were great. They were the first group on so if they were great no one would have been in a position to appreciate it. I'm lectured for missing Eaten Alive By Insects and maybe some other groups, but already I'm too dazed to respond. All I could think was thank God I wore blue. Oh! to stand out from the crowd.

EVENTS LIKE THIS — and the Lyceum Straight bills and the ICA rock week — do a lot to confirm the unwelcome rise of a new underground, an enforced polarisation to what should have happened these past few years. The best of the groups who played Leeds should be reaching people, not scuttling around in a corner playing to fans who are not so much the converted as the contained. I met John Peel and he said the event reminded him of the '60s things he used to compere. Leeds — Middle Earth with a yellow and orange fringe on top, and any feelings of 'togetherness' or whatever pitifully dissipated.

Spaced-out crackpots like Y and Blah Blah Blah were creepy and then crawly examples of the emaciated psychedelic (or psychic escapism) elements of post-punk music — Y the narrow hard rock end of the line, Blah Blah Blah out on a profane tangent. Blah looked very splendid in their blooming mediaeval/ harlequin costumes. Or maybe someone had mushroomed my cheese sandwich and they were just wearing black baggies.

Clock DVA appeared somewhere along the way. They highlighted the standard stupidity of attempting sober reviews of groups playing corrupting, coruscating non-show band music in an environment like Leeds. I failed to concentrate. They were like a distant vision — this vision wasn't useful. They gave me a tape before they went on, 'Group Fragments', and that's full of broad, unpredictable and predicative militant funk. They've a new 60-minute tape out now, 'White Souls In Black Suits', and an LP out in November on the vigilant Fetish label.

I'm So Hollow failed to lift me out of my hypochondriacal dazed state, but they're a group who don't trust cliches, who vary pace and texture (there was a great lack of variation during the day). They would be better seen in a night club (we rock fans do cheapen and cheat ourselves when it comes to our new pop entertainment).

THE FUTURE WILL BE . . .

FUTURAMA DAY 2

WELCOME to the squalor show.

Gazing across the human debris littering the concrete floor at the back of the dingy, cavernous Queens Hall — a venue which would see more suitable employ as an airship hangar — you would be forgiven for thinking that things really have come full circle and that the punks and post-punks are the new hippies.

Drudgery was the name of the game at the second annual Futurama festival . . . from the aimlessness of much of the music to the tragedy of bored teenagers reeling out of their boxes on glue to the sight of kids kicking their way through a morass of sleeping bags, rucksacks and empty beercans only to look down and find that it's someone's leg that they're actually standing on.

This is the future? As an impish Spizz succinctly put things: "It's like Reading, just with 50 per cent less hair."

On the other hand, Spizz were one of the two bands — the Bunnymen being the other — to have played both this and last year's festival. They'll probably be back next year too, for Futurama is becoming as much an integral part of the British rock calendar as Reading or Knebworth. Which, after a fashion, is depressing.

Promoter John Keenan originally hoped that the festival would "spotlight the groups that take chances, the ones that lead the way". Noble aims that were hopelessly swamped by the sheer size of the event.

With 42 bands playing, on average, ten-song sets (and that's a conservative estimate), there were close on 500 songs/abstract works/instrumentals performed over the two days. An awful lot of noise to digest in one ugly dollop.

Even though the overall sound was surprisingly good for so large a place, and despite the fact that the festival organisers were remarkably adept at getting the bands on and off the two main stages with the minimum of fuss, Sunday's programme still over-ran by a solid three hours, with headliner Gary Glitter finally running out of puff shortly after 3.00 am on Monday morning.

Futurama — filmed for a possible documentary and recorded live on Virgin's 24-track Manor Mobile positioned in the road outside — looked impressive on paper. But the reality was simply far too gross and unwieldy. If positive proof were needed that the only way forward for live rock music lies in a return to smaller, informal venues, then this was it. Things need to be looser and more intimate.

When your senses, expectations and critical faculties have been severely dulled by twelve hours (another conservative estimate) of constant drubbing, it's pretty hard to come to much of a conclusion outside the fact that the whole rock festival concept is a withered and redundant one.

In circumstances like these, it is virtually impossible to make any conclusive judgements about the music played. What follows is really no more than a sketchy account.

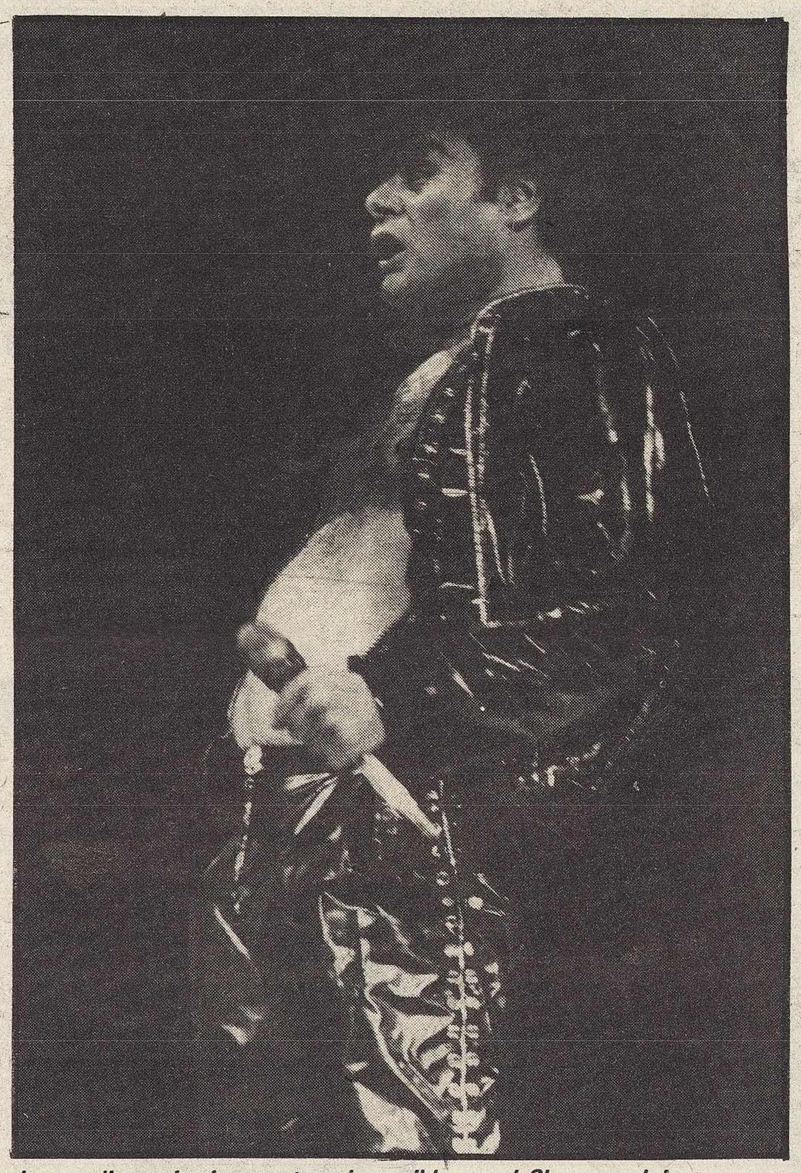
IN THE EARLY afternoon, the bands come and go in a procession of hard, metallic rifferama, a more or less continuous assault of varying quality. The only interludes arrive in the softer approach of Young Marble Giants and The Durutti Column and the rolling jazz-tinged sway of nine-piece reggae act Tribesmen.

The Fast Product pair Boots For Dancing and The Flowers didn't fail for want of musical imagination, though they lacked the charisma to transcend the morning mood of bleary-eyed depression which hung over the hall like autumn mist.

Sheffield's Vice Versa hopped around and blurted on about the Wigan Casino and soul power — something they lacked in abundance — as if to say, "Look, forget how dreary we look and how dull we sound, we can enjoy ourselves, *honest!*" Few people seemed to believe them. Much the same went for The Soft Boys and Frantic Elevators, two bands who truly do warrant that irksome psychedelic handle.

Classix Nouveaux, all moderne suits and plus fours, pulled all the right quirky-jerky Devo poses, but did nothing to disguise the usual lack of substance in their dull android pop.

Burnley's Notsensibles, probably the first ramalamdolequeue punk band to incorporate the melodic nuances of a synthesiser, were one of the few real successes. Unlike



Above left: the saintly Claire of Altered Images brings religion to rock. Here she is seen dispensing incense to an insensible crowd. Sheer myrrhder . . . Above right: the Hunchfront of Notre Dame. Below: Morley and Thrills caught in typical mood of exhilaration.

AS AWFUL AS THE PAST

most groups on the bill, they possessed something real, something earthy and unselfconscious totally at odds with the general sterility.

Stupidly roped in with another of those meaningless three-minute cults, The Notsensibles are actually worth much more. The gesture made by the band's guitarist as they were introduced as the representatives of 'punk pathetique' seemed to indicate that they themselves think so too.

Their grubby anthemic 45s 'I Thought You Were Dead' and 'I'm In Love With Margaret Thatcher' were well-received, despite the handicap of losing band members to the front rows of the audience as their enthusiasm got the better of them.

Ironically, Blurt, one of the most ambitious and challenging bands on the bill, met with only muted applause, a couple of well-aimed mugfuls of beer and a short, sharp front-stage fracas. Their effortless heavy bass-drop funk provides the ideal backdrop for Ted Milton's abstract sax bleating and totally off-the-wall sense of humour. They play the sort of razor-sharp metallic soul that The Pop Group aspire to but always fall miserably short of, lacking as they do anything approaching Milton's self-deprecating wit.

Despite the rumours circulating backstage beforehand, John Lydon unsurprisingly failed to materialise onstage with 4" Be 2". His brother Jimmy, the 4" Be 2" vocalist, seems nonetheless to have inherited an abundance of the family mannerisms, copping John's can of lager, squint and lurch off to a tee. The bitter sarcasm of the Lydon wit was also there: "If you clap at that shit, then you've had a lot more to drink than me."

The onstage presence of an exceptionally large 'crew' who had travelled up with the band from London could have produced some ugly scenes after a couple of cans were aimed in Lydon's direction from the heart of the audience. A few scuffles ensued, none of which, fortunately, escalated into anything major.

Still, the very fact that they did occur detracted from the band's performance, which was regrettable in light of the fact that they were one of the few bands on the day who actually made me feel like dancing. Their crisp, basic groove is derivative for sure, lying somewhere between The Jam and The Ramones, but they play it with flair and dynamism even though the PA could have done with being kept somewhere below ear-splitting level.

Both Hazel O'Connor and the totally transparent Psychedelic Furs saw a return to the previous level of tedium, the much-maligned Hazel trying hard enough but facing the insurmountable barrier of some of the most forgettable, pretentious songs I've heard this year.

BY THE TIME Spizz came on, I was ready to crawl up and die rather than face another band and I'm sure I wasn't the only one. The trouble was that, unlike the rest of the dissenters, I had to stay and put up with it.

Athletico's transition from garage heroes to full-blown rockband has been alternately heartening and disillusioning. On one hand, they have shown that it *can* be done, but it has to be added that they have lost some of their edge in the process. Still, the pithy pop of the likes of 'Soldier Soldier' and 'No Room' is undoubtedly the sort of stuff that should be decorating the singles chart.

Which brought us to 2.00 am and the prince of paunch, Gary Glitter, making his unlikely headlining appearance. This was meant to be *Futura*ma, remember?

As far as Gal was concerned, the only thing that puzzled me was trying to figure out just who exactly the big joke was on — senile old Glitter or the legions who were playing up to all his superstar fantasies with absurd chants of "Leader! Leader!"

The opening trio of early faves — 'Rock 'N' Roll', 'Touch' and 'Famous Instigator' went down a storm but by the fourth song, a lumbering carthorse of a jam, the audience had begun trickling away, the trickle becoming a mass exodus long before the end. Remember him this way.

All in all, it was a sad, pathetic end to a worthless two-day exercise.

On the Saturday afternoon, incidentally, daunted by the spectre of Futurama, I bunked off to nearby Elland Road where the big match was equally depressing. The result there, a bit like the score at Queens Hall the following day, was a miserable goalless draw.

Adrian Thrills

By early evening it seemed more logical to be where I was. Altered Images didn't shove me into the future (although the damp, doomy, wrecked, crowded state of the hall was probably a fairer indication of the future than Foxx-type futurism) but at least we were in the present.

Altered Images are a great Glaswegian pop group. Pop — up-to-date, undeceiving, communicative, and played as if the group have made a rare discovery. Singer Claire looks like a forgotten girl from a Jean Brodie class: tiny, small-boned, possessor of a neat new sway dance that comes from the elbows. Her voice quivered with nervousness, she never stopped grinning. She was special. Good god it was happy music! They deservedly encored with a surreptitious version of 'Jeepster' — you know their heart's in the right place now — and were the first group to really wake people up.

GUY JACKSON was the requisite festival minstrel. He stood alone with acoustic guitar and sang dull 'satirical' pop ballads and recited clumsy verse. A fraction of the audience hurled cans at him, the rest cheered at his bravery. Both responses were wrong. I just wanted to jeer him and his stodgy assaults on fans and crazes off the stage.

There's boredom, and there's a state where you just have to be somewhere else. There was nowhere to go.

We reached the depths. Wasted Youth were better than I expected, having seen their pictures, which means they were absolutely appalling. Show me the thin line between this and the most punitive heavy metal. It's a very thin line. Where is it? They're pugilistic poseurs — yet more idiots unathletically giving posing a bad name — look proper losers in their leather trousers and through them we're back to the days of Bad Company leisure-tripping and champagne on ice. Wasted Youth were unbelievably and laughably old-fashioned.

U2 of course should be a today tennybop group. People remain unconvinced by them — some say they lack heart! — but if U2 were in the right chart environment the cynics would understand. Their music tends towards the elaborate — hence few see that they want to be a radio band — but is sustained by a devastating rhythmic propulsion. Why should pop necessarily be hard square blocks?

Singer Bono hams it up. "I felt like Pope John Paul," he said afterwards, but he just loves to flop into audiences and rouse them. He falls over a lot. "I try to stay poised but I just can't."

He overacted, the band concentrated. They went down well. It was a lot sharper than their poor Lyceum show a few days before.

U2 can be as compelling as they come.

U2 and then Echo And The Bunnymen half — well, a quarter — made me forget where I was. At the back of the hall, people who hadn't seemed to move all day curled up on their sleeping bags with their possesions in a carrier bag as if all they wanted to do was sleep sleep sleep. A lot of the audience were not so much stoned as close to hysteria.

Echo are another group who should be teenybop heroes — singer Ian McCulloch is a far more traditional pop star than Bono. The girls adore him, and a few of the boys (me! me!), and it only needs the radio and the magazines to wake up to this and it's teenybop revivalism. What the hell am I saying?

Their set was dark, expressive and consistent, though not as sensational as McCulloch wanted. For their style to survive the Leeds murk at all was impressive. McCulloch smiled and mocked and looked as if he was wandering through somebody else's bad dream. Laser beams shot out from behind the group. I had to giggle. The group kept coming back for encores even after the management said they had to finish.

When they finally left it was like being locked back in a tiny cell after just being given a taste of freedom. Fatigue dropped down on me like a brick. From now on, even more than before, it was going to be grim and bear it.

Robert Fripp's League Of Gentlemen was not what was needed as midnight approached. He went down well considering the audience probably had few clues concerning his current whereabouts. Compact, agile cosmic-shadows instrumentals were promptly and politely offered up to the speeding mass.

Fripp's curious grin was the oddest thing about their set, and the second oddest thing was the way he perched on a stool throughout. "I always try to keep my sense of humour," he told me. "I am not dogmatic, believe it or not." I wasn't sure what was being communicated — virtuosity? mood? some sort of service? — and I don't think anything *could* have been communicated at Leeds, where the punks at the back were stirring out of their hibernation ready for the Banshees, except that the value of distraction is great at a time when senses are diminishing one by one. I could think of a time and a place where I would fall in with Fripp's new mobile, but this was neither the . . . Was he brave or was he fool to do it? It didn't seem to matter.

ONE OF THE best things about Siouxsie And The Banshees live is when they come out onto the stage, the lull before the rant and restraint. Smart Severin and fringed McGeoch flank Sioux with frowns on their faces and leads to be plugged in. Sioux stands triumphant and striking stage centre, grinning knowingly, modelling her newest outfit, the one that will influence how all the girls dress over the next few months. About half the girls at Leeds had used Sioux as a basis for their appearance, hair to ankle.

The Banshees were obviously the weekend's major attraction. The superstars. Almost effortlessly they lived up to their star-billing, and in the circumstances their idiomatic grace was what was needed, the life and soul . . .

Like U2 and Echo, they never reached the peak, but they were lavish and emphatic, they had the best light show, the largest number of known songs, and they were even things like 'tight' and 'smooth'. There was a predictability about it, but it was still just about the most positive thing that happened all day. It was, as Peel said to me, very much a real show. It was very set, very correct.

I don't think the Banshees should have played the do, because their maturity and popularity in the context confirmed the underlying feeling that a whole period of idealism had disintegrated into a void. But I couldn't help enjoying them. The only time I pretend to not enjoying the Banshees is when I'm trying to play at mature, adult rock critic (horrible again and again!). They can be better, they will be better, and I only wish I'd seen them somewhere else.

The lights came on and what a terrible sight. Half the 6,000 were filing out, some perhaps to sleep in the open air, the rest were bedding down in the litter and split beer, overall an awful array of debris. They were readying for more! I didn't want any more.

Pop music shouldn't be presented like this. No one should have to go through this to see the groups they want to see. But that it's got to this state, I think everyone is to blame.

Too much ignorance, too much complacency, and too much nothing.

Paul Morley

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GONE WITH THE WINDMILLS

Andy Gill (words) and Anton Corbijn (Dutch) visit the Rotterdam New Pop Festival

The Ramones
Ian Gomm
UB40
Hazel O'Connor's Megahype
The Undertones
New Musik
Bad Manners
Q-Tips
The Passions
The Photos

Rotterdam New Pop Festival

THIS IS ridiculous! There are no fewer than nine separate stages or marquees dotted over several square miles of idyllic parkland adjoining the renowned Ahoy Stadium (whose dressing-rooms today serve bands, not athletes): two theatre-tents, a folk music stage, a poetry stage, two "National" stages plying specifically Dutch musical wares, a "Federation of Music Rhythm" stage featuring acts with names like Jahman Paul, Foudaya, and Odongo And The Spirits, and two large "International" stages where the heavy action struts its stuff.

There is one pair of tired legs to cover all this ground, so, despite the temptations of the smaller venues (especially the intriguing "Music Rhythm" stage), I'm limited to an immediate strategy of concentrating on the two main stages. As these are something like a mile apart, and separated by up to 200,000 bodies in a variety of prone and pedestrian positions, this in itself will be something of an achievement . . .

Instinct (and the recommendations of friends) tells me to start at the North Stage, where The Passions are opening the proceedings with a compelling combination of hard-edged rhythmic invention and jangly guitar intertwinings. *Molto impresso*, and in structly musical terms, the best act of the day. Had they appeared a little further up the bill, they would have stolen the show.

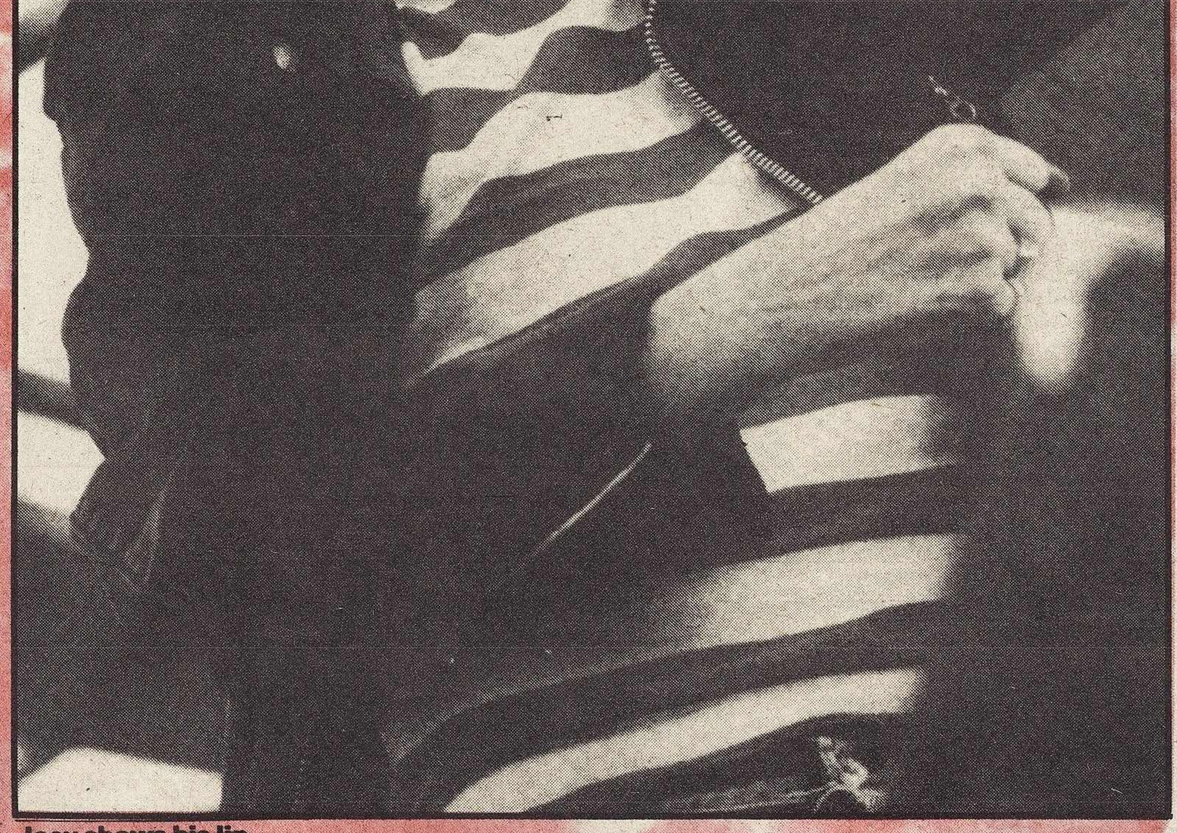
As it is, I find them riveting — so riveting, in fact, that I completely miss The Photos, who're appearing simultaneously on the South Stage. That's life, I guess: one week your album mysteriously charts at No. 6, the next you're completely neglected.

Bisecting the park is a narrow stretch of water, traversed by a bridge no wider than ten feet. Across this bridge shuffles an orderly two-way traffic, like extras from a counter-culture remake of *Metropolis*. By the time I negotiate this bottleneck and head for the South Stage, Bad Manners are starting to skank.

My first impression is that, from far away, it's impossible to make out Buster Gut's tongue: for a one-gimmick band, this is a serious drawback. My second impression, closer up, is that *the ground is moving!* Really! Barely perceptible, but there nonetheless: a slight, constant tremble, one of the weirdest sensations I've ever felt. I mean, I know the guy's big, but this is absurd!

At the side of such an experience, any music pales into insignificance.

Back over on the North Stage, Q-Tips are going down a storm. This, too, is no surprise, at least not to those who've seen them before; where they have it over most soul-revivalists is in the truth, the faithfulness of both the music and the *presentation* of the music: slickly choreographed in parts, to be sure, but not so much as to hinder spontaneous fun and energy. Like those other crowd-pleasing revivalists Sha Na Na, they love this music rather than revere it,



Joey shows his lip

and it shows.

A trudge back to the South Stage reveals that The Undertones are . . . well, being The Undertones, I suppose.

They project no further than ten or 20 yards, which might be fine in a club, but at a festival this size just elicits yawns. So when Feargal Sharkey enquires, with careful, slow enunciation, "Aur yiu en-joay-ing yiursaylves?", the response comes mainly from the front ranks. Mind you, this may be because the enquiry's well-nigh incomprehensible even to the average Englishman, let alone a predominantly Dutch crowd.

I make no excuses and leave, to find careful announcements of a different kind emanating from New Musik on the other stage, where they're suffering interminable equipment hassles. They've just introduced their "fifth member" — a tape recorder, natch — and it appears to be malfunctioning, as does most of their gear, judging from the apologies which follow every number.

To be honest, I don't think anyone would notice if they didn't make so much fuss about it. They end with 'World Of Water' — easily the best song — but fail to get an encore. Maybe they should sack that fifth member.

Meanwhile, some of the best entertainment of the day's occurring behind them, where The Ramones' artic, a real behemoth of a vehicle, is steadily embedding itself in the soft ground, wheels spinning furiously, as a tractor and an army of co-opted big lads equipped with metal sheets attempt to extricate it. When they eventually succeed, after a series of manoeuvres too complicated to relate here, the cheer which goes up from the liggers gathered backstage is almost louder than the applause which greets the end of New Musik's set.

I grab a few more beers and head back to the South Stage. On the bridge, I pass a lengthy crocodile of hardcore Dutch punks marching behind a black flag and chanting drunkenly, "If you want to be a commie, clap your hand". Few onlookers clap; the Dutch are a rather affluent race, you see . . .

UB40 are wonderful, the perfect blend of sunshine and togetherness for such a steamy day. By this point, I'm getting a little tired and emotional, but even this can't fully account for the empathy I feel when they sing *"I'm a British Subject, and proud of it/And I carry a burden of shame."* The song carries more weight when you're surrounded by foreigners than it would at a British gig, that's for sure.

I dawdle very reluctantly back again to catch the last few number of Hazel O'Connor's (aptly named) Megahype, and on the way encounter a Dutch rasta — yes, they do exist — brandishing a GABBA GABBA HEY flag. The juxtaposition of cross-cultural signs so perfectly complements those on stage that I'm momentarily stunned, and linger a little longer with UB40.

The image is the most enduring of the day, and the one I'd like to remember it by.

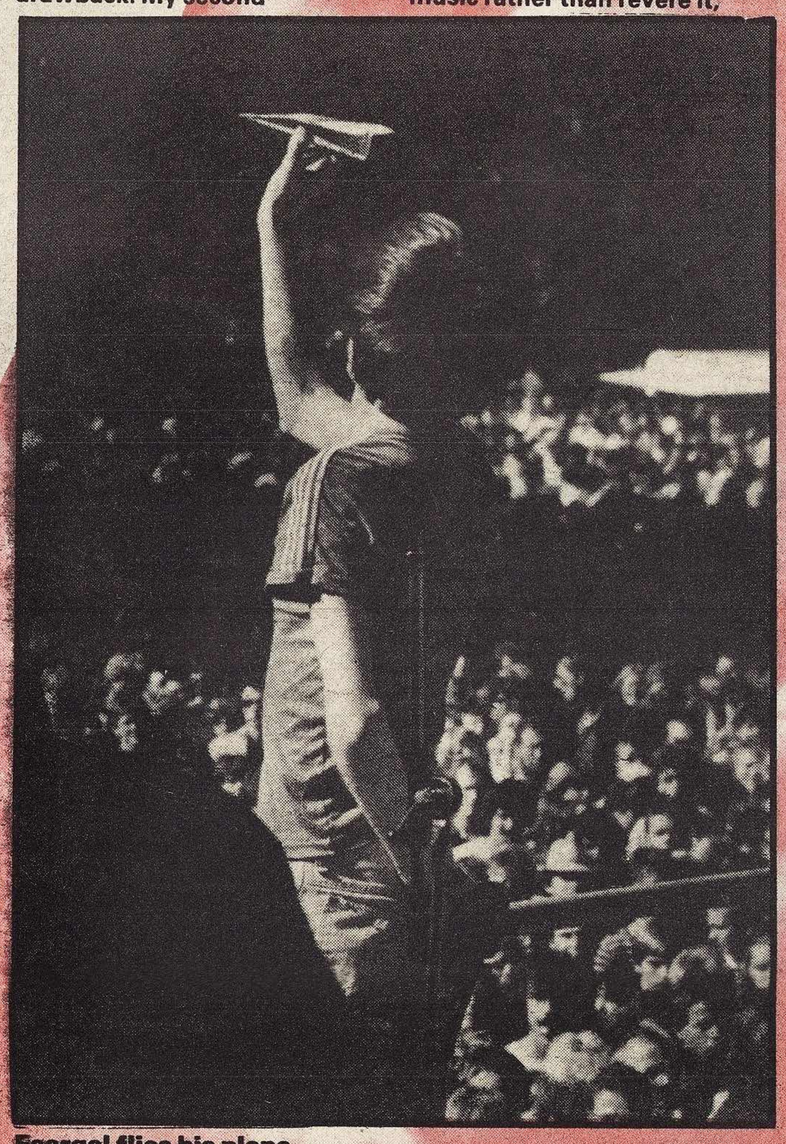
Hazel O'Connor — the "riveting punk superstar" . . . who took the Cannes Film Festival by storm" — is all form and precious little content, judging by her final numbers. She appears to have copped most of her visual licks from Siouxsie, high-kicking like a seasoned Tiller Girl, and her songs are full of inauthentic, over-romanticised Springsteenesque bluster.

Between numbers, she rabble-rouses desperately, and picks on a solitary heckler who has no microphone to answer back with. The crocodile of punks, now strengthened by a contingent flying the Crass flag, barges its way through the front ranks of the audience, causing a lot of aggro and crushing dozens of people ruthlessly against the barriers; they proceed to go barmy to 'Eighth Day', which should at least show Crass that some people will go for the form rather than the content every time.

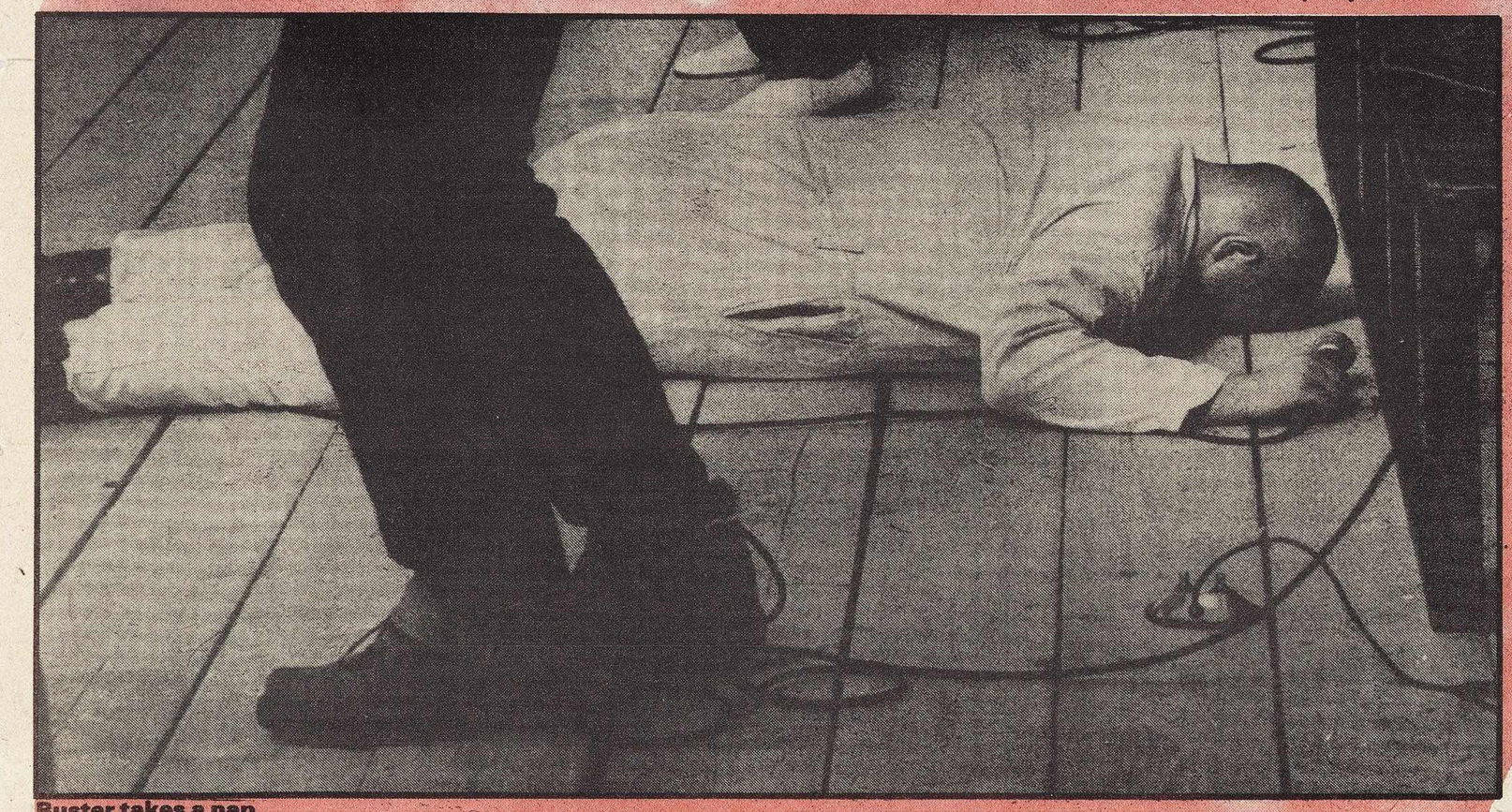
What they've really muscled in for, of course, is The Ramones, a band now so deeply entrenched in self-parody they've become caricatures several times removed; were it not such an obviously *knowing* artifice, psychological problems would be on the cards.

Indeed, the largest part of their appeal is down to this sense of self-aware self-parody: it's a joke we can

Continues over ♦



Feargal flies his plane



Buster takes a nap

Kiss

Empire Pool

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A man in a black spandex body stocking — face caked in make-up, lips screwed up into a permanent pout — removes his plumed jacket with the striptease exaggeration of a seasoned old burlesque queen.

AWWRIGHT! I GOT A FEELING TONIGHT IS GONNA GET HOT IN HERE!!

The words and gestures denote an elaborate ritual of tease and release. Anticipation is the key to the thrill. At some point, Gene Simmons will breathe fire. At some point, the stripper turns her back and snaps her bra-clasp. Kiss gradually reveal more of their fire-works, saving the best for last. The climax, when it comes, is of course just a sequined G-string. Meanwhile, they work the rubes and work them good.

AWRIGHT! TONIGHT WE ARE GONNA ROCK'N ROLL!!! And the lights spell it out in great big letters . . .

K-I-S-S . . . KISS!

Kiss. Despite all-too-frequent assurances from the stage, Kiss have very little to do with rock'n'roll. Alright, they *are* loud and stupid, which admits them to the broad category. But just because 8,000 morons go politely and harmlessly berserk whenever an over-dressed clown shouts 'rack'n'rowl' through an over-loud PA does not mean that the thing is taking place, and if it does, then an inquest is long overdue.

Kiss, an enormous touring production involving costumes, fire-works, special effects, lights and scenery, that is based on the old rock group type of entertainment and in fact still uses many of the quaint traditional devices . . . Kiss is pure *showbiz*. And showbusiness is business. Four quid for a T-shirt. 50p for a badge.

Yet the extraordinary thing is that even Kiss themselves don't understand what they are. One of them, Ace Frahely, the lead singer, even thinks they really are a rock'n'roll band — if we are to believe for a minute his ingenuous pronouncements.

Frahely is so wrapped up in his fatuous, conceited self that he might as well be talking to an audience in Milwaukee when, to cement a relationship built on a whole evening of cheap, ingratiating remarks, he says: "I'm gonna be rootin' for ya tomorrow. I hope England whips Finland's ass 'n bad!"

If Ace Frahely actually believes there is some meaning in what he says, and by implication, in Kiss themselves, Gene Simmons is under no such illusion.

Simmons created the whole loud, crass, pea-brained spectacle and of all the members of the group he alone seems able to actually revel in its glorious stupidity.

He plays his part to the hilt — his extravagant character, not his bass part (because it's logical to assume that Kiss employ as much fakery in their music as they do in their slick stage show). Strangely enough, while the others still behave like rock stars cast a little uncomfortably in pantomime, only Simmons seems to comprehend that Kiss are really a pantomime based on a rock group. The mind can only boggle at how much more successful they'd be if they all woke up to that, exploited it mercilessly, and stopped pretending to be a rock band, even if it is only for the benefit of their audience. Which, surprisingly, it isn't. *Egos* are at stake. And a rock star with a wounded ego is indeed a pitiful thing. Tell 'em, Ace . . .

"I just want to say a thing or two about rock journalists. They think they're so smart, and they know all about rock'n'roll, but they don't know *nuthin'*. They say that Kiss sucks. And let me tell ya . . . they say that you suck! Well they can all 'fuck awff! 'Cos we know about rock'n'roll, and we're gonna rock'n'roll all day and party all night!"

Ouch! Now I know what it feels like to be slapped around the face with an invisible guitar.

Paul Rambali

Pic: George Bodnar.

Gene — tongue, codpiece, beergut, paint over the cracks ...

Egos at the stake

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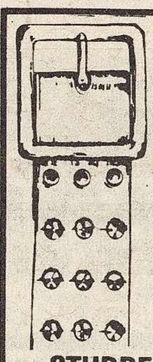

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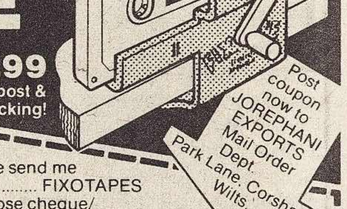

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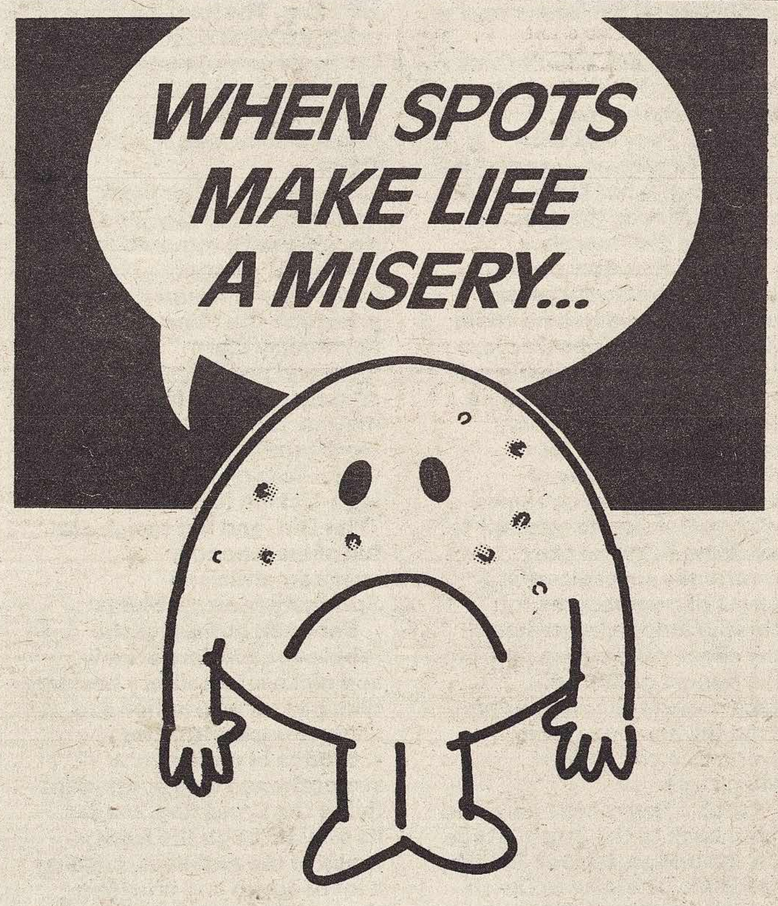

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WINDMILLS

From previous page

Hazel resorts to Spa water, Feargal to Bad Manners.

all join in with, a shaggy-dog story without a punch-line — otherwise, it'd just be a bloody awful row.

Which explains why I love them live, but wouldn't dream of buying their records. Which, in turn, explains why their road-crew's T-shirts refer to the Ramones *Non-Stop* World Tour: when they stop gigging, they're finished.

As an example of this increasing self-parody, you should hear what they've done to 'Blitzkrieg Bop'. Remember that early interview in which they said their set was getting faster all the time, that they'd got it down from 45 minutes to 30? Well, the chorus to 'Blitzkrieg Bop' now has no words: it's been trimmed to *"Eee-O"*, just the smallest phonetic hints; the song's literally concertina'd in on itself. As it *had* to. Wonderful!

Duty drags me back to the South Stage, where Ian Gomm is single-handedly attempting to revive folk-rock — with the aid of his band, of course. He might not mean a thing here, but Ian Gomm is *enormous* in Holland, which is why he's co-headlining. Every nation has its foibles, I suppose. He does a song called 'Hold On To What You've Got', which is doubtless very close to the hearts of the Dutch petit-bourgeoisie. But not to mine.

I've had too little to eat, and far too much to drink, and I'm going back to The Ramones for a laugh. Each to his own . . .

Andy Gill

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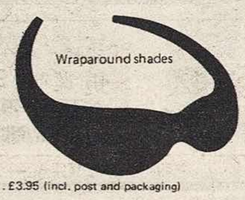

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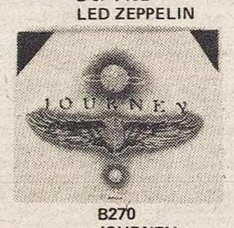

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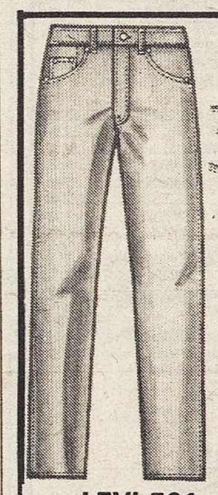

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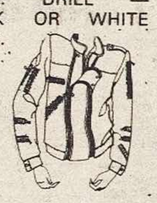

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From page 31

hands, legs, lives, whatever, so I'd say yeah, maybe those things are going to happen, what do you want me to do about it?"

We drive past identical service stations, huge bulls are scattered along the route advertising Osborne brandy. "It's like Texas," notes a weary voice. It's like a desert. We listen to some music — Yellow Magic Orchestra's 'Solid State Survivor' seems right for this monotonous highway trek through baked barren landscape.

Recently, the Orchestra's Ryuichi Sakamoto let it be known he wished the guitarist who played on the LP 'Take Away' to play on his forthcoming solo album. This was Partridge; 'Take Away' was his second go at dubbing XTC music (the EP 'Go 2' the first). "Our music then just had a bit of surgery done to it, and I think some of it, though by no means all of it, is good to listen to."

Sakamoto sent over tapes of music-so-far from Japan, and Partridge was given written instructions for the way his guitar parts should be added. This was then to be treated by Dennis Bovelle.

"I found it exciting not because it was who it was but because somebody said to me 'You can have a day in the studio and do what the hell you like, but you must use a guitar.' So I did, but I used guitars in a way I've always wanted to but never had the expensive studio time to do."

We listen to a compilation of Beefheart through the ages that Partridge had put together in an attempt to convert Moulding.

I ask if he agrees that Beefheart's 'Trout Mask Replica' is the greatest piece of music ever. "Yes," he nods. Pause. "Just yes." I attempt to communicate my feelings about Beefheart's genius. Partridge listens tolerantly. The shapes, the lumps, textures, reflections, echoes, inverse logic . . . "Magic" remarks Partridge, a word he often uses. "If you ironed all that out you'd just have one big bland thing and you wouldn't be able to touch it and get any magic from it, there'd be nothing to run your fingers over, and that's why the actual process of ironing a lot of things out of music is a bad thing. I like lumps and spiky bits and music that makes you think 'Oh! Gosh! What's that?'

Nine hours later the van approaches Madrid. Everyone has been driven into numbness and stiffness. XTC have travelled from morning until night, been bored, battered, cramped, irritated, restless (but still friends). For what? To entertain.

LATER I TRAP Partridge in the hotel bar. He's been to the airport to collect his wife, who will be going to Australia with the group. The hotel is plush, but most of its attractions are beyond the reach of the tiny XTC pocket. For a group such as XTC, roadwork has the shell of glamour but a filling of dry and level routine. I ask Partridge if he's ever lost the commitment to continue?

"Yeah, terrible, especially after physically crushing things like American tours. Touring can get unreal and physically unbearable . . . your body starts getting very ill, you start thinking of yourself as an animal more than a thinking animal. You think 'Oh fucking hell, another night going on the boards and doing it again,' and that's when you start to get almost drunk with being physically harmed by touring — it clouds your vision."

Are those the times when you question the values of your particular form of entertainment? "Yeah! You start thinking — no particular comparison — 'Well I've just played and now I'm watching The Police and they've had a lovely holiday in so and so and they're very tanned and healthy and they've just had a number one hit single and everybody's loving them. And here I am, pale, like a bloody performing cabbage, I can't see straight, and everybody's saying what fab people The Police are and . . . well what's wrong with me? You start thinking of yourself as very inferior. Touring squeezes the goodness out of you."

But you still tour? "Because we're still desperate," Partridge's eyes narrow, "We still want!"

In your brighter moments, what do you consider to be the value of your entertainment? Partridge has this one sorted out.

"Just that people like it, just like I used to turn on the radio and hear 'Hello Goodbye' and I thought! Ah! That's magical! "Every time he's talking about magic his cheeks shine harder and his dimples almost leap off his face. "Or you used to watch David Bowie on *Top Of The Pops* doing 'Jean Genie' — Oh wow! This is a piece of magic for me! I want people to feel the same about us."

Partridge is very down on fashion. He talked long and hard about it. Doesn't he think rock can be just as abusive? "Aaah," he retorts, as if drowning in cider, grin stretching from ear to ear, "we must be optimistic about this because from here we can quickly move on to why am I doing this."

Conveniently, he discovers he hasn't got his spectacles. Without them he can't see further than six feet. He blinks in my general direction and grins. What's it like to have such restricted eye sight Andy? Do you fear you might go blind? It seemed the right sort of question to ask a pop singer at the time. "I don't think about it much, but I understand that could happen. I'll just have to get feelly, be a very feelly old person. My eyesight is very ropey, but I love it. I wouldn't be anyone else! I wouldn't be anyone with perfect eyesight. I wouldn't change me one bit, I love me! I'm very happy with myself. I know I'm very wrong. I could say I wish I looked like Sting, because he's a very handsome fellow, but I'm glad I don't.

"I've got huge lips and no chin and nostrils like caves, but I wouldn't change. I like my brain! I'm not worried about the carriage. Mmmm," he nods his head, smiles to himself, "I like my brain."

Later, after the Madrid concert, group, friends and wives wind down in an Irish styled Spanish bar. The last I see of master illusionist Andy Partridge he's earnestly discussing with his wife the characters in *The Woodentops,* having just given a demonstration of Spotty The Dog's walk.

My brain went pop!

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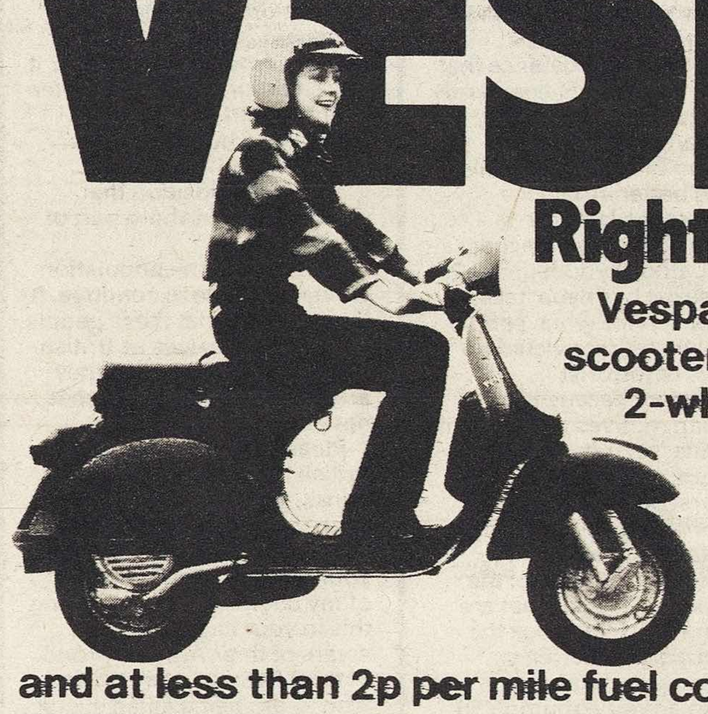

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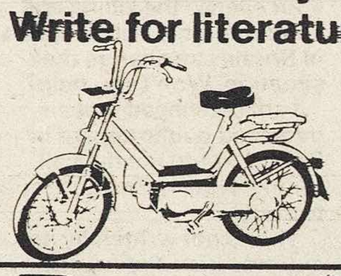

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I WOULD LIKE to express my total agreement with 'D Tracey of Derry'. He/she is quite right when he/she asserts that the British press — *NME* included — tends to 'play safe' as far as N. Ireland goes. It is better, as he/she says, to stick to universal/foreign troubles/injustices perpetrated by the likes of the super-powers, than to get to grips with an 'internal' problem caused — and worsened — by successive British rulers and governments. In fact I was quite surprised to even see Tracey's letter in *Gasbag* — perhaps this is the beginning of something big?!

As a Londoner who has come into contact with Irish from Derry and Belfast as well as from Dublin and Cork, I am in the position (as an objective observer) that most Britons *should* be — I know about the so-called 'Troubles' (troubles?!!) and some Irish history (essential if you are to even *try* to understand 'the problem'). Consequently I feel indignant at the way ignorant/misinformed journalists either evade any controversial involvement with the province (yet they simultaneously have the audacity to criticise other countries profusely — freedom of the press ya know (!!) — and go bonkers when 'outsiders' even *mention* N.I.), or denounce the 'evil' terrorists while knowing little or nothing about their cause.

This cause, seemingly wrong to us, is an essential part of Irish nationalism — and has been for centuries — and to 'fight to free your country' is seen as honourable and therefore in no way 'evil'. These type of subjects *could* and should be investigated.

The 1984-like existence that Tracey describes is *not* merely distorted Celtic hyperbole; it is real, and the sooner 'ordinary Britons' grasp this fact the better. An acquaintance (a Derry 'emigre') informed me that every Catholic youth under 25 in his street has been 'taken in' at least once when people are suspected/convicted on charges of terrorist involvement because of sectarian motives alone and if when the 'security forces' do not know you intimately (in the worst possible sense of the word) you do not exist, then I think it is about time you, as the custodian of the humanitarian ideals that are so dear to all of us, took the lead and *did* something.

But, unfortunately, your self-explanatory 'mumph' in the response to Tracey's letter deems it imprudent for me to expect any such enterprise.
John Bull
I'm British, too, Mr Bull (cute name) and one of the few things that makes me ashamed of the fact is Northern Ireland. So now we've got a platform on which to flagellate ourselves — so what are we going to do about it? — M.S.

I am often struck by the ignorance of the people of Britain — including the young — of their position in our country. Let me explain. Supposing for example France were to invade Southern England, expel or massacre the English population and declare the conquered area part of France! Would this be right? If this situation remained for ten years, would that make it right? For a hundred years? Two hundred?

This is the position that exists in the Northern part of Ireland.

A section of the population wants this state to continue. It is significant that these people refer to themselves as British. Of course they are! But they are living in Ireland, which is not part of Britain!

Please may I appeal to all British readers of *NME* — punks, mods, skins, hippies, even the heavy metal hordes! Your government, through your army, is occupying part of my country. They are doing this in your name. Are you aware of this? Are you proud of this? People — British and Irish — are being killed every day and every day because of your silence the killing will continue. Only public opinion in Britain can change the situation. Won't you help?

I am convinced that an informed public debate in Britain would get the ball rolling. Now is the time for it to start.

This is not written by an extreme Irish Nationalist. I am a rock musician and have played many times in Britain and Northern Ireland. I have no aspirations to a Catholic/Provo All-Ireland Republic. I just want the killing to stop and to make our country, once more, safe for rock and roll.
Liam, Cork
I'm sure there are many more important things your country could be made safe for. But, please, so-called 'leaders' and so-called uncensored media, when is it going to happen? — M.S.

So it's the annual "let's shout about Northern Ireland" time again, folks. It seems to me these discussions always start with 'H' Block, Long Kesh and police brutality etc. The basic problem seems to be that Irish Catholics and Protestants cannot live together. A lot of innocent and some not so innocent people have been murdered because they went to the wrong church on Sundays. Who controls the people of Belfast and Derry? Is it not the terrorist organisation of the respective communities and do they not control by fear (which Irish band was threatened for singing about life in Ireland)? It must be worthwhile for the 'trouble' to continue in the eyes of the IRA, UDA and INLA because they make money out of them, organised crime, protection rackets and extortion, all in the name of politics. (How can a murderer be a political prisoner?). Obviously 'H' Block is a problem but if the root of the 'religious war' could be tackled, integrated schools and housing estates, then the people could see that the so-called opposition are just the same as themselves and it's the minority of both communities who have caused the trouble. This may be shit in the sky but until the old prejudices are relaxed soldiers will be patrolling the streets, 'H' Block will remain, car bombs, house searches, sectarian killings (a cute phrase for cold blooded murder) and the basic run down of life in Northern Ireland will continue, no matter how many 'H' Block T-shirts Joe Strummer wears.

Although by no means perfect, what would happen if the security forces left Ulster? Would it be a repeat of Lebanon, or worse? Anybody got any better ideas for N.I.?
Lenny Badger, Orsmkirk, Lancs
It's all questions, isn't it? Emotive though the subject is, can we please refrain from sloganeering? I'm prepared to let this 'subject', this poxy 'problem', be discussed in these pages as long as you're prepared to voice your opinions. — M.S.

If you are allowed to criticise the government (and you certainly are), then I think I have the right to criticise you; the big difference is that if a White Paper ever quotes one of your touchingly febrile little essays, I'm sure they won't print a puerile little comment underneath. While I'd very much like to offer a coherent argument against your recent articles, the only thanks I'd get would be abuse, so I won't waste any time. While I whole-heartedly believe that you have the perfect right to publish political articles, I also wholeheartedly believe that the *NME* is the most pathetic, pretentious and self-important paper available to the general public. Futile as it may be to say so, as you take about as much notice of criticism as the government takes of you, I'm afraid you aren't a contemporary teenage *Koran*, you're a trashy little music rag.
Matthew Keily, Yatton, Bristol
And we still get a few of these little berks writing in, too. — M.S.

No fall out, eh?

Maggie plans to burn the unemployed in the power stations.
Mole at Con Party HQ

In reply to "Ste (Up the Tories)", *NME* does have a larger readership than *Sounds* and any other music paper. Also it probably has a much larger readership than the 'political rags' that he or 'it' mentioned. Again, the public that *NME* is aimed at is the younger people who don't read these political magazines, half of which are bullshit and no one can understand the other half.

While I think about it, just how political are music papers becoming? Compare the number of pages devoted to politics with the number of pages devoted to music, reviews and so forth. I think that whoever that cretin is will find that there is a lot less politics than he thinks.
Jim English, Checkley, Stoke-on-Trent
Thanks, Jim. — M.S.

I had this strange dream last night. I dreamt that I was eating the current edition of *NME*, and when I awoke I was unable to find my personal copy anywhere. I am very worried as rumour has it that *NME* is particularly indigestable. Do you know of an antidote? I hope so, as I appear to frequently quote from the said organ, with the result that I keep offending people. Please help.
Ayatollah Anything, Huddersfield

Please try to report *all* the facts. You implied that Tory MP Mr Ian Sproat thought that unemployed housewives were unimportant and you called him a male bigot. You did not report that Mr Sproat was saying that it would be false to compare today's jobless figures with those of the 1930s because housewives didn't register as unemployed then as they do now.

In his article he did not say that he resented housewives being on the dole, as you imply. *NME* is guilty of a piece of very biased journalism. Try sticking to music or else change your name to *New Political Express.*
Robert MacDermott, Altrincham, Cheshire
If you truly swallow what 'Mr' Sproat wrote, I hope you choke on it. — M.S.

I am writing to complain about the lack of features on Everton FC in your paper. I've rung Gordon Lee twice to complain, and he totally sympathises with me.
Dave W, The Street End, Everton F.C.
See? You just can't win. I've rung Gordon Lee twice myself and he agrees. — M.S.

The Tottenham Weekly Herald's Consumers' Guide To 1984: Spurs will win the European Cup for the third year in succession, so achieving something that not even the boring teams from Liverpool and Nottingham could manage.

A month later Glenn Hoddle will lead England to a 4-0 victory in the final of the European Championship against Russia. In retaliation they drop a bomb on us but everyone is too busy watching the 9,683rd episode of *Dallas* to notice.
Shelfside Johnny & The Enfield Nukes.
I wouldn't doubt it. — M.S.

I think I've solved the mystery surrounding *NME* writers. They're really beings from another planet. Unable to speak English, they converse in a language understandable to themselves and those who high on the drug Nuwava. This is an 'in' language, producing in the unwary a sort of Music Paper Paranoia which effects the reader's ability to distinguish between fact and fiction.
J. Smith, Tadworth, Surrey

Dear Angus MacKinnon, thank you for the most interesting, engrossing and informative article of rock journalism I have read in *NME* to date. Your interview with Bowie succeeded in everything that Ian Penman sets out to do (intellectually if not stylistically) — I find his attempts at word collage very tedious. Thanks again for restoring my faith in your paper which has recently not been entirely convincing (e.g. 1984 article).
David J. Hedley, Bangor, Co. Down, N. Ireland
I think you like Bowie too much, Angus just enough and Ian too little. Try him after the Holy Hour. — M.S.

Dear Weeds, in particular D. Baker,
'So Much In Love' was by The Mighty Avengers, not The Marauders. As if it matters.
Mick Gladden, Bradford, West Yorkshire
Right — as if it matters. — M.S. (Rock Against Trainspotters)

Now that Who Films have released another film — *McVicar* — will all the plastic mods become hardened criminals and all go to jail for 23 years? I hope so.
Sid, Kensington

I, too, went to see *Jesus Christ Superstar* this summer, though I'm certainly not a religious fanatic or a German tourist.
Robert Zimmerman, California
P.S. Who the hell is Dana Gillespie?
Don't act all innocent with me, Bob. In any case, it's far too late. — Sara Dylan

Reading? Ban the can!
Malt & Hops, Swansea

No more HM please. Not even slagging it off. It's a waste of everybody's time. And time isn't to be wasted these days, is it?
St German, Cornwall
You're damn right — forget that half, I'll have a pint. — M.S.

Why aren't there any nude pictures of Elvis Costello in your magazine?
A Disappointed Swede, Sweden
The assorted stamps on this genuine air mail letter added up to two whole krone (about twelve bob in real money). Makes you think, doesn't it? — M.S.

What's all this about The Jam sounding like 'Taxman'? To quote *Trouser Press* (June 1980), in their review of 'Going Underground' b/w 'The Dreams Of Children' they say: " 'Dreams . . .' includes no extra charge) the 'Taxman' guitar riff and dramatic piping keyboard. Moral: never write off The Jam." Draw your own conclusions.
Dave Lee, Bournemouth

You keep mentioning Roddy McDowall in funny places around your paper (like *On The Box).* Is he one of the chimps in those P.G Tips adverts or what?
Frank Schaffner, Liberty Records

End of world due any time. How about final testament for mutants of tomorrow? That's right — another *NME* Hot 100.
Major Jump, Airstrip One

The Third World War broke out today but you are asked to remain calm. And to save a lot of unneccessary mucking about, don't order any milk tomorrow.
John 'Porky' Haylock, Stapleford, Nottingham

T-ZERS

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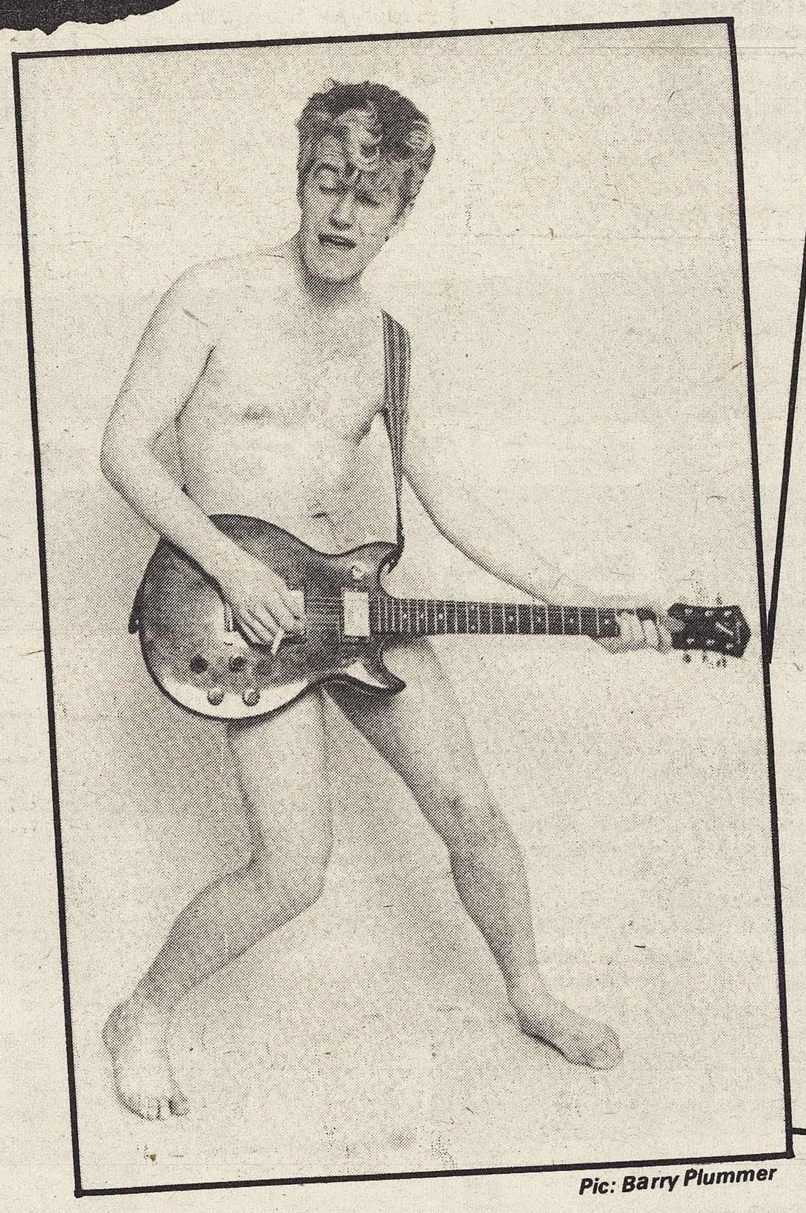

Pic: Barry Plummer

Above: Jobson's choice. So where's yon Dick the Skid nicked this week's image from, eh? At a guess we'd say it was from Philip Rainbow, seen here modelling those same guitar-shaped undies in NME, 10/9/77. Still, better late than never as they say. Oh yeah?
Below: Sorry, we take that back. Seems from this old snap that they've been at it all along.

AND WELCOME to **Arthur C. Clark's** *Mysterious T-Zers.* There are many questions in this world which defy rational explanation. The Stone Balls of Costa Rica, the African Cirrus B worshippers, the Giant Fish of the Orkneys, the Original Liner Notes for 'Blood On The Tracks'. All of these questions beg answers yet continue to baffle. Is **John Cooper Clarke's** hair a radar dish receiving the secrets of Andromeda? Of course not, but it's a great story isn't it?

Unlike the dread pornography — the kind that's clean — from **Angie Bowie,** who's 'revealing all' in the *Sun.* Heavily advertised on TV, it's bilge about 'bi-sexual butterflies' and 'defying convention' — not to mention boring everyone stiff as a post. Poor **David.** All those drippy photos they've dragged up with the bubble cuts and bobble hats! Repeatable bits include tales of nights out watching **King Crimson** at The Speakeasy: ". . . so loud with such melodies, devastating yet with a thudding rock'n'roll beat. David asked me: 'Do you jive?' " You bet she does, David! . . . **Soraya Kashoggi** is 33 . . .

What strange force was it that caused **Ian Dury & The Blockheads** to throw caution to the five winds and perform *TOTP* dressed as 'bobbies' *(The Police Force — Unusually Gag-filled Ed).* Well do it they did and thereafter **Mickey Gallagher, Davey Payne** and **Wilko Johnson** proceeded in an orderly manner to visit **The Clash** recording studios, whereupon a shortsighted band failed to recognise the oncoming Blocks seeing as they were still in costume. The resultant fear and panic caused much wastage of substances and even some grab-and-fleeing in the case of miniscule **Topper Headon.** The Clash soon realised their error and settled down again. Topper Headon, however, was last seen wearing a hopelessly false beard and reading a newspaper upside down in the Gatwick Departure Lounge, sweating profusely . . .

The swirling mists that surround Scotch nudist outfit **The Skids** continue to thicken. Their new single B-side is reported to be called 'Monkey McGuire Meets Specky Potter Behind Lochore Institute'. Sure boys. It allegedly immortalises Dunfermline's legendary axeman **Specky Potter** and local failed jockey **McGuire** in a session of local myth-making. *T-Zers* mytheth the point, ath it happenth . . .

Who are **Janet & the Icebergs?** Just silly old **Souzsie & The Bansheeiouxs** when they played Brady's in Liverpool. They had daft old ex-**Magaziner John McGeoch** 'guesting' on sitar — sorry, guitar — and featured a spectacular stunt when bassist **Steve Severin** (nee Spunker) turned to find his amp had set itself alight. Maybe it was something of a critic. Whatever, a fabuloso time was apparently had by all present . . .

The B-side to **Cook & Jones'** upcoming 'One-Two-Three' 45 features versions of **Presley's** 'I Don't Care' and **The Velvet's** 'White Heat White Light'. Is this the last act of two desperate men? *T-Zers* don't care if it's the second act of *Richard III* — what's **The Cortinas'** next move, that's what matters . . .

Among those checking out **Kiss** fitting their earplugs in backstage (see *Thrills)* were **Bob Geldof, Johnny Fingers** and **Tony James.** More surprising was the presence of glorious English footballers **Ray Clemence, Phil Neal** *(no Mc please — Ass Ed),* **Dave Watson** and **Steve Coppell.** Well the gig was at Wembley, so maybe the players got the night wrong. Or perhaps it was Kiss who showed on the England v Norway night. That might explain the paltry attendances (ie not sold out). A situation which **Gene Simmonds** was at pains to point out when he looked about a very full **Stevie Wonder** show at the same venue . . .

ALL the while attendance records are being smashed all over the place. *(Which label are they on? — Ed).* Hmmm. Y'know, I think I prefer the Ed's comments when they're their usual grumpy old self. Anyway, **The Stray Cats** broke the barrier at The Venue on their Friday and Saturday gigs while that **Kerouac** and **Cassidy** movie is doing the same on its first week run at London's Gate 2 . . . Which label are they on, huh! . . .

Handed The Black Spot: Members of **Cher's** backing band have filed complaints about the singer being too loud at her concerts in Caesar's Palace Las Vegas. This resulted in her being fined and compelled to tone it down. Bet the P45s flew about next day, eh kids? *(Eh Kids? Too '75ish. See me — Ed)* . . .

That last comment brings us to point out the growing fad for school and its employees. New singles by both **Police** and **Madness** are obsessed with it and who saw *Boy With The Transistor Radio,* the late night TV play last week that was shifted from schools TV and ended with **Sid Vicious** singing 'My Way'? Damned revolutionary stuff, what? . . .

Ex-school ma'am **Elton John** played in front of 400,000 people in NY's Central Park. It was a free concert which saw Elt teaming up again with old fogeys, sorry, pals **Nigel Olson** and **Dee Murray** and also dedicating 'Imagine' to **John Lennon,** whom, it is believed, was listening gently in his apartment across the lawns. For reasons known only to himself and the William Hills betting organisation, Mr John encored wearing a **Donald Duck** suit . . .

In the same park but at a different time **Linda Rondstadt** starred in a production of **Gilbert And Sullivan's** light opera *The Pirates Of Penzance.* Said Linda: "I've always wanted to tackle some of their work. I've loved every record they made. Songs like 'Claire', 'Alone Again Naturally' and 'Oh Yus Darlin' I'm A Crackpot For You' are part of our human heritage" . . .

The Enigma of The Queer Logic Of **Bob Marley:** Although **The Wailers** have filled Madison Square Garden before, they've chosen to support **The Commodores** there later this week, "to reach a wider audience". Experts believe Bob is talking of widths anything up to four feet nine inches (5 metres). **Kurtis Blow** will open the night . . .

And Now Aliens: Strange, abnormally tall beings walk this planet. One such is the curious force field we call **Angus MacKinnon** who only betrays his perfect disguise by forgetting it was in fact **David Schofield** who starred in the London run of *The Elephant Man.* In his **Bowie** piece, Angus stated it was **Ted Moult** . . .

The Big Scoop: A new album, **'Monty Python's** Contractual Engagements', due next month. This means *T-Zers* can continue with fresh material soonest . . .

ODDBALL pipe-smoking pianist **Jools Holland,** who recently quit **Squeeze UK** on account of he couldn't get his shag *(Oh Jesus — Cigar-smoking Ed),* has formed his new band, tentatively titled **Jools And The Millionaires.** It features ex-**Red Beans & Rice (With A Carton Of Sweet Corn, A Big Frank And A Can Of Fresca Please)** sideman **Mike Plaice,** as well as **Pino** (bass) and a drummer ("I can't remember his name", said the frankly Dutch-sounding plonker). He went on to stress that he was still with A&M and still managed by **Miles Copeland,** nephew of famed composer **Aaron Copeland.** You must know Aaron — tall fella, with a limp, works on the 36a route . . .

Jake Riviera rang *T-Zers* to point out that although we stated that young **Elvis Costello** had refused to follow a **Talking Heads** set at a gig in Central Park, old Elvis hasn't played or thought of playing America in over eighteen months. This new evidence must throw some shadow onto our little reportet. Moreover Elvis did follow **'Budgie' Byrne** & Co at a bash up in Toronto as we reported *in the same ish.* Furthermore we said that the Cadillac purchased by Jake was being driven across America by **Richard Hell,** so as to deliver it. Not quite so. Jak's set Dick up in this gig to enable him to write an *On The Road* type thingy. Apart from that we were bang on and are to be congratulated on our perception. Jake Riviera — did someone say the last resort? (FX: Phone starts angrily ringing) . . .

London's Capital Radio are to broadcast a play commemorating **Jimi Hendrix's** death. In the play, which goes out this Thursday (tonight), the part of JH will be taken over by actor **Rufus Collins** and the whole thing is ominously titled *Wild Thing.* Script is down to one **Martyn Sutton** — surely not the same one who churns out the word's most Optrex-inducing singles column in *Melody Maker?* That might be one partnership that'll go down with all hands . . .

And so goodnight from 'Arthur C. Clark's *Mysterious T-Zers'* and ponder this last age-old riddle: Why does a brown cow give white milk when it only eats green grass? . . .

Pic: LFI

No mention of THAT Lennon album in this week's T-zers. Instead we offer a recent portrait of John 'n' Yoko somewhere in New York City.

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2. (2) JOY DIVISION — Unknown Pleasures 20p
3. (3) JAM—Start..... 20p
4. (5) DEAD KENNEDY'S—Cambodia.. 20p
5. (8) JOY DIVISION..... 20p
6. (10) JAM—Tubestation..... 20p
7. (4) JAM—Going Underground..... 20p
8. (9) CRASS—Anarchy & Peace..... 20p
9. (7) S.L.F..... 20p
10. (–) MAGAZINE—Correct Use Of Soap 20p

NEW RELEASES
20p Gregory Isaacs — Poor & Clean. Jam Start; C30, C60, C90 Go; Tea Set; Martian Dance; Fad Gadget; Pere Ubu; Plasmatics; The Spectures; Digital Dance; Rev — Up; Delta 5 Mind Your Own Business; Lemon Kittens; The Beat Just Can't Stop It; Magazine Correct Use Of Soap; Androids Of Mu. Sector 27.

ADD 10p P&P FREE LIST
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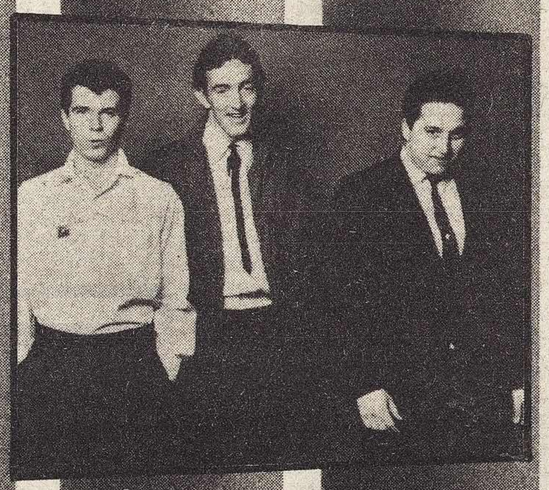

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